Gc
929.2
M62801h
1652445

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY

3 1833 01143 2462

The MILLS Family

Twelve Generations Descended from

Pilgrim Simon Mills I

from

Yorkshire, England

1630

* * *

Including English Background

to

A.D. 1080

Gift '65
Mrs. E. H. Haeger

1652445

An Intimate Family Chronicle

written for

My Grandchildren

by

Vera Elizabeth Mills (*Mrs. Edmund Haeger*)

1963

* * *

"That the generations to come might know them, even the children which shall be born, who shall arise and declare them to their children, that they may set their hope in God." Psalms LXXVIII

* * *

Incoming lines up to 9th generation include Bissell, Buell, Talcott, Welles, Eggleston, Pettibone, Adams, Phelps, Lawrence, Ruggles, Dudley, Leete, Warren, Bigelow, Brown, Humphrey, Shattuck, Whitney, Lord, Peck — After 9th generation, the Haeger, Estes, Arnott-McQuillan, Dewell lines are included.

* * *

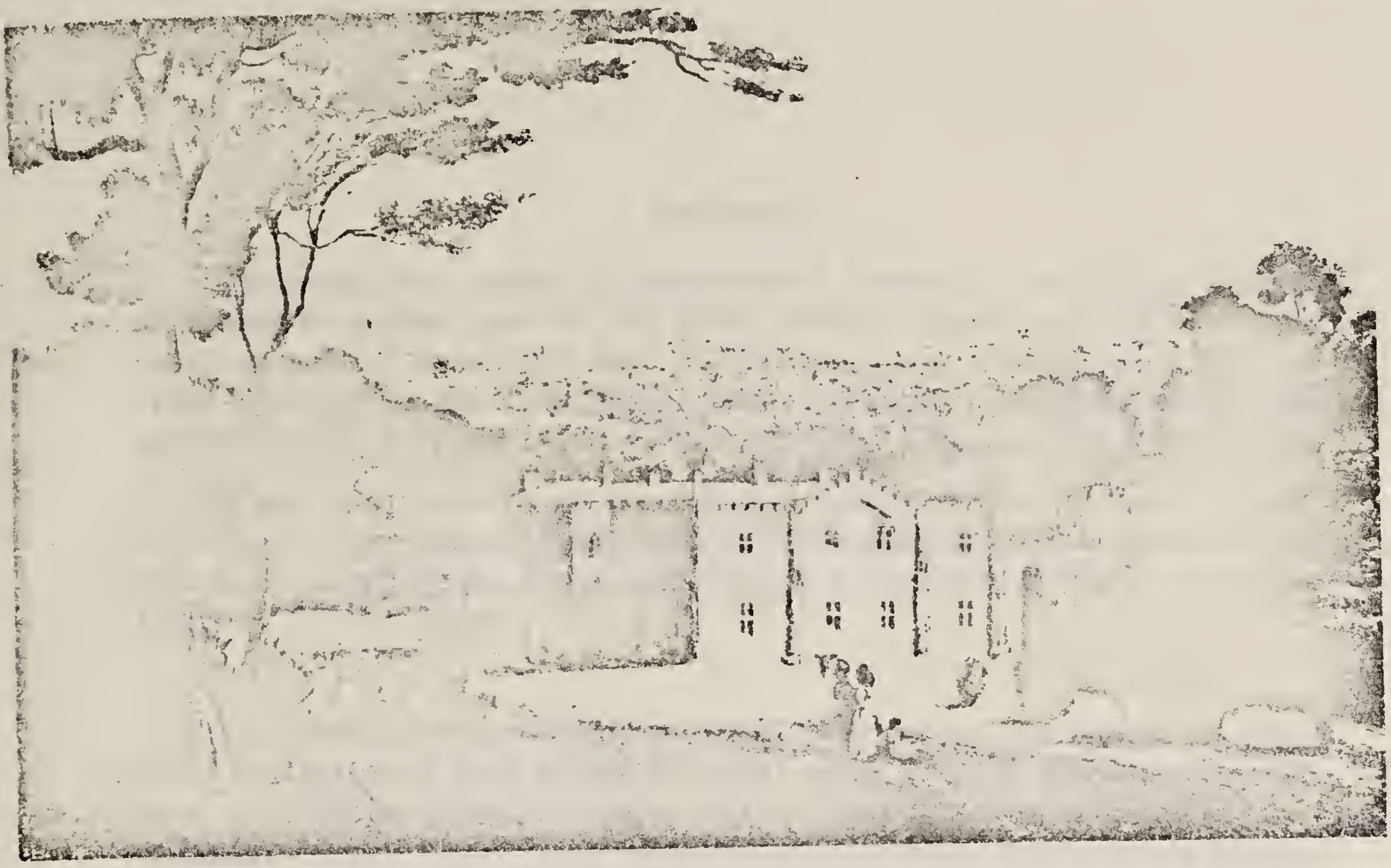
(From an old family letter:)

——"Such a geneology doesn't need to follow the general rules for book-making. It isn't a story in the ordinary sense. It isn't scientific. It isn't history as history is usually written, — it is too intimate and personal to be included in that. It is really unique, so it can be just as different and original as you please, and I'll venture to say it might be interesting to your great-grand-children!

Of course experiences in our own lives seem too trivial and 'present-day' to be interesting now, but they *might be some day.* Things that are modern now will get to be 100 years old some day!

So the more personal touches put into it the more it may appeal to — whatever grand children may read it!" A.M.D.

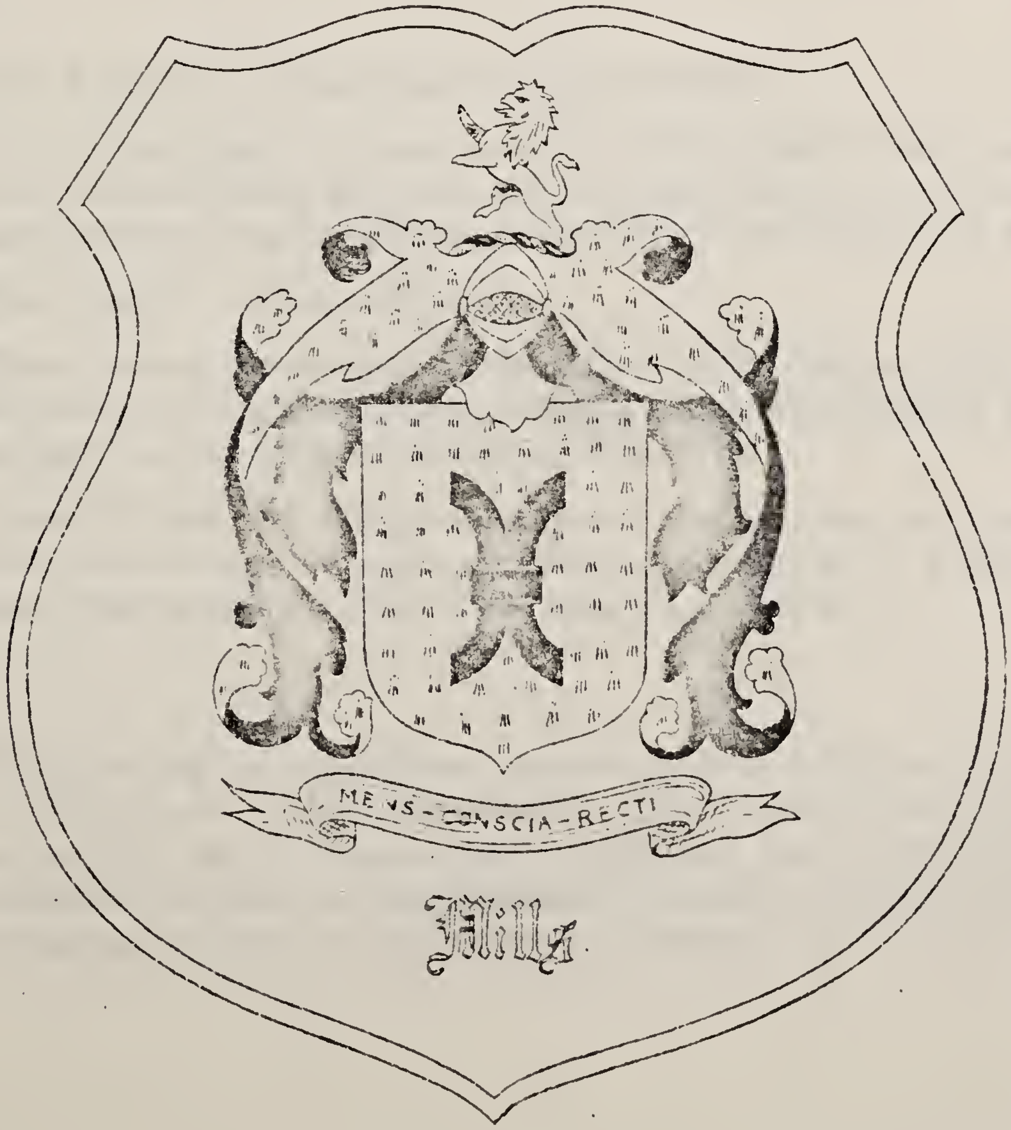
(A grandmother not afraid of sentiment!)



Hawkesbeard Hall, England.

(Ancient Home of several Generations)

"——fauncies it evokes of green, blithe plesaunces and flowerful closes, —of meddows in the spring with daisies pied and violets blue."


MENS - CONSCIA - RECTI
Mills

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019

https://archive.org/details/millsfamilytwelv00haeg

Foreword

Scanning dim vistas of geneological history, — searching distant darkness to gather lore of our early roots, — unveiling the ever fascinating tale of how lived our forefathers long generations removed from us, — gives to a traditionalist a pleasure, — singular and deep as that which an archeologist feels when he uncovers a long buried past.

When they move to us, one by one, from out the shadows of their far time, — these grand-sires from whom we are sprung — whose blood now flows in our veins, there comes to us a moment of magic, — we are Heirs of All the Ages!

Ancestors stretch behind us at an ever increasing tempo in numbers: two parents, four grand-parents; eight great-grand-parents; sixteen great-great-grand-parents; thirty two great-great-great-grand-parents; — until in only *nine* generations (which is the writer's American generation) we possess more than *500 direct, lineal, grand-parents — And we are a Composite of them all!*

Oliver Wendell Holmes once deftly expressed this thought. Said he, "It is not impossible that any one of a hundred grand-parents may have transmitted some trait to us through a series of lives that cover centuries."

This is not a treatise concerning celebrities.

It is a plain tale of plain people, strong, stable men and women who early rooted their fortunes to the good earth of the new world; a twice told tale of unhistoric persons living out their days in history.

True worth is often unhistoric.

Their praise worthiness stems from their frugal, hard working, simple lives, and their examples of piety and high-hearted valor that gave dignity to the common deeds of their lives.

Forever there will cling to our fine Colonial stock the stamp of an incomparable courage — physical, moral and spiritual — as they created a system known today as the American way of life.

Thus, calling to mind these ancient names; bridging the span between generations all but engulfed in time; weaving together fading memories with old traditions and truths that have survived sleeping generations, — is like weaving a tapestry, faded in color, but reminding us once again of these all but forgotten names.

English Derivation
# of the
MILLS FAMILY
with Norman background

* * *

Centuries before Simon Mills in 1630, founded the Mills name in the New World, the family had been known in England for more than 500 years.

The earliest English recording of which we have knowledge was in 1080 A.D. just 14 years after the Norman Conquest of England by William the Conqueror in 1066.

Previous to that time, the name de Meulles had been an ancient name in Normandy, France.

In 1085-86, William ordered the Doomsday Book, (or Domesday) to be compiled, giving a survey of families residing in England. At that time the family de Meulles was resident in Devonshire, England.

Through the years in England de Meulles gradually became angli-eized into de Milles, de Mills, de Molis, Mills.

These diversified names had an identical coat-of-arms.

* * *

The frequent misspelling of a name can be understood when we consider that in the dark ages with no printing-press, no newspapers, no books except a few hand-printed volumes by monks, — the masses of people could neither read nor write.

The clerks who recorded names had but limited knowledge and often spelled the same name in several different ways, according to a whim of the moment!

Desmond in his "Mooted Questions of History" says "Illiteracy in ages before the printing-press was not ignorance. It was then excusable, and in a sense fashionable as it was a common necessity. We find in legal documents of the time 'And the aforesaid hath declared he doth not know how to sign his name, owing to the fact of his being a nobleman'. Again, a Knight being asked to read the Scriptures retorted 'Sir, I am not a clark'."

* * *

The English family of Mills belonged to the class known as Landed Gentry, for centuries considered the "dominant image of the English nation, serving their country well in professions open to gentlemen prominent in civic, military and ecclesiastical life of the British people."

* * *

The coat-of-arms, or armorial bearing, was granted by the king at some remote period during the Crusades, to some ancestor for prowess in battle, or performing a deed of valor for his king.

Coats of arms first originated by the Crusaders who painted them upon their shields, or banners, enabling them to be recognized in battle when clad in armor. They were marks of distinction and dignity.

Heraldry states that the plainest coats of arms are the most ancient.

The "English Dictionary of Landed Gentry" shows the English Mills arms as identical with that ascribed to the American family of Mills, by the New England College of Heraldry.

* * *

The Mills arms: On a background of ermine, a Mill-rind, Sa. The Motto: "Mens Conscia Recti." The crest: A gold Lion rampant, or.

The crest, as its name implies was a small ornament worn on top of the helmet, "attached to the metal by means of a twist of cloth."

The Mills crest is a "gold lion attached by a strip of twisted ermine."

* * *

Burke's "Royal Families" designates one Mills line in direct descent in 17 generations from Edward III.

A book "Castles and Mansions" in Newberry Library, shows early manors of different Mills generations.

* * *

[References: The Norman People; Mills of Thornton, Yorkshire; Milles of Yorkshire; Visitations at Yorkshire; Foster's Visitations; Visitations by Thomas Togue; Beverly, August 1628.]

* * *

The following data concerning the English background of the Mills family, was compiled by Hon. Edwin Mills, 1815-1894, of Astoria, Long Island, back in the 1880's while on a trip overseas. He perhaps had the assistance of a professional geneologist.

Edwin, a direct descendant of Simon Mills I, was the son of Philo Mills and wife Julia Buell Mills, b. Nov. 25, 1772, of Killingworth, Connecticut.

Edwin's boyhood was spent in Connecticut. He married Anne Elizabeth Thompson, 1816-1898, of Bridgeport, Conn. During their early married years, Edwin and Anne lived in *Twinsburg, Ohio.*

It was due to this cousin that my father, Azor Ruggles Mills, 1827-1901 — when a lad of 17 — attended *Twinsburg Academy.* Many years later these notes were received from Edwin.

English Background

(Somewhat fragmentary but interesting.)

1080 A.D. John de Meulles held fiefs — (landed estates) and manor in Devonshire.

* * *

1099 A.D. John de Meulles recorded de comitatu Devonshire.

* * *

1130 A.D. Geoffrey De Milles (also spelled de Molis and de Meulles) held fiefs at Devonshire and Nottinghamshire.

* * *

1165 A.D. William de Milles held fiefs at **Mobray, Yorkshire.** (This is the locality from which 400 years later (1630) Simon Mills emigrated to the new world. By that time the name Mills, Mill, Milne, Milles had become prominent in Yorkshire).

* * *

(A note about Yorkshire, largest county in England, the northern most section of island.)

Back in its mist-shrouded beginnings a century before Christ, when Julius Caesar and his imperial Roman Legions came into England, 55 B.C., they established their capitol Eboracum in this section which came to be known as Yorkshire. London was then but a small hamlet.

Ten centuries later, 1066 A. D. when the Normans entered England, they also chose Eboracum as their seat of government. Today this town is the city of York.

In this ancient walled town, York Cathedral, built by the Normans, looms from a lovely landscape dotted with castles and monasteries of the long ago.

The gray arched Cathedral of York is considered one of the grandest Gothic buildings in the world. Three stately towers rise from its imposing front. Its vaulted ceiling and choir-loft are of beautifully carven wood. It's great window of stained glass is the largest in the world.

There can be no doubt that our Mills forebears in ancient Yorkshire, worshipped in this glorious Shrine.

We may even picture the two brothers, Simon and John, walking in the pastoral fields along the river, as they discussed their great adventure, before leaving their loved England.

* * *

1180-1195. Robert Mill was resident in Yorkshire.

* * *

1198. Oliver Mill became the Baronet Mill, Yorkshire.

1243. Oliver de Molis temporily forfeited his lands in the North.

* * *

1272. Roger de Molis, a branch of this family, found resident at Yorkshire.

* * *

1300. John De Mill recorded in Yorkshire.

* * *

1315. John De Mill recorded a Bailifman for a member of Parliament, hence the Baronet Monckton Mills, the Lord Houghton, a strong supporter of North.

* * *

1379. Petrus Milles is found de comitatu Yorkshire, where "they were gentlemen of very good note."

* * *

1429. John Milles recorded as resident at Yorkshire.

* * *

1480. George Milles, Yorkshire.

* * *

1530. George Mills, Yorkshire, married Dowsabella, an "heiress" (an only child who inherited her father's estate). Her father was Sir Richard Barton of Yorkshire.

* * *

1580 – "Mills had become a great Yorkshire name."

* * *

(From Visitations at Yorkshire, by Thomas Togue.)

* * *

1627. John Mills was knighted by Charles the First, London.

* * *

* * *

From Burkes' Royal Families

1678. Giles Mills, d. Jan. 24, 1746; London. m. Mary, dau. Elliston Barrington, Esq., Chelmsford Estates in Croyden, Surrey, and Harscombe, Gloucestershire.

* * *

1708. William Mills, Esq., d. 1790 – Clapham, County Surrey, m. Elizabeth, dau. James Hatch Esq., of Claberry Hall, County Essex.

* * *

1749. Thomas Mills, b. Feb. 11, 1749, of Saxham Hall, County Suffolk, was Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of Suffolk. Married Susanna, dau. and co-heiress of Christopher Harris Esq. of Bellevue, Devonshire, Son of John Harris Esq. of Redford, Devonshire.

William Mills, Esq., Saxham Hall, Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of Suffolk b. 18 January, 1780. m. 5 June. 1817, Clare Daughter of Rev. Richard Huntley of Boxwell Court, County Gloucestershire.
William was the 17th generation in direct descent from Edward the III.

* * *

The Coat-of-Arms of this family is the same as the Mills Arms ascribed to the American family of Mills.

William the Conqueror

Today the little band of emigrants who sailed on the Mayflower 350 years ago, are proudly acclaimed as ancestors by literally thousands of lineal descendants fortunate enough to trace a route through intermarriages back to the Mayflower.

If 350 years give thousands of lineal descendants, think what 900 years will produce!

English geneologists have stated that a person able to trace back to Norman families in England will usually discover he is a lineal descendant (through intermarriages) of that greatest of all Normans, William the Conqueror!

Happy are we to be able to confirm this statement!

Following various and sundry lines of a few of our "500 lineal grandparents" we trace to William, not by one, but by two different routes.

Through our lineal ancestors of Mills, Lawrence, Bigelow, Warren lines (see chart) we meet a remote William de Warren, Duke of Normandy, who married Gundred, youngest daughter of the great Conqueror.

* * *

Our second avenue leads back through Mills, Pettibone, Eggleston, Talcott progenitors, on to the noted William.

Assuredly we should drop a royal curtsy to this powerful Prince!

* * *

Reaching him, geneologists trace even farther back; the Conqueror's wife was Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders; and through Matilda's mother she is said to reach Alfred the Great.

Again William was proud to claim descent from Rollo, the first Viking who ventured as far south as France, 150 years before William rose to power.

And well William may have been proud of his descent from Rollo, who is known as one of the wisest rulers civilization has ever known.

* * *

Who were these Scandinavian Vikings who did so much to change the course of history?

Up to that time European culture had come from the South,—from Egypt, from Rome.

Now into history came the Vikings, Norsemen or Northmen, the finest mariners of that remote age,—intrepid seaman who sailed northern waters in vessels so gracefully proportioned they were the strongest known to man; Vikings who had made settlements in Green-

land, Iceland, and "Vineland" as they called a part of the eastern coast of America where they lived for a time, 500 years before Columbus was born.

These Vikings, though crude and uncourtly, were alert and quick witted, men of courage, ability and character.

When out of the North Sea mists Rollo and his invincible Viking conquerors swept down upon Gaul (France) in 911 A.D., they won a victory so complete the entire fertile territory was ceded to them and a treaty signed by Rollo.

Rollo renamed the place Normandy, Land of the North Men, a name that remains today 1000 years later.

Rollo became the 1st Duke of Normandy. Under his guidance Normandy became the thriftiest province in France.

As a ruler Rollo was wise and just. His code of laws was so well organized it brought a strong new force into civilization which historians feel was the origin of the spirit of freedom that has developed from Rollo's time to the present day. His government was regarded as the personification of law and justice.

One thousand years later, in 1911, a great historical celebration was held in France, "The Millenial of the Normans."

A memorial booklet of this pageant, states that Rollo, with his great powers of organization, is regarded even today as one of Normandy's greatest heroes.

* * *

A century and a half after Rollo's time, his descendant William rose to power; and in 1066 A.D., the "Year of Destiny" in English history, William made his famous invasion across the Channel, conquering England, and again building a powerful government whose influence is felt in the world today. What Rollo had accomplished in Normandy, now William the Conqueror achieved for England.

The power wielded by William was of an intellectual, though domineering order. His fortitude and character were a product of his strong heredity. As a race the Normans always retained their Viking spirit of independence.

The Normans were foremost in religious Crusades.

Their Gothic architecture and art has never been surpassed. Their exquisite cathedrals are today England's greatest architectural glory.

Historic Windsor Castle and Westminster Abbey are among their monuments. Their great feudal castles, some of which still remain, were built as strongholds for William's powerful barons.

The British Encyclopedia has this to say: "William the Conqueror was distinguished by the purity of his married life, by his temperate habits, and by his sincere piety. In spite of his political cruelties which are sometimes grossly exaggerated, his natural disposition was averse to unnecessary bloodshed or cruelty. In personal appearance he was

tall and corpulent, of dignified presence, and extremely powerful physique."

His bravery is attested by the fact "William had three horses killed under him in one battle."

* * *

History tells us "The Normans altered for all time to come the face of England, and the characteristics of the English people. They reconstructed England."

Concerning the Origin of Family Names

In the very remote past there were no family names. People simply belonged to the same clan.

But as centuries passed, a need arose for identifying individuals, and family names thus came into use.

Surnames are said to have originated in Normandy.

In a book by S. Baring Gould on "Family Names and Their Story." he states "The nomenclature in Normandy was very unformed at the time of the Conquest. It was beginning to be fixed, but beginning only."

* * *

Four hundred years later, King Edward of England in 1465, issued a decree compelling all families to adopt a surname — either of a place, a town, a color, a trade, a science or an art.

Many of these ancient names survive today unchanged.

Some names are words that have become obsolete through the centuries. Again many names have been changed unintentionally by the poor spelling of early clerks.

The Great Emigration

1630

In 1630, the great emigration to the new world began in earnest. This was only ten years after the Mayflower reached these shores, but in that time interest had been mounting, ships had been building; and a worthy type of newcomer began founding settlements, establishing family names that have come down through history from that day to the present time.

Three ships — the first to sail in 1630 — claim our attention.

The "Mary and John" holds special interest, as it brought our first Mills ancestor to America, Simon Mills I, founder of the great chain of Mills descendants here today.

On March 20, 1630, braving the wintry storms of early spring, the "Mary and John" set sail from old Plymouth in England, arriving ten weeks later in new Plymouth, Mass., on May 30, 1630.

Ancient records tell us this ship made a successful passage, sturdily outriding severe ocean tempests.

A sister ship accompanying her however, went down in mid ocean during a violent storm carrying all her passengers with her. (Reference later.)

When we consider that the replica of the Mayflower, recently on its anniversary trip in the 1950's, came very near being capsized, we realize these early ships truly made a voyage of the spirit to match any voyage of history.

The "Mary and John" was described in the old records as "a sea worthy vessel — a good tough ship of Devon oak." (Several of her passengers were from Devonshire.)

Again we read — "lying in water ready to sail, the 'Mary and John' revealed her beams of stout English oak, and trim planks held fast by tree-nails" — (wooden spikes no doubt) — "Her keel was freed to the time-honoured chanty-mans' song, and her sailing orders included the usual 'preserve your victuals'."

Her passengers are described as "a very Godly and Religious people, members of Capt. Newberry's company with Rev. John Warham, their chaplain."

* * *

About a week after the sailing of the "Mary and John," the "Arabella" (Arbella) embarked from Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, on April 8, 1630, arriving at Salem, Mass. on June 13, 1630.

The "Arabella" was the flag ship of the "Winthrop Fleet," a caravel of ships under the command of Capt. John Winthrop.

An ancient diary written in 1630 by a John Raux tells of the embarking of this "Arabella."

—"Some little while since the Co. went to New England under Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Cotton from Lincolnshire went to their departure and preached to them out of 2 Saml vii — 'More over I will appoint a place for my people and they will plant them that they may dwell in

a place of their own and move no more. Neither shall the children of wickedness afflict them anymore as beforetime.' — It is said he is prohibited for preaching anymore in England then untill June 24 next now coming. Some of them had their speach strangled from the depths of their inward dolor with heart breaking sobs adding many drops of salt liquor to the ebbing ocean."

* * *

The Winthrop Fleet was comprised of eleven ships. Five of these accompanied the "Arabella." The remaining five sailed two weeks later arriving in July, 1630. The "Hopewell" was one of these bringing our Ruggles ancestors.

The "Arabella" brought several prominent passengers; an early member of the "de Saltonstall family" who in 1630 founded that worthy line in America; Gov. Thomas Dudley — (one of our lineal grand-sires); Capt. Winthrop and his family, and several whose names are well known in America today.

With these distinguished passengers aboard, we might assume the "Arabella" was — shall we say, more commodiously equipped than most early ships. We are given a hint of these refinements: — "the Arabella carries four lanthornes, and 6 dozen candles with heat furnished by the cooking stove in the galley, for which 8000 of burning wood is carried." A floating palace of 1630! But their pioneer spirit, burning warmly kept their fervor ablaze despite frigid temperatures.

Nevertheless it is not surprising that deaths were frequent. One ship alone, lost 14 lives during the two month crossing.

* * *

There is "no known complete list of passengers on early ships." Hence it has been interesting to find names of those we count as among our "500 lineal forebears." — It may be a far cry from these ancestors to our own time, but it has given quite an entertaining pilgrimage to trace their connections. (These are easily followed on the chart.)

* * *

Before naming these great-great-great-sometimes 9 or 10 times great-grandsires who came on these early ships, let us consider a trick of computation once used by Thoreau.

He figured that "since chronologists count a generation as about 30 years, the lives of nine or ten successive men, each about 30 years of age would span the intervening years quickly, that separate us from our ancestors."

How neatly this knits up those long years! — bringing us after all into close kinship with antiquity!

* * *

The following ancestors, briefly spoken of, all passengers on the "Mary and John," "settled first at Dorchester Plantation, near ye Towne of Salem in ye Massachusetts Colony."

Five years later they were founders of Windsor, Conn., in 1635, the first settlement in Connecticut.

A brief summary of incoming lines of our Mills Lineage. (See chart.)

* * *

Simon Mills I. **1612-1661.** Norman Descent. Family in England since A.D. 1080. Early Crusaders to Holy Land. From Yorkshire, England, 1630, "Mary and John." Founder of Windsor, Conn. 1635. (Later generations founded Simsbury, Conn., 1668; Norfolk, Conn., 1758; Wadsworth, Ohio, 1817.) Served in Indian warfare. The Bassett Book states "Simon Mills came on same ship with Bissell family (listed on 'Mary and John') and five years later, Simon, 22, married Sarah Bissell, 16."
History given in full, in following chapters.

* * *

John Bissell (Byssela) 1590-1673. His will was large for that day £ 520-16-03. His wife Elizabeth Thompson Bissell, d. 1641. French — Huguenot Descent. Their parents fled from Normandy to Somersetshire, England, after the massacre on August 24, 1572, of 30,000 Protestant-Huguenots on Saint Bartholomew Day by Catholic order. To America, 1630, on "Mary and John."

* * *

Sara Bissell 1619-1637. Was 11 years old when she came with her parents in 1630 on the "Mary and John." Simon Mills came on same boat; five years later they were married. Bissells were among founders of Windsor, Ct. 1635, and Simsbury, 1668.

* * *

William Buell, 1610-1684. Came at age of 20 with his mother "Goode Buell," d. 1640. Family lived in Huntingdonshire, England since 1410. Crusaders to Holy Land. Their property protected by order of Pope while they were on Crusades. To America, 1630, on "Mary and John." Founders of Windsor and Simsbury. Served in Indian warfare. William M. Mary Post in 1640. Their daughter, Mary Buell, married Simon Mills II.

* * *

Begat Eggleston, 1580-1674, was 50 at time of emigration, old for that day, but he lived nearly a half century longer, and raised a fine family in the new world. He is important to us because we trace to him through so many Pettibone lines. He probably came on the "Mary and John," although his name is not listed. He settled in Dorchester with "Mary and John" passengers, and 5 years later was one of the founders of Windsor. He came from Exeter, Devonshire as did John Warham, the ship's minister. The Phelps family listed on this boat were also from Devonshire.

In 1632, Begat married **Mary Talcott** from Colechester, Essex. [In 1632, on the "Hopewell," came from Essex, the **Ruggles**, **Reads**, **Dyers**; and **Bigelows** from Colechester (all are our ancestors including Mary Talcott). John Eliot, noted minister, came on this boat also from Essex.]

The Talcott family had been prominent in England, tracing back to William the Conqueror. John Talcott, Mary's brother, became an early Governor in the new world.

Begat and Mary's granddaughter, **Sarah Pettibone** married **John Mills**, grandson of Simon I.

* * *

Talcott, Norman descent, tracing to William the Conqueror, 1066-1558, Warwickshire, England. Many generations. Mary Talcott's grandfather was John Talcott I. Her father, John Talcott II, d. 1604, married Elizabeth Welles of Warwickshire, England. Mary probably came to America with her brother, John Talcott III, an early Governor.

John Pettibone, tradition says from Wales. After Cromwellian Wars he came 1650. Many noted descendants; founders of Simsbury and Norfolk, Conn. Served in Indian warfare; officers in Revolution. Married Sara Eggleston, daughter of Begat. See chart for several intermarriages with Mills line.

* * *

William Phelps, Norman descent. Came 1630 on "Mary and John," with his wife, 5 year old Samuel and his brother George, from Tewkesbury, Devonshire. Their father William was Bailiff in Tewkesbury, a position of note in that day. We trace to both William and Samuel through **Pettibone, Phelps, Mills** generations that also connect with **Griswold, Purchase**, Case, **Humphrey** lines. See chart. Many well known descendants.

* * *

"Arabella" passengers were mostly from Suffolk, England, (home of Capt. Winthrop.)

* * *

John Warren, Norman descent, came 1630, on Arabella. Trace to William the Conqueror, 1066, through a remote William de Warren, Duke of Normandy, who married Gundred, youngest daughter of the Conqueror. Many generations in Suffolk of prominent Warren lines. (Richard Warren, a brother, came on Mayflower, the only passenger addressed as Mister.) Watertown, Mass. In 1632, **Mary Warren** married **John Bigelow**, the first marriage in Watertown, [ancestors of Mercy Mills.]

* * *

Browne, Norman descent, on the Battle-Abbey Roll in England as serving in Battle of Hastings, 1066, with William the Conqueror. Many generations from 1548 in Hawkeden, Suffolk. In 1630 to America on "Arabella," settled in Watertown, Mass., we trace to **Thomas, Abraham, Richard** and **Henry** Brown. Connect with **Bigelow**, from Colechester Essex, 1630; **Reynolds** from Boxford, Suffolk, to Watertown 1630 on "Arabella"; Shattuck from Somersetshire, 1630 on "Arabella"; **Whitney** from London, 1630. [Ancestors of our Mercy Lawrence Mills. See Chart.]

* * *

Thomas Dudley, 2nd Governor of Massachusetts, and founder of Harvard. Came 1630, on "Arabella" from Yardley, North Hamptonshire. His wife, Dorothy Yorke Dudley, was "a gentlewoman whose extraction and establishment were considerable." Thomas Dudley was a cousin of Sir Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, "favorite" of Queen Elizabeth I. Sir Robert was son of Sir John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, with whom young Thomas Dudley lived after the death of his mother. Thomas' father was "slain in ye battle." Thomas was an outstanding personality, eccentric and imperious. (An interesting sketch is included.) Governor Dudley's daughter **Mercy** married **Rev. John Woodbridge** of the noted ministerial Woodbridge family. Mercy's granddaughter, **Mercy Woodbridge** married Rev. Benjamin Ruggles, Harvard graduate and noted divine of Colonial days. He is our grandsire through my father's mother, **Harriet Ruggles Mills**.

Ruggles, Staffordshire, 1220. Many generations in Essex. In 1632 (incorrect record says 1635) they came on "Hopewell" from Essex with several Essex families, **Reads, Ryers, Bigelows,** and probably Talcotts, all our forebears. The renowned John Eliot, from Essex came on same boat. He preached Barbara Ruggles' funeral sermon in Roxbury. She was a close friend of his wife. A few generations later **Benjamin Ruggles,** a noted divine, married into the ministerial **Woodbridge** family, connecting the **Dudley** and **Leete** lines. Again they connect with **Toles, Peck** and **Dunning** lines. The Ruggles first settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Later many generations in New Milford, Connecticut. Founder of Canfield, Ohio, 1813.

* * *

Woodbridge, from 1492. Nine generations of ministers in Wiltshire, England and in new world. Linked with noted **Parker** ministerial family.

* * *

Adams, lineage traced to A.D. 253! (Traced for Presidential families to a Roman general in Caesar's army that came into England the century before Christ!) In 1564 our Adams progenitors living in Waton, Tunstall, Devonshire. In early 1630's came to new world from Devonshire and Somersetshire. Settled at Braintree and Cambridge Farms. Three generations of our line. **George Adams,** Deputy-General **Daniel Adams,** and Sergeant **Daniel Adams II,** were distinguished military leaders, also serving on committees as equitable mediators with Indians.

Founders of Simsbury, Conn. — Connect with Mills line when **Hannah Adams** married **Joseph Mills** of Simsbury — Through Adams, we connect with **Lord** line, came from London, 1630; **Shepard** line from Dedham, 1635; **Philbrook** line from Hamptonshire, 1644; and **Sill** line.

* * *

Lawrence, from Wisset, England. Came 1630, on "Planter," (although they settled first in Watertown, near Boston, with other "Arabella" passengers. Later generations at Groton and Connecticut settlements. They trace through 26 generations to Laurentius, 2nd Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, who died 913 A.D. **Mercy Lawrence** married **Capt. Michael Mills** of Revolution.

* * *

Leete, from Dodington, Huntingdonshire. Came in 1637. William Leete became 4th governor of Connecticut. His wife was daughter of **Justice Payne** of the King's Bench in England. Connect with Mills line through Ruggles. (See Chart.)

A **Mills** family came on the "Arabella" in 1630, from Lavenham, Suffolk, with several Suffolk families. This was **Reverend John Mills** and wife Susan, recorded as members of a family distinguished for their attachment to the ministry, descending from a line of ministers unto the third if not the fourth generation. They settled in primitive Boston near Capt. Winthrop.

At the time of sailing Rev. John was about 34. John and his wife were among the first members of the early church in Boston.

Later they lived in Braintree, Mass., where their deaths occurred 45 years later, at ages of about 80.

When sailing from England, they had brought two daughters and a son John. Joy Mills married William Dawes; Recompense married James Hawkins. I found nothing further concerning the son. He may have died young.

My interest in this Mills family concerns their relationship to our Simon Mills I, also of 1630. It seems more than happenstance that back in that early day young Simon and his brother John, (who died on the voyage) should decide to come to the new world the same month that Rev. John, with his son, another John, were sailing. Certainly they were related. Was Rev. John an uncle? or an older cousin? Could they have planned to come on the same boat, and not been able to get passage together? — A curious geneologist would find it interesting to know!

First Mills Generation in America

Pilgrim Simon Mills, 1612-1661

"The past is never really past. It remains forever a part of us.
The more we know about our past, the more we understand our present."

Pilgrim Simon Mills I, b. 1612, Yorkshire, England. d. 1661, Windsor, Conn. To America, May 30, 1630, on "Mary and John." His older brother, John Mills died on the voyage. Simon, a founder of Windsor. In 1635 he married:

Sara Bissell, b. 1619, Somersetshire, England. d. 1637, Windsor, Conn. To America, May 30, 1630, with (her parents, John and Elizabeth Bissell, on "Mary and John") — Their son:

Simon Mills II, b. 1637 - d. 1683. First Mills born in America.

* * *

When we visit the eastern seaboard — aglow with over-tones of history, we are completing a cycle — returning to the place where, in centuries past, the Tap-Root of our Family-Tree was laid.

Planted there in the earliest infancy of our country, its massive trunk has sent aged roots that lie buried with history in the deep reaches of the past.

One of the oldest names in America is the **Mills** name.

* * *

Down the rugged coast from Plymouth lies old Dorchester the place where Mills traditions in the new world begin.

On a beautiful spring morning, May 30, 1630, a ship from Old England, the "Mary and John," after ten weeks of buffeting ocean travel, sailed into the peaceful harbor of Plymouth, Massachusetts, just ten years after the Mayflower had entered this port.

"Aboard this ship was a very Godly and Religious people."

Crowding the boat-rail the ship-mates eagerly viewed primitive scenes of the strange panorama unfolding before them.

Among these early Pilgrims stood a youth of 18, tall and alert, from the far off moors of Yorkshire — young **Simon Mills,** our first Mills ancestor who braved the vissicitudes of this daring venture. He gazed upon these alien scenes with mingled hope and courage.

A legacy of ageless charm comes down to us from this Pilgrim ancestor — a heritage of courage and stability, of integrity and honor; it forms a living link between his generation and our own.

* * *

When embarking from England, Simon had been accompanied by his older brother, **John Mills,** 20, a manly youth whose spirit reflected sincere candor.

During the voyage through icy seas on a boat with but little heat, it was not surprising that passengers often fell ill, with lung fever, as they called pneumonia.

This illness proved fatal to brave young John.

Wild waves moaned a sad requiem as John Warham, ship's minister, invoked the sorrowful rites that buried John Mills at Sea.

To youthful Simon, alone now, facing an uncertain life in an unknown land, the death of his older brother brought heart-crushing grief.

His manly courage, mature beyond his years, mastered his sorrow.

Sympathy and warm admiration were engendered among the friendly folk aboard ship.

Friendships were formed that endured throughout Simon's lifetime; friendships cemented not only by common hardships, but by common pleasures as they worked together laying the foundation of a new commonwealth in a new land.

This little band first settled at "Dorchester Plantation, next to ye Towne of Salem in ye Massachusetts Colony."

Encabined in dense pine woods, near fresh running water — fields and pastures nearby, quaint Dorchester was home to them, for their first five years in the fledgling nation.

* * *

Scouting parties sometimes went out on exploratory trips. These novel excursions were delightful experiences to young Simon.

One early springtime, they ventured farther than ever before.

Penetrating the vast virgin region lying far to the Southward, they viewed for the first time by white man, breathtaking scenes fresh from the hand of the Creator; primeval forests untouched by axe; gently rolling landscapes pierced by streamlets foaming among the rocks; boundless lands of fertility and beauty — a picturesque haven they eagerly contemplated as their future abode — **Connecticut!**

Hastening back to Dorchester their enthusiasm inspired speedy action, and early that spring the great trek to the new home was set in operation.

This was in the year **1635.** The exact date has been lost — "the first four pages of Dorchester Records having long since crumbled away beneath the remorseless tooth of Time."

The new home was called Dorchester, after the old. (Fifteen years later, 1650, the name was changed to Windsor, which it has since remained.) This is said to have been the first settlement in Connecticut.

* * *

Before the company set forth upon this memorable expedition, a joyful marriage was performed in old Dorchester.

Pledging their nuptial vows before Minister Warham, were **Simon Mills**, grown to stalwart manhood of 22 years, and comely little **Sarah Bissell** — sweet sixteen, the winsome lass who with her parents had sailed 5 years earlier on the same boat with Simon.

What an unmatched "wedding trip" was this journey, for this blessed pair — brave Simon and little Sarah!

And now — on — onward to their new haven — to new happiness — forward to a New Home of their own!

* * *

"Simon Mills hath graunted him lots - - - - bordered by Mill Brook — his dwelling house built west of Mill Road — his meddow lands - - - -"

* * *

Thus reads the ancient document.

— Long centuries pass.

Standing today on this hallowed plot, wisps of romance drift back across the lengthened years.

Memory takes our hand, leading us through Time and Space — through shadow-hung lanes and dream-haunted nooks.

An aureole from the past streams across the centuries.

—— This is the Shrine where once their hearts lay! ——

* * *

Our spirits call back in mystic communion with our First Pilgrim Ancestors, Simon and Sarah.

* * *

In those idyllic surroundings, treasured years were theirs. The settlers were like a big family; their helpfulness and courage gave inspiration to each other, making pioneer life a friendly rustic experience.

The settler's kindness to the few Indians that occasionally came that way, gave no indication of their peace being disturbed; and did not, alas, prepare them two years later for the first shocking cruelty when one of their most respected leaders met a brutal death at the hands of a savage.

This deeply touched the Colonists.

Sitting together in the silence of the woodland twilight, Simon and Sarah talked in low tones of this first tragedy.

The greatest help for grief, said Simon, was to keep busy, to continue with their many unfinished tasks.

But a short time after this talk, Simon would be reminded of these words — to be his salvation when deep personal sorrow made them the one thing to keep his brave head unbowed.

* * *

Two, unforgetable, priceless years, had been Simon's and Sarah's, when their baby son was born in 1637 — the First Mills born in America, **Simon Mills II.**

* * *

— Rejoice softly. Death hovered near in those primitive days.

— In an agony of sympathy the word was first whispered — then becoming a certainty it was mournfully tolled; little Sarah Mills, the beloved, could not survive her baby's birth.

Night shadows deepened the truth. Her ebbing strength and plaintive patience surrendered at last, as Sarah breathed an age-long farewell to Simon.

The grieved family of settlers mourned in spirit and memory as precious little Sarah was laid to rest in a flower-strewn mound in a flowery field.

Simon had known sorrow before but not these poignant heart pangs. He remembered his words to Sarah, and with tender love for his motherless baby, he mastered his anguish.

With kind Mother Bissell assisting in his care, the precious baby survived.

* * *

And **thrive** the Baby did! Through him is descended the endless succession of Mills generations in America — even You and I!

Today in this direct line **twelve** generations weld together this great American chain of **Mills Lineage.**

* * *

No one could ever take the place of Simon's adored Sarah, but two years later when the blessed baby was growing into a healthy cherub, Mother Bissell's health was failing (she died shortly after, in 1641) — we can understand Simon's need for a woman's hand.

On October 18, 1639, Simon I married Joan. She may have been an older woman; no children were born of this marriage.

This good hearted step-mother must be given much credit for raising Simon II to vigorous manhood. For 20 years Joan faithfully ministered to the two Simons. (Historians have been confused occasionally by **two** Simon Mills being so early in America! They had difficulty in fitting all these references to **one** man. Had the Simons been designated as "I" and "II" the perplexity could easily have been solved!)

* * *

As the years passed **Simon Mills I** had become a prominent land owner. Accounts of his holdings are found in Vol. I of Windsor Land Records.

Besides his homestead afore mentioned we find "Feb. 6, 1640, Simon Mills hath graunted him fro the Plantation, five acres more or less, the breadth thirteen rodds more or less, the length from the riveret back to the way on the south: bounded on the north by Richard Parson. on the South by Wm. Flylly.

"Behind the home lotts five acres three rodds more or less, the breadth nyne rodd and the length one hundred rodd bounded on the north by John Bartlett on the South by Wi Flylly."

Later Simon Mills I bought land from Thomas Orton, and the home lots of Humphrey Hyde and William Filly.

On May 10, 1653, was recorded to Simon Mills I, the purchase of Samuel Marshall's homestead of 5 acres with dwelling house there on.

Again he acquired property "bounded by land of Banj Newberry east, by a road running between it and Little Meadow, South by land of Stephen Terry, and west by the Street."

Again Simon Mills bought of Samuel Marshall two acres of meadow lying easterly of the homestead.

* * *

The clerks of that day with typical ingenuity in spelling, recorded the name Simon as Symon, Simone, and Simeon.

When young Simon II was 22 years of age, he was married on February 23, 1659, to Mary, the captivating daughter of their old friend William Buell.

This marriage took place four months before the death of Joan, the step-mother, her funeral being held on July 5, 1659. Young Mary's kindness brought much comfort to this good woman, while her cheerful nature filled the home of the two Simons with contented domestic orderliness.

Two years later this home was blessed with beautiful twin sons, born to Mary and Simon Mills II, on April 23, 1661. The babies were christened **Simon III** and **Samuel Mills.** Grandfather Simon I was filled with pride for his namesake, and promising grandsons.

* * *

Before ever the white man came to the new world, the savages carried on continuous warfare expending their violence against each other, warring as tribes. Now they began to band together against the white man. Their inhuman atrocities were becoming more and more frequent and incredibly cruel. The history of early America astounds one with Indian savagery beyond what could be expected of wild beasts. Innumerable instances are recorded of stalwart men struck down while at work, or of parents killed while protecting loved ones, or whole families, or villages destroyed.

In attempting to deal with these blood thirsty savages the bravery of the Pilgrims is beyond praise.

* * *

The two precious babies of Simon II and Mary Buell Mills, were born April 23, 1661.

One month later, May 19, 1661, occurred one of the most inhuman onslaughts of Indians to be imagined. On this date were slain not only these two beloved infants, but their heroic grandfather, **Simon Mills, I,** who gave his life in his efforts to protect the colonists in this Indian raid.

Words cannot attempt to convey the tragedy of this despicable savagery.

Simon Mills I was but 49 years of age, with promise of many years of usefulness ahead.

In times of greatest difficulty he was respected, loved and trusted by his fellow pioneers.

His pilgrimage on earth was not long. But his life was honorable to himself and of much usefulness to the early colonists.

The life of this just man, **Simon Mills I,** adds lustre to the name Mills, and shines with honor centuries beyond his grave.

Second Mills Generation in America

* * *

Windsor and Simsbury, Conn.

* * *

Simon Mills II, b. 1637 — Windsor, Conn. (Son of Simon I and Sarah Bissell Mills.) d. June 8, 1683, Simsbury, Ct. Married Feb. 23, 1659.

Mary Buell Mills b. Sept. 3, 1643, Windsor, (dau. William and Mary Post Buell.) d. 1718, Simsbury, Ct. Founders of Simsbury, Conn.

* * *

Children of Simon II and Mary Buell Mills.

* * *

1. **Simon Mills III** } Twins: b. April 23, 1661
2. **Samuel Mills** } d. May 19, 1661

Their grandfather Simon I d. the same day. Indian savagery.

3. **Mary Mills,** b. Dec. 8, 1661 Windsor, Conn. **m. Samuel Humphrey,** Simsbury.

4. **Hannah Mills,** b. 1665, Windsor. m. 1. **Simon Drake,** Dec. 15, 1687 (killed in Indian Raid. m. 2. **Daniel Loomis,** July 9, 1713.

5. **Simon Mills,** b. May, 1667. Died in infancy.

6. **John Mills, Our Line.** b. June 23, 1669, Windsor. d. Mar. 11, 1697, Simsbury. When John was a baby, the family moved to Simsbury, 1669-70. When he was 7 or 8, Simsbury was burned by the Indians. John m. on Nov. 4, 1690. **Sarah Pettibone,** dau. of John and Sarah Eggleston Pettibone. John Mills was killed in Indian warfare when but 29 in Pequot Wars.

7. **Sarah Mills,** b. Sept. 16, 1670, Windsor, Conn. m. July 24, 1691, **Thomas Ellsworth,** Windsor.

8. **Abigail Mills,** b. 1672. d. July 24, 1691, age 19. She died the same day her sister Sarah was married. Was this Indian treachery?

9. **Elizabeth Mills,** b. 1674.

10. **Prudence Mills,** b. 1676-1683.

11. **Simon Mills III.,** b. 1678. When he was a young man he was always accompanied by two large dogs when working in the fields as the country was so infested with lurking and hostile Indians. One day an Indian lay in ambush all day waiting to kill him and take his scalp. Simon III was closely followed by his faithful dogs. The Indian was afraid that unless he killed him outright Simon would set his dogs upon him and he would be torn to pieces. This alone saved Simon's life. The Indian was later executed for another murder, and at time of his death he disclosed these facts. .

Second Generation

* * *

Simon II and Mary Buell Mills

* * *

These were years of greatest Indian hostility. Attacks came daily, and at night it was utterly unsafe for the settlers to remain in their homes.

In Windsor, a stockade, or fort, was built where the settlers slept, guns loaded, ready for the nightly asault.

Simon II and Mary Mills, young people, vigorous in body and spirit, were known for their dependable courage. Mary was unhesitating in her energetic help whenever settlers were wounded; and Simon was fearless in guarding the defense of the settlers during Indian attacks, emulating his father's bravery.

After the death of Simon I, the young couple continued living in the parental Windsor home for another 9 or 10 years, until forty young families of the second generation, removed to a choice new section of land just across the river from Windsor. (This will be spoken of later.)

While still living in Windsor a story concerning the bravery of young Mary Buell Mills has been handed down from generation to generation. (Captain Michael Mills of Revolutionary days, used to tell this story to his grandchildren concerning the courage of his great-grandmother.)

One cold wintry day, Mary had been baking bread, but when it was time for the settlers to leave for the fort, the bread was not ready to be taken from the oven.

Early darkness was closing in and Mary requested Simon to go ahead with their little child Mary, while it was still light, and she would follow as soon as the bread finished baking.

The fort was half a mile from the Mills home; Simon was reluctant to go without his wife, but leaving his loaded gun with her, he went on, carrying little Mary.

Winter shadows were fast deepening when at last Mary was ready to start.

Peering out the door, her heart stood still!

Coming from the woods were three savage redskins — one had climbed the fence and was approaching the house; a second was sitting on the bars; and a third was hacking at the gate with his tomahawk.

With quiet presence of mind Mary quickly bolted the door.

Going to the stairway she began calling in a loud voice for her husband to bring his gun, that Indians were coming.

As she called she threw a stout oaken stool up the stairs making it come tumbling down with a great clatter.

This unexpected noise halted the Indians for a short time. But soon they started again toward the house.

Mary knew then that her only hope was to fire the gun.

Bravely levelling it through a hole in the door for that purpose — she fired!

She heard a groan and peeping out she saw the Indians hurrying into the woods dragging one of their men.

When the last sound of the retreating Indians had died in the distance, Mary left the house, running to the fort. Halfway there she was met by Simon and the other men who had heard the report of her gun and were hastening to her rescue.

The following morning on returning from the fort there were traces of blood to be seen from the house back into the woods, and it was thought one Indian had been wounded or killed.

* * *

A description of this old Windsor fort, or stockade, is interesting. William Buell, father of Mary Buell Mills, had helped in building it. The Windsor book tells of it, as described a century or more ago, by an 80 year old woman who told of her experiences as a child roaming about its rambling apartments, climbing the ancient winding stairway even then tottering to decay, and peeping through the port-holes up under the eaves.

"The old fort, part stone, part wood — the stone part somewhat the oldest — stood parallel with the road, the walls constructed of heavy, uncut stones, pierced with two small diamond-paned windows set in lead, with numerous lurking port-holes which peeped suspiciously out from under the eaves of the high peaked roof.

"At the northern end, or gable of the roof, a gigantic chimney was built into the wall. At the east, or back part of the building, was the door, framed of heavy oaken timbers, strongly studded and clinched with iron spikes. This door bore sundry suggestive hacks and cuts of Indian tomahawks, given during their nightly raids.

"Joined to, at right angles to the stone building with whose front its gable end was parallel, stood the larger and more modern frame dwelling (built in 1669). Similar in general appearance to the other part, except the windows and doors were more numerous.

"The interior was of mysterious interest. The queer nooks and dark corners with which the place abounded, as well as divers grim and curious prints and articles of furniture, excited wonder and admiration. The old place contained an ancient helmet and piece of armor used by some valiant soldier in the Pequot Wars. There was also a curious bow and sheaf of arrows of gigantic proportions."

* * *

The settlers were devout in their religious faith. A month before Simon's marriage, in preparation for his bride, he signed in January for a "short-seat" in the Windsor meeting house. He and Mary were married the next month, on Feb. 23, 1659.

Much sustaining strength was gained by their steadfast devotion, helping them endure the rack of agony caused so frequently by the savages.

An evidence of Simon's devotion is again seen, many years later, on May 7, 1682, when Simon's name heads the list on a church petition in Simsbury:

"An application to the much Honoured ye Governor: having knowledge and tryal of Mr. Samuel Stow in ye labors of ye Word and Doctrine, we do hereby manifest so far as we know our own hearts, our hearty desires of his continuance to be a Pastor and Watchman over our Soules and ye Soules of ours.

Ye 7th of May, 1682. Signed,

Simon Mills
Daniel Adams
John Pettibone
Joseph Phelps."

(All four of these men are our lineal grandsires!)

The title "free-man" used frequently in colonial records, was bestowed upon settlers proven worthy to pledge their oath of allegiance to report any disloyalty to their country. Simon Mills II is named in a list of "Windsor Freeman" compiled October 11, 1665.

* * *

In 1667-68, a beautiful section bordering the Farmington River (then called Tunxus) was opened up. This was an area of about ten miles in its original dimensions, and its enticing offers were eagerly taken up by 40 young families of 2nd generation Windsor settlers.

Simon and Mary were among the first to obtain choice grants.

In beauty of scenery, fertility of soil and meadow lands, this place even today, is one of the beauty spots of picturesque Connecticut.

They named this settlement **Simsbury**, and Simon II and Mary Buell Mills were the first of **four Mills generations** in this historic town.

Much time and work were spent during the next two years in clearing the land, cultivating it, erecting homes and making improvements. It was not until 1669-70 that they were able to take up residence in the new place.

In a rich section near Windsor, called "Meadow Plain" in Weatogue-east, a grant was made to Simon Mills II.

Other families (whom we know today as 'ancestors') also settled in Meadow Plain — the **Bissells**, **John Pettibone**, and the **Adams**.

Nearby in Westover Plain were our **Phelps** and **Humphrey** ancestors.

Here in the shade of massive oaks, full burgeoned in the vernal eagerness of spring, the young families moved their Lares and Penates.

They loved the sylvan charm of woodland and low lying hills — the winding streamlets that formed a natural network through the lush meadows.

Re-named Simsbury, this place had formerly been called Massacoe, and part of it, Weatogue, place of the wigwam.

A fair price that had been wholly satisfactory had been paid to the Indians for this land, which to them had been little more than battle grounds. No trouble was experienced or expected.

Simon Mills II acquired more land in 1668. He "owned lands at Horseshoe Falls, at Long Meadow, and four parcels on the Plains. The fourth Lott laid out for Simon Mills was Ten Rodds in Breadth, in Length Eighty Rodds." After Simon and Mary removed to Simsbury, he sold part of his holdings in Windsor, as recorded on folio 91, of original Vol. 1, and on folio 381 of Vol. II of Windsor Land Records.

"On April 2, 1672, there is entered a conveyance from Simon Mills II now dwelling at Simsbury" to Anthony Hoskins of Windsor, "my dwelling house in Windsor & ye house lands pertaining to it."

The description of this property shows it to be the same as that recorded on May 10, 1653, bought by Simon's father from Samuel Marshall (when Simon was 16 years old).

* * *

For seven years all had progressed happily in pleasant little Simsbury. The place fulfilled all their anticipations.

The settlers made attempts to be friendly with the Indians, but the red-race as a whole knew nothing about sober reasoning or justice.

Today evidence has proven that those peaceful meadows had been a war-field, crimsoned with the blood of redskins, long ages before ever the white man had left England.

The arrowheads found in the region were far too numerous to imagine they had been used for peaceful purposes.

Before the white man came, the savages had warred constantly against each other. Now their cruelties were directed against the settlers.

* * *

Suddenly on a Sunday morning in early spring, March 26, 1676, Indian savagery erupted like a flash-flood over the entire village. Wild havoc was let loose.

Brandishing tomahawks and fire brands, shooting arrows as they ran, with inhuman war-whoops, hordes of blood thirsty savages poured down upon the peaceful village of Simsbury.

General destruction and pillage took place throughout the day. At night all buildings were destroyed by fire. Reason and common sense were useless. Evil spirits reigned triumphant.

Of all the violent savagery waged by the Indians, this was the most furious. Ruin was complete. Utter desolation remained.

The settlers fled across the river to Windsor in the midst of flying arrows.

This treacherous assault was under the command of the Indian Chieftan King Phillip, who seated upon nearby Mount Talcott, watched the conflagration with ungovernable emotions of joy. (The following July in another of his brutal attacks on colonists, he himself was slain.)

* * *

This attack on Simsbury naturally caused the greatest alarm in Windsor as the victims were all children of Windsor parents.

Another settlement raided was Deerfield, Mass. In this massacre Hepzibah Buell Wells (sister of Mary Buell Mills) saw her three children killed before her eyes — just one of numerous such instances.

The week after the Simsbury attack a town meeting was held in Windsor on April 2, 1676.

A company of over 400 men was formed, to be ready at instant notice to defend the village.

Orders were issued to "carry firearms to church" which was the custom for many years. (People were called to worship by the beating of a drum, and this practice continued for 70 years or more. In 1683 the town "voated to give Thos. Barber 10 shillings yearly for beating of ye drume on Sabboth dayes.")

Farms were worked in companies of not less than six men, standing together on guard for their own defense.

On June 11, 1676, a relief fund for the Simsbury sufferers was taken. Contributions by some of our ancestors include:

Simon Mills II, - 2s.6d.

William Buell (Mary's father): - 1s-3d.

Mary Talcott Eggleston, - 4s. in cloth.
(She was the elderly widow of Begat.)

* * *

These were generous donations in that day when money was computed in pence. Their equivalent today would be more than $100.00.

* * *

During the next year, Simsbury remained deserted, while strongholds were being built — stockades and fortifications lined with ditches and breast works where settlers could repair in time of danger.

For more than **30 years daily attacks** were made by bands of Indians.

Fifty years later, June 4, 1724, the savages were still so hostile that ten men were employed as scouts constantly on watch for raids. Three of these men were **Joseph Mills** a grandson of Simon Mills II, (and our grandfather of the fourth generation); Samuel Pettibone, another of our forebears; and William Buell, a descendant of William I.

Not until **1750**, almost 100 years after the early Simsbury attack, did the last vestige of the dangerous race disappear from the eastern colonies.

* * *

The first burying-ground in Simsbury was located on the hill west of the present burying place. Here lie the many unsung heroes of Indian cruelty, including Simon Mills II who was killed in a raid of June 8, 1683.

In 1688 the burying ground was removed lower down the hill. Here the first burials in 1688 were those of Mrs. Mary Buell, wife of Peter Buell, (brother of Mary Buell Mills); and John Drake, another victim of Indian treachery. (In 1687, Hannah Mills, daughter of Simon II, married Simon Drake — a brother of the above John.)

Simon Mills II, an honorable, loving husband and father lost his life at the early age of 46, while giving valiant service during Indian uprisings.

* * *

The Simsbury records state: "Simon Mills deperted this Lif June the 8, Ano 1683." A month later his will is dated July 6, 1683, when an inventory of his estate was taken: £168-37-00

Home lott, house and barn:	£50-00-00
A Musket and Back Sword and Belt:	£01-15-00
A wainscott chest:	00-16-00
A plaine chest:	00-06-00

* * *

This was no inconsiderable estate in those days! The Roxbury, Mass., History states that in "Colonial days as late as 1678 in New York, which then had less than 350 houses, a merchant worth £1000 or £500 was deemed a good substantial merchant. And a planter worth half that sum was accounted rich."

(At that time another Simsbury man, Joseph Parsons, died. "He was considered a man of comparative means for those times. His will was appraised as being not over $6.00 in present day terms: exclusive of his one bed valued at £2-15s.")

(The days before the inflated dollar!)

* * *

On the original inventory of the estate of Simon Mills II, on July 6, 1683, is a list of his children and their ages at the time of his death. This was made a month after his death:

Children of Simon and Mary Buell Mills with ages at time of his death:

1. **Mary Mills, Mrs. Samuel Humphrey**, Windsor, b. 1662 - Age 20.
2. **Hannah Mills**, b. 1665 - Age 18. (Later married 1. Simon Drake 2. Daniel Loomis)
3. **John Mills**, b. 1669 - Age 14. **Our Line.** (Later m. Sara Pettibone.)
4. **Sarah Mills**, b. 1670 - Age 13. (Later m. Thomas Ellsworth.)
5. **Abigail Mills**, b. 1672 - Age 11. (She d. 1691, age 19.)
6. **Elizabeth Mills**, b. 1674 - Age 9.
7. **Prudence Mills**, b. 1676 - Age 7. She died the same summer her father died. May have been an Indian casualty.
8. **Simon Mills III**, b. 1678 - Age 5.

* * *

Brief Sketch of Buell Line:

* * *

The Buell family (Bewelle or Beville) traces back to the time they were crusaders in England, under Henry III, Edward I, II, and III. Proclamations were issued to protect their property while away.

They served on commissions to Foreign Courts, and were noted in military and diplomatic services, having negotiations with the Pope of Rome as early as 1270 A.D.

Their coat of arms is: Azure, fleur de lis, argent. Lion couchant. gules.

It is said that many of the early settlers were "gentlemen descended from younger brothers."

William Buell, first came to America with his mother, in 1630 — was born 1610 at Chesterton, Huntingdonshire, England. He was a descendent of Robert Buell, Knight of Huntingdonshire in 1410, A.D. William was a skillful cabinet maker, and did much carpenter work in early days, accounts in old ledgers showing money paid to him for work done. One account notes "that worthy old carpenter William Buell, handing in a bill of 9s.6d. for building a pair of stocks." Stocks and whipping-posts were then in use. Tradition claims that William's services were given in erecting the old Windsor Fort, built in 1656.

The Buells were persons of good character and considerable position. Stiles says "William Buell was an early and respectable settler at Windsor, a joiner by trade, and was in the first land division at Windsor."

The earliest record of a Buell in America is an item in the Church Record by Matthew Grant, Clerk: "1639, Decem. 3. goode buell died." This no doubt refers to William's mother, who came to America with him. William was about 20 when he sailed on the "Mary and John" in 1630.

Descendants of William Buell have been known for their intellectual ability. His grandson, "Deacon Daniel Buell was ahead of his day in thinking."

Another descendant taught the first school where Dartmouth College is now located.

One of the most eminent of his descendants was **Sara Buell Hale**, born in 1788, in New Hampshire.

A book "The Lady of Godeys" tells of the remarkable activities of Sara, who founded and edited the first Woman's Magazine in America which attained a circulation of 150,000. Later Louis Godey secured her as editor of "Godey's Ladies' Book," a position she held for 40 years.

In that day a business career for ladies was most unusual, but her gentility always made her a welcome and esteemed guest in the best homes in America.

In 1825 the corner stone for Bunker Hill Monument was laid, but funds were lacking for its completion. In 1840, Sara Buell Hale headed a movement among women to raise the money, and through her efforts the monument was completed.

Sara Buell Hale was instrumental in the organization of Vassar College. She also was responsible for the purchase and preservation of Mount Vernon.

She started the first day nursery in America, and was the first to suggest playgrounds, and health campaigns.

She wrote to President Lincoln suggesting a national holiday for Thanksgiving Day. Previous to this the states had each set their own date whenever it occurred to them; or possibly not observed it at all.

These are a few of Sara's remarkable activities told about in "The Lady of Godeys."

William Buell, the Pilgrim of 1630, was the father of **Mary Buell Mills** wife of **Simon Mills II.**

* * *

When the "Mary and John" was embarking from England in 1630, a sistership was being loaded to accompany it.

There was much confusion, and in some way a little 6 year old girl, **Mary Post**, became separated from her parents and placed by mistake on the "Mary and John," while her parents were assigned to the sister ship. This was the illfated vessel that went down during an ocean tempest with all on board.

In the meantime the little girl was looked after by William Buell's mother. When it became known later that the other ship was lost, the Buells befriended the child as their own.

Ten years later when Mary Post was 16, she and William Buell were married. One of their children was **Mary Buell** who married **Simon Mills II.**

Mary Buell Mills named several of her Mills children after her Buell family: Mary, Hannah, Sarah, and so on.

* * *

Mary Buell seemed to be a favorite of both her parents. Her father, William, died in 1681, and his will gave Mary Buell Mills £ 5 pounds more than his other children — a considerable sum to be sure, in those early days.

Mary's mother, **Mary Post Buell** (who had been the little 6 year old girl mentioned) died in 1684, at the age of 60; two days before her death on August 29, 1684, she dictated the following will:

* * *

"I, Mary Post Buell, being very weak and nigh unto death, and comitting my soule to God & my body to Christian Bureing but haveing my natural understanding & haveing some smale things to dispose of, my will is that my Eldest daughter Mary Mills shall have my red Wescoate & that Hatt which was Sara's & one white linin apron & 1 blue apron when it is wove & the rest of my woolen and Linin cloathes I give to my daughter Hannah Palmer & my Hatt & 1 Pewter Platter & 1 tin pan."

Third Mills Generation
in
America
1668

(Second Mills generation in Simsbury, Conn.)

John Mills, b. June 23, 1668. Windsor - d. March 11, 1697. Simsbury, Ct. Son of **Simon II** and **Mary Buell Mills**. On Nov. 4, 1690, John married

Sarah Pettibone Mills, b. Sept. 24, 1667. Windsor, d. April 3, 1748. Simsbury, Ct. Daughter of **John Pettibone I** and **Sarah Eggleston Pettibone**. Granddaughter of Begat Eggleston and Mary Talcott Eggleston.

* * *

Children of **John** and **Sarah Pettibone Mills:**

1. **John Mills II,** b. 1692.
2. **Joseph Mills,** 1694-1783. **Our Line.**
3. **Benjamin Mills,** 1694.
   Joseph and Benjamin were twins. At their christening they were carried seven miles in a basket. Their mother rode horseback through the forest while John and another man carried the basket. Fortunately no Indians appeared!
4. **Sarah Mills,** 1697-1797, named after her mother. She was born the year of her father's death in Indian warfare. Sarah married three times. her first two husbands, **Samuel Fuller** and **Francis Garrett** being killed when young men in Pequot Wars. Her third husband was **Joseph Woodford**. Sarah lived to be 100 years old. A century-sermon in her honor was preached by Rev. Jeremiah Halleck, minister for nearly 50 years in West Simsbury.

* * *

Simsbury, Connecticut

* * *

1668

(Third Mills Generation in America. Second in Simsbury.)

* * *

Indian alarms were now a daily terror. Settlers lived in constant danger. Reading the records of cruel tragedies during those frightful years increases our wonder at the courage of the colonists.

The brief life-span of some of our own brave fore-fathers, causes us to ponder a moment on the precarious uncertainty of our own lineal succession.

That little spark of life that led to you and to me could so easily have been snuffed before **our** link in the family chain had been forged.

Verily a providential spirit hovered o'er our Mills Patrimony!

John Mills, our great, great, great, great grandfather, had been a little 8 year old boy on that Sabbath morning in March, 1676, when the shrieking hordes of savages fell upon the unsuspecting settlers of Simsbury.

Perhaps this early ordeal served in developing his later responsibility. As he grew older his courage and proud self-reliance were never lacking in defending his townspeople against these savage raids. Alas, in another Indian uprising brave John Mills lost his life at the age of 29, on March 11, 1697.

He had been married at the age of 22, (Nov. 4, 1690) to Sarah Pettibone, 23, daughter of the first John Pettibone; grandaughter of Begat and Mary Talcott Eggleston who had been friends since the days of Simon Mills 1, sixty years earlier.

John left a family of four children, each of whom lived to become prominent citizens.

Joseph Mills, our line, became one of the most prosperous men of Simsbury, living to be 89 years of age.

John's daughter, **Sarah Mills**, named after her mother, lived to the ripe age of 101.

Sarah's first husband, Samuel Fuller, was killed shortly after their marriage. In 1730 she married Frances Garrett. He died June 24, 1731. Her daughter, Anne Garrett, was born post humously but mentioned in her father's will, drawn up on June 23, the day before he died.

Sarah's third husband was Joseph Woodford. No children.

Sarah Mills Fuller Garrett Woodford lived to be the esteemed matron of Simsbury.

John and Sarah Pettibone Mills lived in the "Weatogue" homestead established by his father Simon Mills II. His family continued living there after his death. Later his son Joseph bought more land in what is now Canton, a part of Simsbury.

* * *

1652445

The marriage of John Mills and Sarah Pettibone was the first of many intermarriages of Mills, Pettibone, Phelps, Adams, Lawrence, lines in Simsbury, that take us back to Begat and Mary Talcott Eggleston as our progenitors so many times.

This frequent intermarriage of cousins, resulted no doubt from the limited number of families in little Simsbury, and the large number of children in each family.

In fact early Simsbury must have been composed of **cousins** — almost beyond unravelling, although tracing some of these relationships provides a diverting excursion into the past! All along the way we meet interesting grandsires, many of whom we had never heard.

Nine generations, as mentioned, give us approximately **500 lineal** grandparents. Intermarriages lessen this number; but undoubtedly they intensify inherited traits!

Let us be thankful we have estimable forebears!

* * *

After the burning of Simsbury in 1676, the village was rebuilt, and through the centuries it has become a beautiful residential site. "Talcott Mountain" looms above it like a guardian shield.

Before leaving the subject of Simsbury, it may be of interest to mention an overnight stay in this place of sentimental memories, which we enjoyed only a week ago.

We were motoring through the east looking over boarding schools for my teen-age granddaughter, Alexandra Estes.

All day we had been enchanted with the winding roads through woodlands bathed in golden light at the very summit of autumn's brilliance.

It was growing late as we approached Simsbury where we uncertainly hoped to find accommodations — feeling it was almost too much to expect a place to spend the night in this romantic little place.

Suddenly we all saw it at once!

There peering out of the darkness swung a dimly lighted ever-so-proper coat-of-arms "Eagle" sign-board, "**Pettibone Inn**" — an original insignia that had at one time hung there 200 years previously!

Thrilled beyond words we passed through the doorway of Col. Jonathan Pettibone's old mansion — entering rooms, once the friendly gathering place of all these very ancestors about whom I am writing!

As my daughter Barbara described it later to a friend at home. "Mother swooned at the thought of her former ancestors, and the rest of us swooned at the thought of food and lodging! Of course Mother stood in every room, and blessed, and relaid to rest everyone of her ancestors!"

Barbara herself confessed to a certain strange feeling, and tried to make sure little Lexy felt it also. As Barbara bade me goodnight she said she could well imagine I wouldn't miss a moment of enjoying this by going to sleep that night!"

It was indeed a night to remember!

I slept in one of the lovely old front rooms upstairs, fragrant with memories of long gone spirits. I wished some of them might appear to me in my dreams, but beseemly, they left my glorified night dreamless!

Downstairs in the white-panelled parlor, beside the original fireplace, hung the faded portrait of Col. Jonathan, dignified, stately, noble; on the mantel shelf was his ancient gun used in Revolutionary days and earlier.

The huge old chimney rose through the house from the basement — or cellar — where in early days a stone room had been built around the chimney as a hiding place for women and children, while the men fought off Indians above.

A leaflet told how this home was chosen as a tavern back in Colonial days.

Under the Tavern System in the colonies, the civil authority in each town was required by law to meet annually, and select a man of high respectability and character who could furnish a place for travelers, " a house having at least two spare beds for guests, and sufficient stabling and provender for at least two horses."

The Mills home in Simsbury had been near this old home of Col. Pettibone — "Talcott Mountain" looming close by. As young cousins in Simsbury these families were very close.

Judge Mills later wrote some anecdotes concerning Rosanna Pettibone.

Rosanna was the beautiful daughter of Col. Jonathan Pettibone. She possessed such individuality and charm that several future Rosanna's were named after her, all known for their prepossessing beauty. (Rosanna's two daughters, Rosanna Mills and Charlotte Phelps were called the "flowers of Norfolk.")

When Rosanna was a young girl in Simsbury, living in this old home (where we slept), she was planning her wedding. As Judge Mills writes "she wished a wedding dress. She spun a piece of checked linen about 40 or 50 yards for sale. A high price was paid for checked linen. Rosanna took her linen, and riding on horseback in company with Benjamin Mills and his wife, they came through Torrington and Winchester to Samuel Mills' home in the southern part of Norfolk. The next day she went to her brother Giles, who went with her to sell her linen. She sold it and was paid in iron delivered in Hartford. She exchanged it for a wedding dress."

— What a beautiful bride she must have made.

Judge Mills also writes about an earlier venture of Rosanna's. She was probably a girl in her teens when she "started alone on horseback from her home in Simsbury for Norfolk." The roads were then little more than a trail through the forest primeval. She lost the trail in the wilderness, but kept on, and when night overtook her, stopped alone in the forest and spent the night beside her horse! As it proved this was near the location of the old Torringford Church. The next day she made another attempt and found her way to her brother Giles in Norfolk. That was doubtless a long dreary night to Rosanna!

— A dauntless maiden indeed.

* * *

Going back to John Mills' daughter Sarah, the "century lady" who outlived three husbands, I here insert the Northway line descended from Anne, only child of Sarah Mills Garrett.

150 years after the death of Sarah, these Northway descendants were close friends of our Mills family in Jefferson, Iowa.

We are all descended from Simon Mills I, Simon Mills II, John Mills, and the Northways from John's daughter Sarah.

I include this line as of interest since we knew them so well in Jefferson more than a half century ago.

THE NORTHWAY LINE

1. **Sarah Mills,** 1697-1797. Simsbury, Ct.

Married: 1. **Samuel Fuller,** killed by Indians.

2. In 1730, she married **Francis Garret.** He died June 24, 1731, the same year. Another Indian casualty. His will dated June 23, . Had a posthumous child, Anne.

3. **Joseph Woodford.**
No children.

* * *

2. **Anne Garrett,** b. 1731, after her father's death, but mentioned in his will. Anne married October 6, 1746 **Samuel Northway** b. August 17, 1715. d. March 16, 1773. He was a son of George Northway and Hannah North. Hannah was daughter of Samuel North and Hannah Norton North. Anne had 15 children; seven of her sons served in Revolution.

* * *

3. **Zenus Northway,** b. December 26, 1764 - d. December 29, 1843. Served in Revolution. Married in April, 1788, Rhoda Phinney at West Stockbridge, Mass.

* * *

4. **Zenus Northway II,** b. February 6, 1790 - d. May 29, 1874, at Orwell, Ohio. Married August 2, 1806, his cousin Sally Northway, daughter of Ozias Northway, Revolutionary soldier, another of Anne's sons.

* * *

5. **Lucial Phinney Northway,** b. June 14, 1808, named after his grandmother. Married Esther Dunning Chandler.

* * *

6. **Dura Northway,** b. 1827 - d. 1891. Married Elizabeth Towne, b. 1837 - d. 1912. Lived in Jefferson, Iowa. He was a courtly looking gentleman, with a marked family resemblance to my father Azor Ruggles Mills, 1827-1901, a distant cousin.

The stately Northway mansion in Jefferson was a showplace, in its setting of spacious lawn with sunken garden, statues and fountain. Elizabeth Towne Northway dressed in sedate black silks or satins was a veritable replica of Queen Victoria, as she drove about town in her phaeton and colored driver up front.

* * *

7. **William Wallace Northway,** b. 1860. Married Hannah Lynn, Chicago.

* * *

8. **William Northway II,** b. April 26, 1882, Chicago, but spent much time with his grandparents in Jefferson. A musician and artist of more than average ability. He married April 17, 1906, a beautiful French girl Clare Lambert, daughter of Francis Lambert and Philomene Prince Lambert. Philomene was daughter of John and Clara de la Motte Prince of Paris, France.

* * *

9. **John Joseph Northway,** b. 1908.
Loren George Northway, b. 1910.
Sons of William II and Clare. Their home in Norwood, Manitoba, Canada.

Fourth Mills Generation

1694-1783

Simsbury, Connecticut

* * *

"Deacons were highly important figures and clergymen held both political power and social prestige." James Truslow Adams.

* * *

Deacon Joseph Mills, b. 1694, d. April 19, 1783. (Son of John and Sarah Pettibone Mills.) A distinguished citizen. Lived all his 89 years in Simsbury. When almost 30 he married 16 year old

Hannah Adams, b. 1709, d. September 1776, age 67. They celebrated their Golden Wedding with all 14 children and numerous grandchildren attending in 1774. A prominent family in Simsbury. (Hannah was the daughter of Sergeant Daniel Adams II, 1678-1712, and his wife Thanks Shepard Adams, 1683-1724.)

* * *

(Deacon Joseph Mills I and six of his sons were Deacons in the church; four sons were officers in Revolution; also ministers and lawyers.)

* * *

Children of Deacon Joseph I and Hannah Adams Mills:

* * *

1. **Deacon Joseph Mills II**, b. 1726, Simsbury Ct., d. 1795, Norfolk, Conn. His four children:
    1. **Benoni Mills** lived and died in the Norfolk homestead of his father. His son **Daniel** continued living there until 1858, he moved to San Jose, California.
    2. **Rev. Joseph Mills III**, became a lifetime minister in Becket, Mass. His son, **Capt. Delawn Mills** is given a lengthy account in "History of Western Reserve" by P. P. Cherry, relating historical incidents of his heroic service in Indian warfare.
    3. **Constantine Mills**, b. 1761, Norfolk. Enlisted at age 17, in August, 1778, in Revolution. Was in battle at burning of Fairfield, Conn. by British in July, 1779. He married April 29, 1783, and removed to Ashtabula, Ohio, where he died October, 1848, age 87. His grandson was **General Simon Mills** b. February 14, 1810, Norfolk, d. June 1, 1895, Madison, Wisconsin, age 85.
    [Both General Simon's grandfathers served in Revolution.]
    4. **Roger Mills**, b. 1763, Norfolk. "A prominent lawyer in Hartford, Conn. considered an excellent counsellor, and held in high eminence throughout that section. He became a potential force not only in molding civic opinion. but in giving order to social conditions of that day." [Hartford sketches] "Roger Mills was one of two foremost lawyers in Hartford as different in character as it would be possible to find. The other one. Perry S., was known for his bitterness of invectives — his persistence in persecution, his implacability toward his enemies insuring him the ill feeling of all to whom his efforts were directed. Roger Mills differed in every respect, holding always an honored position as a worthy gentleman and lawyer of renown. His son succeeded him in practice and influential esteem." [Hartford Historical Sketch]
2. **Captain Michael Mills.** — Our Line. b. March 22, 1728, Simsbury, d. 1820 in Norfolk, age 92. He served in the Revolution. He married **Mercy Lawrence**, b. June 22, 1735, d. October 8, 1821. Their family given in next generation.
3. **Captain Samuel Mills**, b. 1734, Simsbury — d. 1803, Norfolk. Served in Revolution.
4. **Hannah Mills**, b. 1735, Simsbury — d. 1796, Norfolk. Named for her Mother.
5. **Deacon Amasa Mills**, b. 1736, Simsbury — d. 1821, Norfolk. m. **Lucy Curtis**.

6. **Captain Benjamin Mills,** b. 1738. Simsbury — d. 1829, Norfolk, Age 91.
Deacon and Revolutionary Captain, m. **Hannah Humphrey,** daughter of Samuel Humphrey of Simsbury. Although he was Captain in war he never received remuneration for his time and suffering in the American cause.

His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, who had 33 years previously in 1797, preached a "century sermon" for Benjamin's 100 year old aunt. **Sarah Mills-Fuller-Garrett-Woodford.** An excerpt from Benjamin's funeral sermon: "He was a man of Christian integrity toward God and his fellow citizens. His prayers and his pious example will operate long after he is sleeping in the dust. He kept the world indebted to him while he lived in it."

During the last years of his long life of 91 years he became quite deaf, and his tottering form was permitted to ascend the pulpit, always standing in prayer by the side of the venerable Hallock.

7. **Deacon Egekiel Mills,** b. 1740, Simsbury, d. 1805, Norfolk. m. **Ursula Phelps.**

8. **Deacon Daniel Mills,** b. 1742, Simsbury, d. 1799, Norfolk. Died age 37, after enduring great hardships in Revolution. Named after his grandfather Daniel Adams.

9. **Col. Simon Mills IV,** b. 1744, Simsbury, d. 1778, Norfolk, age 34.
Was Colonel of Militia in Revolution. Served in Burrell's Regiment of which Rev. A. R. Robbins was Chaplain in 1776.

He had small pox, not properly cared for, and it became chronic. He was sent home in 1776, confined to his bed and chair until autumn, 1778. The General Assembly of Connecticut voted him $300 to pay his bills of which a large part was doctors' bills. An old gray stone marks his grave in the old Norfolk Cemetery.

10. **Deacon Andrew Mills,** b. 1746, Simsbury, d. 1813, Norfolk. m. Naomi Humphrey, (sister of Hannah Humphrey, wife of Capt. Benjamin Mills.)

11. **Sarah Mills,** b. 1748, Simsbury, d. 1805, Norfolk. m. 1. **Joseph Cowles** of prominent family. 2. **Asa Foote,** Son of Capt. Foote. (brother of Ephraim Mills' wife.)

12. **Thankful Mills,** b. 1750, Simsbury, d. 1776, Norfolk. Age 26. m. **Charles Wilcox.**

13. **Deacon Ephraim Mills,** b. 1751, Simsbury, d. 1818, Norfolk. Held in much esteem. m. **Rosanna Foote** (Daughter of Capt. Foote.) Their Son, 1. **Judge Ehpraim Mills Esq.** of West Simsbury (Canton) furnished much material for Simsbury History.

14. **Ruth Mills,** b. 1754, Simsbury, d. Norfolk. m. John Pettibone, a cousin.

* * *

Fourth Mills Generation

* * *

Joseph and Hannah Adams Mills

* * *

Joseph and his brother Benjamin were the twins that had been carried seven miles in a basket for their christening.

The spiritual importance of such a ceremony held by his parents continued to be an influence upon Joseph Mills throughout his long life of 89 years, all spent in Simsbury.

Deeply religious, he was a man of great personal integrity, a man of firm ideals, always a supporter of good morals.

Of fine physique, dominant in appearance, of keen intelligence and enterprise, he became one of the most influential citizens of Simsbury.

His ten sons were men of high standing and filled many offices with conspicuous ability.

Four sons of Joseph I and Hannah Adams Mills gave note worthy service in the Revolution: Col. Simon Mills IV, Colonel of Militia; Captain Samuel Mills; Captain Benjamin Mills; and Captain Michael Mills (our line).

Numerous grandsons also served in the cause of liberty. Three sons of Captain Michael Mills, Ira, Eden and Lawrence Mills, served with honor. Michael's daughter Editha was the wife of Capt. Cyrus Curtis, and their sons were Col. Norman Curtis and Capt. Jonathan Curtis who gave distinguished service.

A grandson of Joseph Mills II was Constantine Mills who was in the battle at the burning of Fairfield, Conn., by the British.

In later years Constantine had a grandson, General Simon Mills, 1810-1895, who gave outstanding service in the Civil War.

These are but a few of the descendants of Joseph and Hannah Adams Mills who gave important war service.

Captain Michael Mills was one of several who served many sessions in the General Assembly.

Joseph Mills and six of his sons were Deacons in the church, an influential position in that day.

Quoting from a "Mills History" written by Susan Lawrence Mills, 1811-1897: "The 14 children of Joseph and Hannah Adams Mills formed an exemplary family, all remarkable for their Christian Characters and examples. Joseph and his wife had the comforting gratification of living to see all their 14 children married happily, and to see their grand-children and great-grand-children. Of them all it is related they were reverent and pious men and women living amid perilous times, laying the foundation of a good government and a pure faith, a rich heritage left to their posterity to preserve and enjoy. These all died in faith."

Joseph Mills became a large land owner. Early in 1742 he and Hannah had bought large tracts in West Simsbury, the section now

called Canton. They were one of the first families there, removing from the old family home in Weatogue on Meadow Plain, where two Mills generations had lived.

In West Simsbury (Canton) they resided where "now" (1820) the Rev. Jairus Burt lives.

* * *

A peculiar incident occured in Simsbury during this generation. It was called for many years the "dark day" — Friday, May 19, 1780 — (this date happens to be the anniversary of the day a century earlier when Simon Mills I was killed by Indians.)

A description of this ominous day was found in the diary of Judge John Owen of Simsbury.

It occurred during a gloomy period of the Revolution and many thought it a supernatural forewarning of dire war news to come. Great alarm was caused.

. . . "the darkness began in the morning of May 19 with a thick air and between 8:00 o'clock and 9:00 an uncommon yellowish green spread over every object above and below, which continued increasing and withal growing darker and darker, so that about thirty minutes past 10:00 a.m. I laid by my business of writing in the light room where I now am . . . everything seemed to turn of a red yellow dark green. I walked abroad . . . everything appeared gloomy. The fowls retired to roost, and evening birds to their songs. This continued until near noon when the air in some measure cleared up and the sun appeared.

"As this darkness was a new phenomenon everyone will speak of it as they like. But I will set it down as my own opinion that it is a prelude of something extraordinary to happen to this country. It is indeed a lively picture and emblem of the mental darkness now abounding. I have heard that for about 100 miles each way, the appearance was much the same as here."

* * *

(This darkness was later accounted for as being an accumulation of denser masses of vapor [or smog] than usual, in ordinary cloudy weather. Nothing supernatural.)

* * *

One of the most severe hailstorms on record occurred in Simsbury in July 1768. This was most violent and disastrous in the section called Weatogue. Hailstones as large as geese eggs fell. Some weighed over three ounces. These were driven by the force of such wind that fruit trees, gardens and fields of grain were damaged and destroyed. Cattle were killed and maimed. Jonathan Pettibone (his wife, Mary Phelps) — was one of the greatest sufferers. (He was son of Col. Jonathan Pettibone, and lived in the home where we spent the night in 1962.)

* * *

(A similar hailstorm of cyclonic proportions, occurred in my home town, Dundee, Illinois on July 2, 1933. Trees, fields of grain, gardens in an area covering ten square miles or more, were stripped of leaves and bark cut into so deeply hundreds of trees died.)

The Adams Family

When we happen upon a member of the **Adams** family — today renowned through long generations — it is natural to wonder what connection our Adams may be to the famous John Adams, ardent advocate of independence; or with Samuel Adams called the Father of the Revolution.

Hannah Adams Mills, wife of Joseph Mills, and member of the fourth generation of Adams in the new world, was, herself, a personage of benign bearing, of eminent piety and benevolence.

That she is descended from the **original** Adams stock of English yeomanry, there is no doubt.

But our great-great-great-grandmother who died in 1776, may have been only casually aware of the distinction which had begun to mark members of the Adams family.

It is quite possible Hannah felt her own highly respected forebears — distinguished military leaders, reflected sufficient honor for the glory of one family.

Her great grandfather, George Adams, was born in England in 1626. He came to America when young, with several Adams families, probably brothers, as they settled mostly at Braintree, and at Cambridge Farms. (Sometimes called Newton.) Mostly they came from Somersetshire.

Most of the Adams, like all the settlers, had large families and they formed a numerous clan. When George was 19, in 1645, he is recorded at Cambridge Farms. In 1664 he was living in Watertown. Mass., was married to Frances . . . , and his children were: 1. John, b. 1645; 2. George II, b. 1647; 3. **Daniel**, b. 1652, d. 1713 (our line): 4. James, b. 1657; and Mary, b. 1659.

George died in Watertown, October 10, 1696. He served on many committees to treat with Indians, and is identified as a valiant soldier.

George Adams' son (Hannah's grandfather), was Deputy-General Daniel Adams, 1652-1713, a distinguished military leader, known for his brave courage during Pequot Wars. He was a just and equitable mediator in transactions with the Indians.

In his early manhood, he lived in Windsor. where he married Mary Phelps, b. 1658, d. 1715, daughter of Samuel Phelps and Sarah Griswold Phelps. He became a highly respected citizen of Windsor, and as a General his authority carried weight even with the savages, who knew little of respect or honor.

The son of General Daniel Adams, was **Sergeant Daniel Adams II**, 1678-1712, (father of Hannah Adams Mills).

Like his eminent father, he rendered notable aid in savage Indian attacks, a third Adams generation to give this courageous service, which unfortunately led to his early death at the age of 34, a year before his father's death.

Daniel II was born in Windsor, but was living in Simsbury at time of his death. He maried Thanks Shepard, b. 1683 - d. 1724.

(Thanks was daughter of **Abraham Shepard** and wife **Judith Sills.** Abraham was son of **Ralph Shepard** and wife **Thanks Lord.** Judith Sill was daughter of **Randolph Sill** and wife **Judith Philbrook.** These are Hannah Adams' grand- and great-grand parents.)

Hannah was but 4 years old at the time of her father's death. He had owned extensive tracts of land around Simsbury.

Twelve years later, in 1724, her mother died. Both Hannah and her sister Thanks Adams, married soon after. Thanks married one of the Pettibones; and Hannah at the age of 16, married Joseph Mills I. (Son of John and Sarah Pettibone Mills.)

Hannah's and Joseph's many long years of Christian fidelity were marked by their devotion to duty and their outstanding generosity to all good causes.

A novel expression of gratitude is noted in the family names of three generations:

Hannah's maternal grandmother was Thanks Lord (Shepard). Her mother was Thanks Shepard (Adams). Her sister was Thanks Adams (Pettibone). She named a daughter Thankful Mills.

A thankful family!

* * *

It is interesting to note that an ancient line of **Adams** has been traced back to 253 A.D.!

Long before the days of the Normans (1066) one of Caesar's officers, Ferreolus, from a Roman patrician family, is listed as a remote ancestor. (Caesar lived in the century before Christ.)

Again, Francus, first King of the Franks, and a descendant of Charlemagne, is named as an ancestor. And St. Arnold is said to be an historical progenitor.

The Harleian Mss. of 1564 cites an Adams family; and Heralds Visitations names the family as living in Waton and Tunstall, a half mile from Dartmouth, England.

In the early 1630's several Adams families came to the new world, settling around Braintree and Cambridge (Newton). Some of them went on to Watertown, near the young settlement of Boston.

George Adams, b. 1626, has been spoken of previously—(Our line).

Jeremy Adams, b. 1604, came in the Hooker Company, 1632. He settled in Braintree; was made a freeman in Cambridge in 1635. In 1661 he was granted 300 acres and 40 acres of meadow. He died 1683. His estate £243-5-6, large for those days.

Robert Adams came from Yorkshire; one record says Devonshire.

Henry Adams, b. 1609, the ancestor of the presidential families, came in 1636. He was granted land at Mount Wollaston, later called Braintree. His wife, Edith Squire, is poetically described as living "in the heart of Somersetshire, in the village of Charlton Mackrell, on River Cary, among the English Polden Hills."

Henry had a family of 8 sons and 1 daughter. He died October, 1646. Estate £75.

One of Henry's sons was **Joseph Adams**, m. in 1650 to **Abigail Baxter.**

Joseph Adams II, b. 1654, married 3 times. (His 2nd wife, **Hannah Bass**, was a descendant of Mayflower ancestors.) He was the grandfather of **Pres. Samuel Adams.**

(In Braintree, 1654, lived a **Captain John Mills.** In his Military Company was a **Joseph Adams.**)

Fifth Mills Generation in America
Fourth Mills Generation in Simsbury, Conn.
First Mills Generation in Norfolk, Conn.

* * *

Captain Michael Mills, b. March 22, 1728, Simsbury. d. Aug. 20, 1820, age 92, Norfolk, Conn. Son of **Joseph I and Hannah Adams Mills.** Founder of Norfolk, 1758-59. Captain Michael, five of his brothers, three sons, and numerous grandsons, served in Revolution. He married

Mercy Lawrence Mills, b. June 22, 1735, b. in Killingly, Conn. Later lived in Simsbury. d. Oct. 8, 1821, age 86, in Norfolk, Conn. Daughter of Samuel and **Patience Bigelow** Lawrence. Three of Mercy's brothers served in Revolution, Major John Lawrence, Capt. Ariel, and Luther Lawrence. Capt. Michael and Mercy Mills were one of the 27 families who founded Norfolk. 1758-59.

* * *

Descendants of **Capt. Michael** and **Mercy Lawrence Mills** – 9 children:

1. Michael Mills, d. in infancy.
2. **Mercy Mills,** b. 1761, m. **Stephen Walter.** Removed to Marcellus, N.Y., Holland Purchase.
3. **Capt. Ira Mills,** b. 1763. Served in Revolution, m. his cousin **Charlotte Lawrence.**
4. **Capt. Eden Mills,** b. 1765, d. Apr. 30, 1836. A man of moral excellence, m. his cousin, **Rosanna Wilcox,** who later saw the burning log from the Hessians grave. (Story later.)

    Eden served in Revolution at New London when but 16 years old.

    Rosanna and her sister Charlotte. (Mrs. Amherst Phelps) were remarkable for their great beauty of person and loveliness of character. They were called the "flowers of Norfolk."

    Rosanna Wilcox (wife of Eden Mills) was the daughter of **Rosanna Pettibone,** (Mrs. Ezekial Wilcox) the first of several Rosannas, known for their beauty. Rosanna (Pettibone) was the daughter of Col. Jonathan Pettibone of Simsbury, and as a girl lived in the home now the "Pettibone Inn" where we spent the night in 1962: (See reference.) Her personality was unmatched for unflinching courage and cool pluck. This family were close friends of the Mills family who lived near them in Simsbury (Weatogue) and later in Norfolk. Judge Michael Mills wrote some interesting stories about the time Rosanna lost her way going from Simsbury to Norfolk and had to spend the night alone in the forest with her horse! Also an intriguing tale of the way she earned her wedding dress [Aforementioned.]

    Several children of Col. Jonathan Pettibone, (Jonathan II, Isaac, Major Giles) lived near Judge Mills in Norfolk, Conn.; Rosanna's aunt Lucy Wilcox married Eden's uncle. Ariel Lawrence, brother of Marcy Lawrence Mills.

    The 10 children of **Captain Eden** and **Rosanna Wilcox Mills:**

    1. **Ezekiel Mills,** b. 1785. (named after his grandfather Ezekiel Wilcox). b. 1736. d. Jan. 23, 1774. age 39. Simsbury. (from smallpox contracted in war.) Ezekiel Mills m. **Julia Ann Stowe,** d. May 15, 1835. Lived in Philadelphia. Julia was daughter of the famous Harriet Beecher Stowe who wrote the "Life Story of Rev. Samuel Mills", an outstanding personality. Samuel was the son of Ezekiel's cousin Rosanna Mills, daughter of Judge Michael Mills. This Rosanna m. her cousin Zenus Mills.
    2. **John Milton Mills,** b. 1789, d. Apr. 19, 1860, age 71. Norfolk. Ct. m. **Emma Parrot,** b. 1797. d. June 13, 1886, age 89.
    3. **Irad Mills,** b. 1792. d. Nov. 12. 1864. A Norfolk citizen of enterprising spirit. Married **Almira Nettleton,** 1794-1862. Their son, Samuel J. Mills. b. 1816, was among the first to enlist in Rifle Company E, from Norfolk during the Civil War. He died Sept. 5. 1861, age 45. from illness contracted during the service, the first death of a Norfolk soldier. He was buried with full military honors, the first military funeral in Norfolk. His son, the Rev. Samuel J. Mills II. was for many years a highly revered minister in Torrington, Conn. In his church were two pews, denoting distinction. One belonged to Rev. Mills and wife. "Whenever the classes from the Cornwall Mission School visited his church he always seated them in his own conspicuous pew in front of the congregation, perhaps to rebuke any spirit of caste." (Torrington Sketch.)

4. **George Sylvester Mills**, b. 1795. d. Dec. 18, 1876, age 81, Newark. N.J. m. **Elizabeth Ryerson** of Pompton, N.J. b. 1796, d. April 8, 1873. Five children:
   1. **George Augustus Mills**, b. 1822, d. Nov. 10, 1845, age 23 at Para, Brazil, South America.
   2. **Rosanna Mills**, b. 1820 — (named after her grandmother, Eden's wife). married **Dr. George Adams**, Canaan, Conn. Rosanna d. Feb. 9, 1859, age 39.
   3. **Ellen Ryerson Mills**, b. 1825. Known for her great beauty. m. Judge Robbins Battelle of prominent Robbins and Battelle families of Norfolk. Ellen d. Mar. 19, 1851, age 26, when her baby was born. Judge Battelle never outgrew this tender love, never remarried.
   4. **Elizabeth Mills**, b. 1828. m. **Judge George Tuttle**, Newark.
   5. **Samuel Ryerson Mills**, b. 1831. An artist, his paintings selling for $5,000.00. Never married.

Continuing with children of **Eden** and **Rosanna**:

5. **Rosanna Mills**, b. 1791, d. Sept. 27, 1880. Married Luther Butler, b. 1786, d. Sept. 28, 1855. ("Rosanna" was a third generation of this name. Her mother was Rosanna Wilcox Mills; her grandmother, Rosanna Pettibone Wilcox. There was much beauty in this family. Several cousins were also named Rosanna.) After her husband's death, she lived in her grandfather's house from 1856 to time of her death, 1888. Her grandfather was Major Giles Pettibone.
6. **Charlotte Mills**, b. 1801, named after her mother's lovely sister Charlotte. Mrs. Amherst Phelps, 'flowers of Norfolk'. m. **Phineas Hunt**, d. Sept. 27, 1868. She died Dec. 24, 1863. Both interred in Norfolk.
7. **Lucy Mills**, b. 1803, named after her mother's Aunt Lucy who m. Ariel Lawrence. d. Sept. 23, 1845, age 42, Oconomowoc, Wis.
8. **Eden Mills II**, b. 1807 — Named for his father. d. Oct. 27, 1843, age 36.
9. **Sarah Pettibone Mills**, b. 1809. m. **Jedediah Sage**, Oconomowoc, Wis. She died Feb. 12, 1873, age 64.
10. **Susan Lawrence Mills**, b. 1811. d. May 18, 1897. age 86. Published a short history of Mills family. "These were Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives, — Noble, Upright, true Men and Women."

5. **Editha Mills.** (Continuing children of Capt. Michael Mills.) b. 1767, Norfolk, Conn. d. Dec. 6, 1839, Wadsworth, Ohio. m. in Norfolk, **Capt. Cyrus Curtis**, a man of strong mind and pure character, highly esteemed by all. Their sons were the first to go to Ohio in 1817-18. Capt. Cyrus and Editha Mills Curtis had 5 children:
   1. **Col. Norman Curtis**, b. July 24, 1792 in Norfolk; d. April 28, 1856, Wadsworth. A man of much influence, held many important offices. m. **Elizabeth Lamson**, Wadsworth in Feb. 1821. Later lived in Rockford, Ill.
      1. **Rachel Curtis.**
      2. **Editha Curtis.**
      3. **Helen Curtis**, m. Enoch Jackson.
      4. **Loyal Curtis**, d. 1853.
      5. **George Curtis**, 1839-1873.
   2. **Judge Cyrus Curtis II**, b. Dec. 24, 1794 in Norfolk. Removed to Wadsworth. An influential man for 47 years. Of strict integrity respected by entire community. (It would be interesting to know the relationship of this Cyrus Curtis to the renowned Cyrus Curtis founder of Ladies Home Journal.) Children of **Judge Cyrus Curtis**:
      1. **Judge Albert Curtis**, 1818.
      2. **Holland Curtis**, 1820.
      3. **William Pitt Curtis**, Oct. 26, 1822, b. in Marcellus, N.Y. m. **Adelia Lyman**, Wadsworth, O.
      4. **Charles Curtis**, Jan. 16, 1824. m. **Maria Turner**, d. 1867, Wadsworth.
      5. and 6. Twins, b. 1832. **Grace** and **Melissa Curtis**.
      7. **Lamson Curtis**, b. 1837.
   3. **Capt. Jonathan Curtis**, in Revolution.
      1. **Thomas Curtis.**
      2. **Jotham Curtis.**
      3. **Jonathan Curtis.**
   4. **John Curtis**, d. 1820, Wadsworth.
   5. **William Curtis.** These two brothers were first to go to Wadsworth, Ohio, in company of **Sherman Loomis** who m. **Julia Mills**. (See next chapter.) John d. 1820 first burial in Wadsworth. William m. **Elizabeth McCabe**, 1826.

6. **Lawrence Mills**, b. 1769. (Son of Mercy Lawrence Mills and Capt. Michael.) A man of wonderful physique and physical strength. Served in Revolution. Member of General Assembly. A prosperous merchant in Norfolk. Married **Olive Benedict.**
    1. **Laura Mills**, m. **John Calvin.**
    2. **Myron Mills**, highly reputable merchant.
    3. **Persia Mills**, m. **Timothy Gaylord**, named after her **Aunt Persia Mills Moore.**
    4. **Matilda Mills**, m. **George Nettleton.** (brother of Almira who m. Irad Mills.) My father, Azor Ruggles Mills, b. 1827, had a favorite brother **George Nettleton Mills.** The Mills and Nettletons were very close.
    5. **Francis Mills.**
    6. **Hiram Mills**, b. 1795, d. 1881, age 86. Fine looking man of enterprising spirit. Married Charlotte Pettibone, a granddaughter of Col. Giles Pettibone. Hiram was prominent in Norfolk. Large Landowner; represented town in Legislature: illustrious descendants: (Children of Hiram and Charlotte Pettibone Mills:) (Grandchildren of Capt. Michael Mills. Also grandchildren of Col. Giles Pettibone.)
        1. **Charles H. Mills**, b. 1827, d. Dec. 1878, age 52.
        2. **Dr. John Lawrence Mills**, a graduate of Yale, later a professor at Yale. Then studied for ministry at Yale. For many years a highly respected professor at Marietta College, Ohio. The "Marietta Centennial": "—when its faculty consisted of such devoted professors as Mills, Andrews, Beach and Kendrick. This mid-century group did splendid service.

           Included among them should be the capable and highly useful officer, **William Webster Mills** (son of Dr. John Lawrence Mills.) whose financial aid was so great when needed."

           W. G. Sibley wrote concerning the death of William Webster Mills: "William Webster Mills was a remarkable man in many ways. He was Pres. of the First Nat'l Bank of Marietta until his death: a director of Pure Oil Co.; the Gas and Electric Co.; Chicago Gas and Electric Co.; Marietta Chair Co.; Treasurer of Marietta College. His benevolences were many, including the "Betty Mills Home" for Young Women, endowed in memory of his wife. Such things are always noted when a distinguished man dies, but they do not tell the real story of Mr. Mills' laudable career."
    7. **Augustus Mills**, 1772-1847. Our line. (Named in honor of his uncle, Judge Augustus Pettibone.) Seventh child of Capt. Michael and Mercy Lawrence Mills. m. his cousin, **Martha Pettibone**, 1776-1855. The family of Augustus and Martha Pettibone Mills is given in full in the next generation chapter. Their son, Henry Augustus Mills (my grandfather) first took up land in Ohio, with his Curtis cousins. Later many members of the family came. Augustus and Martha Pettibone Mills raised a splendid family of 11 children, all influential citizens of fine honor to their parents.
    8. **Persia Mills**, b. 1773, in Norfolk, Conn. m. **Andrew Moore**, removed to western New York, a place called Marcellus, near her sister, Mercy Mills Walter.

       (Last child of **Capt. Michael** and **Mercy Mills.**)
    9. **Judge Michael Frederick Mills II**, b. Mar. 22, 1776, d. Aug. 2, 1857, age 81, a man of benign influence. Norfolk. m. his cousin **Sarah Pettibone**, granddaughter of Col. Giles Pettibone. Appointed Judge in 1822; held office 20 years. The Probate District then comprised towns of Norfolk, Colebrook, and Winchester. At time of Judge Mills death, 1857, he was the only male first descendant of the original landed proprietors of Norfolk, with one exception, his cousin Deacon Amos Pettibone.

       "So far as his townsmen could testify their respect and confidence in this gifted man, they did so by elevating him to every place of trust and responsibility within their power. He represented the town in the State Legislature. In 1813, when he was 37, he was appointed

the sole person to plan for the building of the new Congregational meeting-house. He transacted this business to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. This beautiful church, still standing, is one of the lovely early churches of Connecticut.

"Judge Mills was regarded by the ablest lawyers in the state as one of the best men in the state to prepare a case. Most people know how very liable members of the legal profession are to make enemies in discharging the duties of their calling. But in this, Judge Mills was peculiarly fortunate. Being of a happy and generous disposition whatever he said or did, never partook of ill will or malignity.

"The high estimation in which the Mills family were held by their fellow citizens is shown by the fact that for three generations this family held the office of Judge.

"Michael's son, Judge Michael Giles Mills, promises to equal his father and grandfather in efficiency in the affairs of this office." The stately home "Hillhurst" of Judge Mills is still a beauty spot in Norfolk. (1950).

Children of **Judge Michael Frederick** and **Sarah Pettibone** Mills:

1. **Margaret Mills**, b. 1803, d. 1883. m. Capt. Johan A. Shepard. d. Sept. 1881, age 81.
2. **Frederick Ira Mills**, 1804-1827. Graduated from Yale, 1827. A man of great promise. Died soon after completing law studies, age 23.
3. **Sarah Mills**, m. **John K. Shepard**. Cousin of her sister Margaret's husband. Sarah and Margaret lived all their lives in Norfolk.
4. **Ann Mills**, m. **Ralph Mills**, her cousin.
5. **John Mills**, m. Sarah Phelps, probably a cousin.
6. **Rosanna Mills**, a fifth Rosanna, (named after her aunt Rosanna, wife of Eden Mills.)

   Rosanna m. Zenus Mills, a cousin.

   Their son was Reverend Samuel Mills whose beauty of life and character, and his sterling intellectual ability, were written up by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

* * *

Fifth American Generation

* * *

After a century of Indian atrocities, 1750 saw the last of the attacks by savage redskins.

Now a peaceful period lay ahead.

It would be 26 years before the Liberty Bell would ring out its message of freedom.

Simsbury village had known four generations. Now 27 families of the fourth generation planned to establish a new settlement in a beautiful section in northern Connecticut.

These included members of fifth (American) generations — the **Mills, Lawrence, Pettibone, Phelps, Adams, Humphrey, Wilcox** — to name only our lineal forebears!

The year was 1757-58.

Norfolk was the site of their aspirations, a plot "9 miles long by about 5 miles wide, giving each family a rite of 400 acres."

Walled about by everlasting hills, shaded by virgin timber, adorned by sparkling streams, this area, today, two centuries later, is still looked upon as one of the loveliest in all the lovely valley of the broad river.

* * *

Michael Mills — later to become a valiant Captain in the Revolution and a shrewd Judge in Norfolk — was at that time a young man of 29, authoritative in appearance giving an immediate impression of ability and strength. With his deep sense of responsibility he had been one of the most active in promoting this new settlement. Before leaving the loved old home in Simsbury, Michael's happy marriage was solemnized.

Just as his great-great-grandfather Simon Mills I, a hundred years earlier had been wed before starting upon a similar "founding" journey, so now Michael, scion of the 5th generation was joined in holy wedlock with lovely little Mercy Lawrence, whose simple warmth and honest humanity endeared her to all who knew her.

On an early morning when all the symphony of summer was spread upon the land, Michael and Mercy started forth upon their new venture.

All the friendly Simsbury neighbors were gathered to wish them God-speed . . . hands waving and tearful goodbyes calling after them; Mercy's tranquil little head held fearlessly high; her hand clasped in Michael's; forward they moved.

They caught the sunlight in their hearts as it streamed across the valley. At day's end as lengthened rays fell upon distant hilltops, and evening calls of wildbirds filled the night with song, their souls overflowed with love and a deep sense of wisdom.

* * *

Michael and Mercy, naturally active and strong, were well qualified for this undertaking.

As Michael and his sturdy companions climbed among the Norfolk hills with axe and hammer erecting houses and barns, their wives were as busily employed with the endless tasks of a woman's world.

This was the home-spun age; and these were Kings and Queens of Home-spun out of whom we draw our royal lineage!

Such ancestors leave an influence upon young generations even today, starting upon their own particular pilgrimage — an incentive to become worthy descendants of our American Royalty!

* * *

In a broad level section bounded by ranges of low hills, Michael and Mercy built their home. Heavily forested with primeval trees, watered by foam tossed streamlets, this beautiful wooded area was called by the piquant name Loon Meadow, because of a large fish-eating, diving bird found there by the settlers.

This was a half mile South of Norfolk village. Besides Michael and Mercy several members of the Mills, Lawrence, Pettibone clan settled here.

Joseph Mills II, brother of Capt. Michael, and three brothers of Mercy Lawrence Mills lived near by: Major John Lawrence, Capt. Ariel Lawrence, Luther Lawrence and Mercy's sister Sarah Lawrence Barber.

Several Pettibone cousins lived in this inviting district, Jonathan II and Isaac Pettibone, (sons of Col. Jonathan of Simsbury, in whose home we slept in 1962!) Another brother, Major Giles Pettibone built the house in Norfolk where some of the first town meetings were held.

All these men were later to give patriotic service in the Revolution.

* * *

After their houses and barns were built, these young people built a meeting house.

That first year it mattered little to them that the lower floor was not finished. They met in the upper gallery, their pious spirits content that a place for their means of grace was established.

Such reverence is one of their priceless legacies.

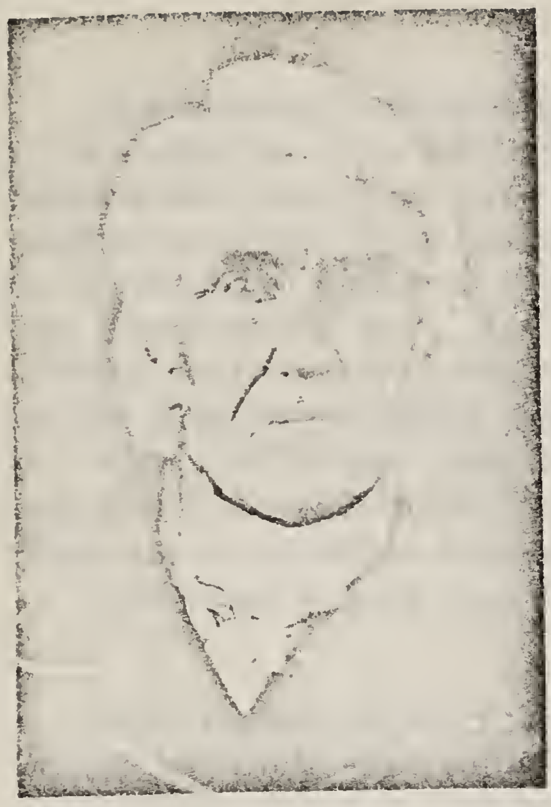
Again we can be thankful for their thrift and conservatism. These Connecticut Yankees never wasted a thing. Even their records are the best kept of all the early colonies. They saved Connecticut, the beautiful, as though preserving it for our admiration and edification. Today we may look upon the same entrancing scenes our grandparents loved 200 years ago, picturesque hills and dales and river scenery — a place of loved homes and rich associations.

* * *

Through swiftly passing years some of these homesteads became venerable abodes for three and four generations.

The lovely old home of Capt. Mills later housed four generations. His son Eden Mills; their son; and his children made this an ancestral place of charm.

* * *



— As the honored patriot of the community, in his old age, Captain Mills splendidly represented the Soul and Spirit of Colonial Courage.

Through out his long life, Captain Michael Mills was a foremost man in this community — a leading spirit in all civic and patriotic undertakings in Norfolk.

The regard in which he was held is shown by the number of times he and members of his family were named by Norfolk townspeople to fill important offices.

As a Judge, his logic and mature reasoning, his studied opinions in each case, made him renowned as a just counsellor.

His son, Judge Michael Mills II, served for over 20 years on the bench, one of the most highly esteemed judges in the state.

A third generation, Judge Michael III became a worthy successor, before his promising career was cut short by death.

Captain Michael Mills was chosen to represent the town, the county, the General Assembly of Connecticut, serving as Representative in 1779, 1780, 1782, 1783, 1785, 1786, 1788, 1790, and 1791. The Assembly then met twice each year.

Captain Michael's son, Lawrence Mills, and grandson, Judge Michael III also served several terms in the General Assembly.

These all served on numerous committees in town development, church leadership, church music, and patriotic service during the Revolution.

Captain Mills was appointed to recruit the able bodied men of Norfolk, for service in war — brave soldiers all, who through long centuries since have slept in hallowed graves among the Norfolk hills.

It has been said that it is not great men who make history; it is history that makes men great.

In those Revolutionary days when so much bravery was shown, Captain Michael Mills stood as a noble example of patriotism.

In his old age, as the honored patriarch of the community, he splendidly represented the soul and spirit of colonial courage.

An obituary concerning the death of Capt. Michael Mills says: "As might be expected the funeral obsequies of the deceased were solemn and impressive. We have attended a great many funerals but seldom one where we have seen so large a number of mourning relatives, a circumstance that goes to show the antiquity and the prominence of the family in the town. His funeral cortege reached from one end of Norfolk to the other, being made up of most of the town, the majority of the procession related in one way or another."

Capt. Mills was interred in the old burying ground where his remains rest amidst departed kindred and friends. He was a prominent man who long held an honored position in the affairs of the town.

His years were a crown to him — not a burden."

* * *

The Norfolk History states: "Capt. Michael Mills and his wife Mercy Lawrence Mills both held active and useful places in the affairs of Norfolk, enjoying through out their long lives the confidence of the people. And esteemed as honest, upright citizens commanding the respect and veneration of those who knew them. Noble and dignified in manner, of the old school style, they lived to full fruition their worthy lives.

"Nine children were born to them, all of whom lived to bring honor to their parents.

"Captain Mills died August 20, 1820, aged 92, like his father Deacon Joseph Mills who lived to be 89, noted for their longevity and activity in old age.

"Mrs. Mills survived her husband by one year, her death occured October 8, 1821, when she was 86."

* * *

Susan Lawrence Mills, b. 1811 - d. 1897, (a grand daughter of Capt. Michael Mills, a daughter of Capt. Eden Mills) once wrote a charming booklet of the Mills family. Living nearer Revolutionary days, she was able to give a close range account of early incidents. In speaking of Captain Michael and Mercy, she says:

"Patriotism and kindness blended in their characters as one incident tells. Back in 1777 during the Revolution, and after the surrender of Burgoyne, one wing of the British Army, composed mostly of Hessian soldiers, was marched through Norfolk on their way to Hartford, and encamped several days on the village green, in Norfolk.

"One of their number, a Hessian, was piteously sick, and unable to proceed further.

"Captain Mills and his wife took him from the roadside into their own home, and kindly watched over him and cared for him through a lingering illness until he died.

"He was very grateful for the kindness he received, and often said in broken English that if he ever recovered he would never fight against such good people as the Americans were.

"This Hessian had a strange belief which he frequently expressed, that when he died he would return to his native land and see his wife and little children.

"He was buried in a field belonging to Capt. Mills, beneath a large tree on which were carved these words: 'Here lies the body of Abram Hunchupp'."

"The tree has long since disappeared but the field was long known as the 'Hunchupp lot.' Some thought it was the grave of an Indian, but the oldest inhabitants remembered it as having been called the 'Hessian's grave.'

* * *

"Long years had come and gone since the death of the Hessian. One evening at the twilight hour in the old Capt. Mills homestead, the wife of Eden Mills was sitting beside the deep-throated fireplace quietly singing a lullaby to the infant resting on her lap.

"She was idly watching the flames roaring up the chimney when suddenly she saw on the huge backlog the fiery words 'Here lies the body of Abram Hunchupp.' In relating it she said 'I almost fainted away when I read it.'

"The hired man had been told to chop down some trees for fire wood, and unknowingly he had done the ruthless deed.

"Mr. Mills (Eden) was grieved and greatly surprised at the carelessness of the man, and went with him to search for the place where the monumental tree had stood, but so many great trees of the same age and size had been cut down it was impossible to tell which one had marked the Hessian's grave."

* * *

Following is Documentary Authority of Capt. Michael Mills' Record of Revolutionary service, (necessary in applying for membership in Daughters American Revolution):

* * *

Capt. Michael Mills, b. Mar. 22, 1728, in Simsbury, Conn. d. Aug. 20, 1820, age 92, in Norfolk, Conn.

* * *

Crissy's History of Norfolk Conn., P. 87, Vol. II, ps. 250, 403, 449, 516, names Michael Mills as Representative for Norfolk to General Assembly of Connecticut. P. 214, Norfolk Town Records in Connecticut State Library. Revolutionary Rolls and lists record the name of Captain Michael Mills in Col. Hutchin's Regiment. P. 67 Public Records of Connecticut: Michael Mills was appointed 1st Lieut.—vice Samuel Mills in 2nd Battalion.

Done at General Assembly of the Government on 19 day of Nov., Anno Domini 1776.

* * *

In extracts from Norfolk Town Records in Connecticut State Library:

Capt. Michael Mills was appointed on following committees in the Legislature during Revolutionary War: Nov. 21, 1780, Committee

to recruit Continental Army.; March 14, 1781, Committee to pay gratuities etc. to soldiers; 1st Monday in March, 1782, Committee to make out soldiers' claims on state. Same meeting to classify town for sending soldiers.

In Appendix to Historical Discourses preached in Norfolk, Part II, by Rev. J. W. Beach: Capt. Michael Mills of Col. Hutchin's Regiment was ordered to West Point in June 1780, and remained there eleven days. Fifteen of his Company, were Norfolk men."

* * *

The History of American Congregationalism has the following to say of **Rev. Samuel J. Mills:**

"American Missions, home and foreign, owe more to Samuel J. Mills than to any other one person in American religious history. He furnishes an almost unmatched illustration of far reaching influence of one entirely devoted life. He matriculated at Williams College in 1806. There his influence paralleled Wesley's at Christ Church, Oxford. With fervant spirit he formed a devout prayer group that met on Saturday afternoons. One August day a thunderstorm drove them to the shelter of a haystack, and there while the skies played an overture to an epochal enterprise, Samuel Mills proposed sending the gospel to foreign countries. That meeting was the birth of American Foreign Missions. These young men were the first foreign missionaries, often spoken of as the "Haystack Missionaries."

* * *

* * *

There were many ministers among these Mills families; a few of these:

* * *

Rev. Joseph Mills II, nephew of Capt. Michael Mills, was a life time minister in Becket, Mass.

* * *

Rev. Gideon Mills, 1759, was for many years pastor at West Simsbury. (Canton).

* * *

Rev. Edmund Mills of Kent, Conn., 1761, is described: "His erect stature and commanding personality – the dignity of his manner, and his great sensibility and kindness of heart, fitted him in an admirable degree to gain the respect and good will of all who knew him."

* * *

Rev. Ebenezer Mills was minister in Simsbury from 1741 - 1754. His salary was £150, and £500 settlement.

* * *

Rev. Charles Mills was minister at Andover, Mass. He married **Elizabeth Lyman**, descendant of the well known Lyman family.

Their son, **Hon. Lyman A. Mills** became Lieut. Gov. of Connecticut. He attended Wilson's Grammar School and Dr. Holbrook's Military Academy at Briarcliff, below Peekskill, N.Y. In 1887 he attended Yale University ranking in 1st Division.

In 1892 he married Elizabeth Kendall. They had one daughter, Catherine Lyman Mills.

* * *

A second son of the above Rev. Charles Mills was "**Hon. Herbert Mills**, representative, from one of the leading families of the state."

* * *

Mills descendants who became well known are:

Judge Ephraim Mills, Esq. of Canton, (West Simsbury) was appointed in 1841. He was thoroughly educated, man of ability: and grand son of Joseph Mills I, and a nephew of Captain Michael Mills.

* * *

Clark Mills was a noted sculptor. One of his famous works is the statue of Gen. Jackson.

* * *

Robert Mills 1781-1855 of Charleston, South Carolina, was one of the first professionally trained architects in America. He designed the first fireproof building in America, for preserving historical records of the state and city.

He was appointed the official architect of the United States Government and designed and had charge of the **National Monument to George Washington**, in Washington, D. C.

He also designed the **U. S. Treasury Building**, the **U. S. General Post-Office**, and the **U. S. Patent Office Building**.

His state capitols and court houses are classic in detail, and monumental in size.

His father was **Col. Robert Mills**, whose home in Charleston, S. Car., was one of the show-places in that city of beautiful Southern homes. Many years later this home became the Saint James Inn.

* * *

Ogden Mills was a philanthropist, statesman, and capitalist, in New York City, in the early 1900's.

* * *

An early Mills father in Connecticut sent his five sons to Yale University. When asked how he was able to do this, he replied, "I did it by the grace of God and the help of my good wife."

* * *

* * *

The Lawrence Line

The derivation of the name Lawrence is thought to be traced back to the Latin word — laurus — or Laurentius — flourishing like a bay-tree.

In Collier's Dictionary, he spells the name Laurentius

In Harris's "History of Kent" it is given as Lawrence.

* * *

The first individual of the name who lived in England was a monk, Lawrence, or Laurentius, born a century, or more, before William the Conqueror invaded England.

Laurentius came from Italy with the Monk Austin. They came for the purpose of converting the "heathen" to Christianity. Upon the death of Austin Lawrence succeeded him as 2nd **Archbishop** of

Canterbury. He is said to have been both learned and pious. At his death, A.D. 916, he was buried in the Abbey of St. Austin.

* * *

The first Lawrence to come to America, was **John Lawrence** a native of Wisset, in Suffolk, England, who crossed the Sea on the Planter about **1630** and became the ancestor of numerous kindred in America. His English background includes an interesting list of 16 generations of Knights, Squires, warriors, and hardy yeomen.

The seat of the English family was Ashton Hall, about 3 miles South of the town of Lancaster in northern Lancaster County. It is picturesquely situated and noted for the sylvan beauty of its spacious park· The oldest portion of the Hall is probably the tower believed to date from the 14th century.

Sir Robert Lawrence of Ashton Hall was knighted by King Richard the Lion-hearted, for gallant conduct at the famous siege of Acre, in Syria, when it was recovered from the Saracens by the Knights of the Third Crusade in 1191 A.D. According to tradition Sir Robert was the first to scale the walls and plant the standard of the Crown upon the town's battlements.

The first Lawrence generation in America was: -

I. **John Lawrence,** and wife Elizabeth
from Wisset, Suffolk, England. Came in 1630. Settled at Watertown. Five years later, his father Henry, came.

* * *

II. **Enoch Lawrence,** 1648-1744, son of John.
Lived in Groton. Married Ruth Whitney Shattuck, widow of John Shattuck killed by Indians.

* * *

III. **Daniel Lawrence,** 1681-1778, Groton.
m. 1701, Sarah __________. 1707 removed to Killingly, Conn. (Plainfield).

* * *

IV. **Samuel Lawrence** (Our Line).
b. 1711, Killingly, Conn., which was then Plainfield. About 1750 he moved to Simsbury, Jan. 24, 1734, he married **Patience Bigelow,** 1717-1798. (dau. of James Bigelow II and Mercy Brown.) (Their home in Plainfield was in the southerly part of township, in the broad level valley or plain. bounded on either side by ranges. Some of the descendants of Daniel resided here until Revolutionary times. After 1793 the name no longer appears in town records.

At a Town Meeting, Dec. 13, 1720, it was "voated Joseph Lawrence to take care of Boyes and Girls on Sabath Days to Restrain them from profaining the Sabath."

A large family Bible printed A.D. — MDCCLii — presented to Mercy **Lawrence Mills,** by her father **Samuel Lawrence,** is now in possession of one of her descendants. On the title leaf is written:

"Samuel Lawrence, His Book, God Grant Him Grace therein to Look, That he may Run that Blessed Race, That Heaven may be his Dwelling Place."

Family dates followed: "Samuel Lawrence married Patience Bigelow August 24, 1734. Samuel Lawrence was born 1711 and died Simsbury, April 10, 1793, 82 years of age. Our Honored Father died April 10, A.D. in 82 year of age. Our Honored Mother died Feb. in 82 year of her age."

Children of Samuel and Patience Bigelow Lawrence

Mercy was born June 22, 1735, att Killingly, Conn.
m. **Captain Michael Mills**, Simsbury.

Major John was born Mar. 29, 1737, att Killingly.

Susannah was born April 4, 1739, att Killingly.
m. **Uriah Case**, Simsbury.

Bigelow was born May 24, 1741, att Killingly.
m. **Asenath Curtis**, Simsbury.

Ariel was born June 21, 1743, att Killingly.
m. **Lucy Wilcox**, Simsbury.

Patience was born Sept. 12, 1745, att Killingly.
m. **Jacob Barber**, Simsbury.

Samuel, b. April 2. 1748 att Killingly.

Sarah, b. July 31, 1750 att Simsbury.
m. **David Barber**, Simsbury.

Luther, b. Nov. 15, 1751 att Simsbury.
Served in Revolution, 1780.

Zeruah, b. May 20, 1754 att Simsbury.
m. **Edward Case**, Simsbury.

James, b. Jan. 25, 1758 att Simsbury.
m. **Lois Fuller**, Simsbury.

* * *
* * *

Mercy Lawrence Mills used to entertain her grandchildren with a fund of stories. Two of these follow:

One day when Mercy was quite a small child, her mother (Patience Bigelow Lawrence) was making preparations to visit her parents in Providence, R.I.

The only way of traveling in that day was on horseback. A neighbor owned a better sidesaddle than Patience had and kindly offered to exchange with her for the journey.

The trip was to be made the next morning, and Patience being very busy, little Mercy was happy to have the opportunity of being sent for the saddle.

It was growing late in the afternoon and the neighbor lived a mile away with a stretch of dense woods in between.

Mercy was lifted onto the gentle old horse, and told that she had plenty of time for the horse to walk there and back before sunset.

The faithful old horse seemed to feel his responsibility and moved slowly on.

Mercy arrived safely at the neighbor's house, and the woman came out, lifted her from the saddle, and took her into the house to entertain and amuse her while the saddles were exchanged. Then before starting back she said, 'Now you must have some of my biscuits and honey before you go home.'

While they were eating they were startled by a loud clap of thunder and looking out saw dark clouds rapidly covering the sky.

It was growing dark, and the woman hurried Mercy onto the horse telling her to "ride fast so as to get through the woods before dark, for there were goats in those woods that sang psalms in the night!"

Greatly frightened at hearing this little Mercy hurried on, finding it very dark the farther she went into the woods. The old horse kept the road, and as the vivid lightning flashed she saw something white coming swiftly toward her and she thought it was surely one of the psalm-singing goats!

—Another flash, and to her great joy she saw her faithful old dog coming to meet her!

Another flash—and there standing by the bars through which she passed stood her father, calling in a troubled voice "Mercy! my child, I'm glad you are home!"

* * *

Another of Mercy's tales:

The ministers of the gospel in those days were men of courtly and dignified manners, commanding much reverence and respect from the people.

One day a dignified minister riding on horseback, becomingly dressed in the style of the time with three cornered hat, and shining silver buckles on his knees and shoes, was met by Martha, an Indian woman who had become civilized by Christian influence.

Greatly impressed by his imposing appearance, Martha dropped a low curtsy and said "Good morning Cousin."

"Good morning indeed" replied the minister, "but I should like to know how we are cousins!"

Meekly she answered "By Adam sar!"

"Well, well" said he, "I am glad it is no nearer."

—"So I too"—she said.

* * *

The Bigelow Line

1. **John Bigelow**, 1617-1703 (Bigolo, Bigelough).
Came 1630, when 13, from Colchester, Essex, England. Settled in Watertown. In 1642, married **Mary Warren**, the first marriage in Watertown. Mary was the dau. of **John Warren** who came 1630 with wife Mary on 'Arabella' with Winthrop, Dudley, Saltonstall. (Probably John Bigelow also came on this ship.) The Warren family traces to William the Conqueror. Richard Warren, brother of John, came on Mayflower. Mary Warren Bigelow d. 1691. John Bigelow was soldier in Pequot Wars and King Phillips.

* * *

2. **James Bigelow I**, m. 1687, **Patience Brown** (dau. Jonathan and Mary Shattuck Brown.) Patience died 1688 (age 19) when her baby, James II, was born.

* * *

3. **James Bigelow II**, 1688-1718.
m. **Mercy Brown**, dau. Henry Brown.

* * *

4. **Patience Bigelow**, 1717-1798, (named for her grandmother).
m. **Samuel Lawrence**, 1711-1793.

* * *

5. **Mercy Lawrence**, 1735-1821 (named for her grandmother).
m. **Capt. Michael Mills**, 1728-1820.

The Brown Line

The Brown family is a renowned line in England where the name appears on the famous Battle Abbey Roll as having served in the Battle of Hastings, 1066 A.D.

For more than 400 years the principle seat of the ancient family was in Tolethorpe, County Rutland; previous to that in Stanford, Lincolnshire.

The first of the family to come to America was Thomas Brown and sons Abraham and Richard who came 1630, on the "Arabella" from Hawkeden, Suffolk, near Bury St. Edmund where the family traces from 1548.

* * *

1. **Thomas Brown,** came 1630.
   Settled in Watertown near 'Arabella' passengers from Suffolk.

* * *

2. **Abraham Brown** and wife **Lydia,** d. 1686.
   (Also **Richard Brown,** son of Thomas, whose son **Henry** settled in Providence, and later in Weston, Mass. where his dau. **Mercy Brown** was born. She m. James Bigelow II, 1688-1718.)

* * *

3. **Jonathan Brown,** 1635, son of Abraham.
   m. 1662, **Mary Shattuck,** born in England. (Came with her father William Shattuck (1621-1672) perhaps on "Arabella") Lived in Watertown.

* * *

4. **Patience Brown,** 1669-1688.
   m. 1687, **James Bigelow I,** of Watertown. Patience d. 1688 when her baby James was born.

* * *

5. **James Bigelow II,** 1688-1718.
   m. **Mercy Brown** of Weston, Mass. (dau. of Henry Brown, of Providence, son of Richard who came 1630, Arabella, See above.)

* * *

6. **Patience Bigelow,** 1717-1798.
   m. **Samuel Lawrence,** 1711-1793.

* * *

7. **Mercy Lawrence,** 1735-1821.
   m. **Capt. Michael Mills,** 1728-1820.

* * *

* * *

The Shattuck family came from Lancashire, Somersetshire, England. Perhaps in 1630· Name also spelled Chadwick.

* * *

1. **William Shattuck,** 1621-1672, b. in England.
   m. **Susannah** __________, Lived in Watertown.

* * *

Also **John Shattuck,** son of William,
b. 1647, m. **Ruth Whitney.** John with his son John, were killed by Indians at Groton, about 1676. Ruth Whitney Shattuck in 1677, married **Enoch Lawrence** 1648-1744. (See Lawrence Line.)

The Whitney Line

1. **John Whitney I**, b. 1600, London.
Came with wife **Elinor**, and 5 sons. One record says 1630, on Arabella. Another record, 1635, on "Elizabeth and Ann." Perhaps a later voyage.

* * *

2. **John Whitney II**, b. in England.
Came with his father.
m. Ruth Reynolds, (dau. **Robert Reynolds** and wife Mary of Watertown. Robert Reynolds d. 1658.) John Whitney II d. Oct. 12, 1692 (?).

* * *

3. **Ruth Whitney**, b. 1645.
m. John Shattuck, killed by Indians, with his son John.
Ruth m. 1677, **Enoch Lawrence.**

* * *

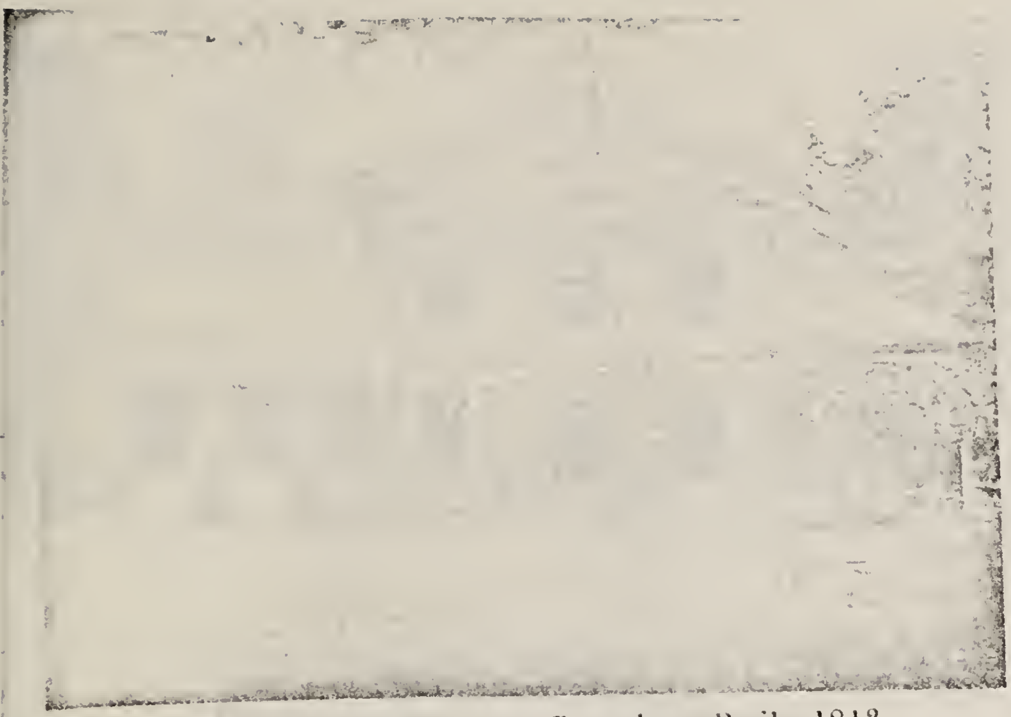
(See Lawrence Line.)

* * *

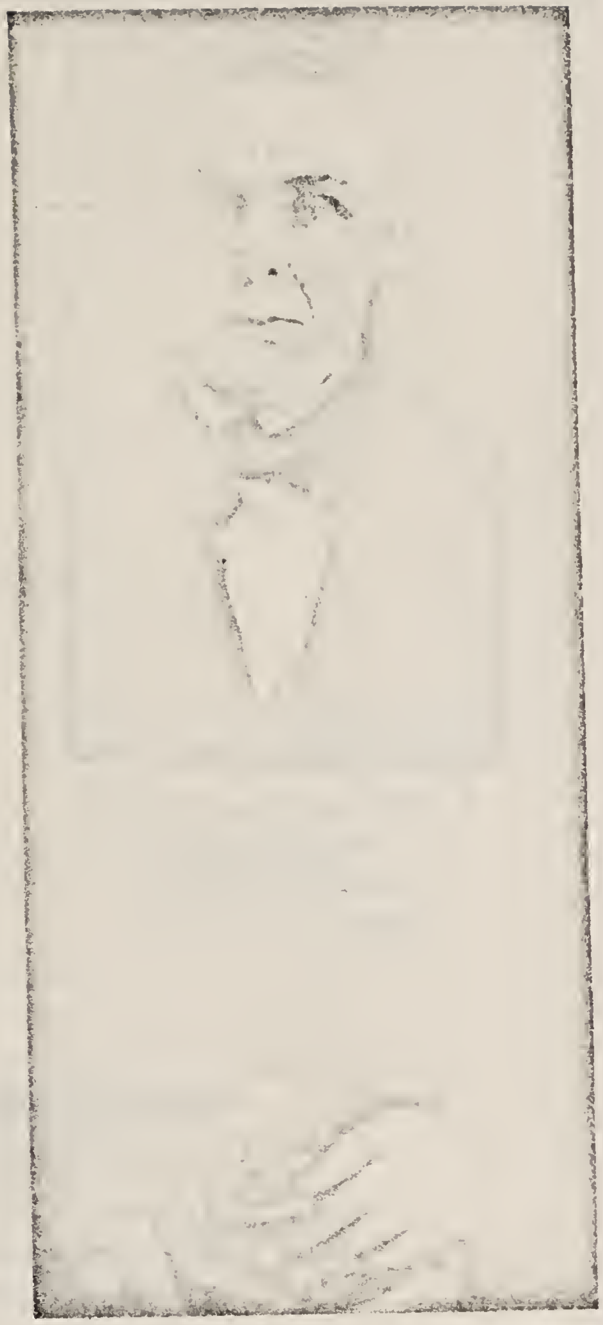
* * *

"Our great-great-nine-times-great grandparents."

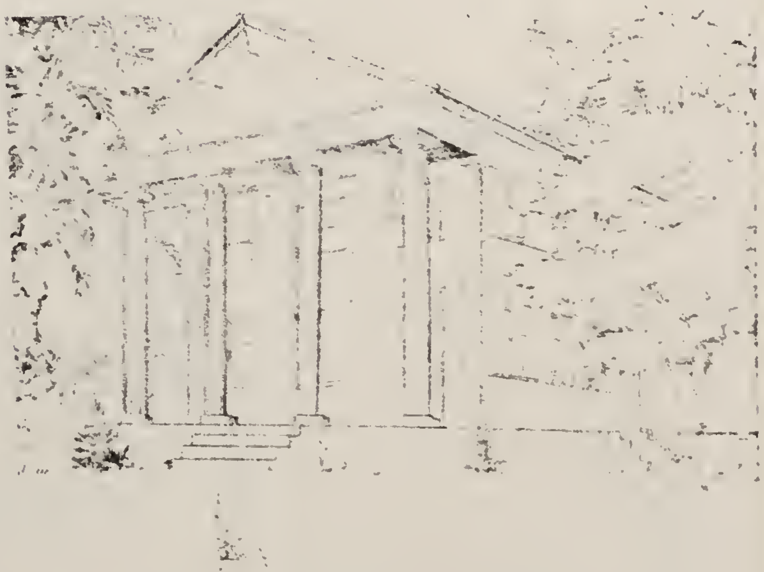
* * *



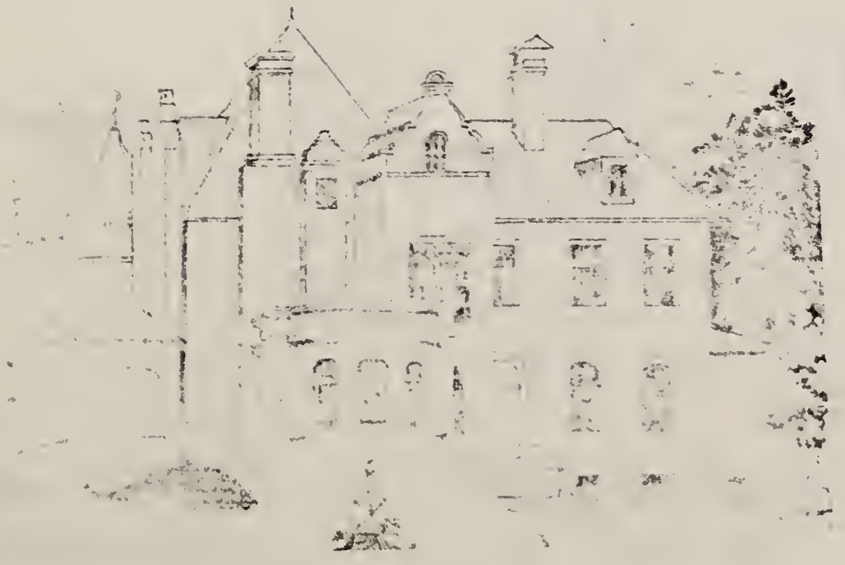
Home of Squire Azor Ruggles. Built 1813.



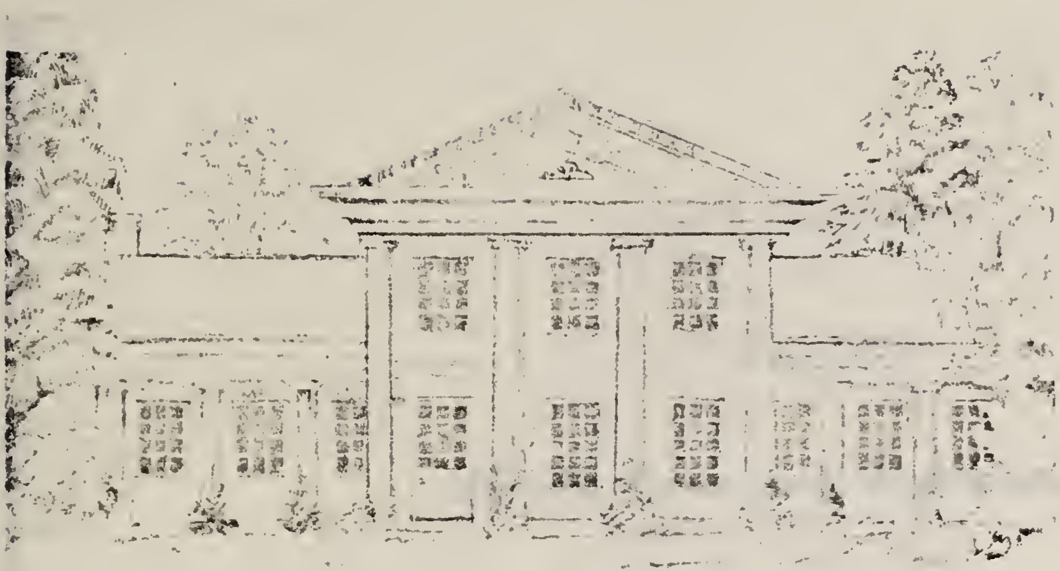
Great-Grandfather Azor Ruggles.
1768-1845. Canfield, Ohio.



Home of Judge Charles Ruggles.
Son of Azor I.
Built about 1829.
Canfield, O.

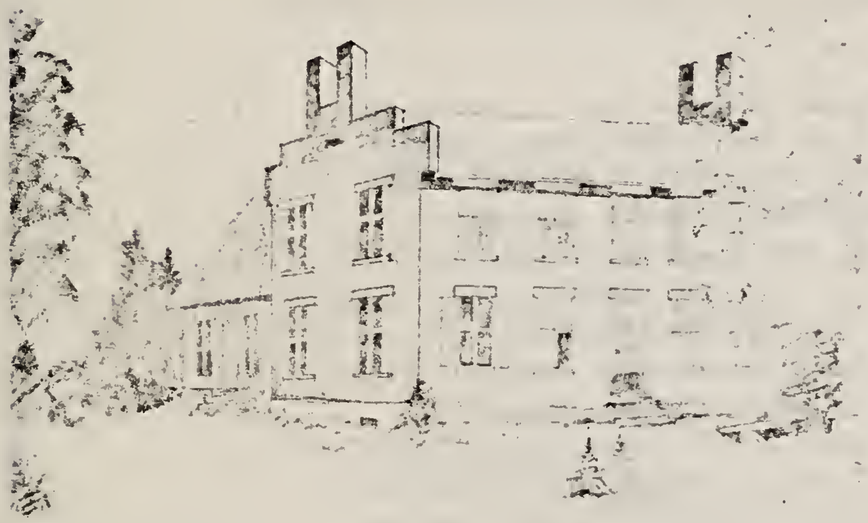


Home of Azor Ruggles Hunt.
Grandson of Azor I.
Munhall, Penn.



Built in 1820's,
Home of Aunt Nancy Mills Russell,
dau. of Augustus Mills.

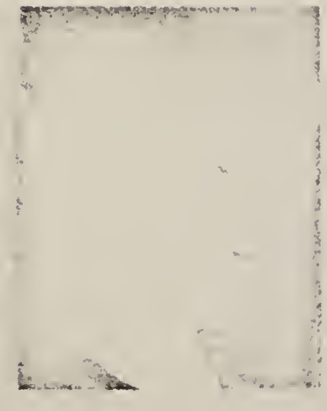
Henry Augustus Mills I.
"Col. Harry"
[My Grandfather]
(In his old age.)



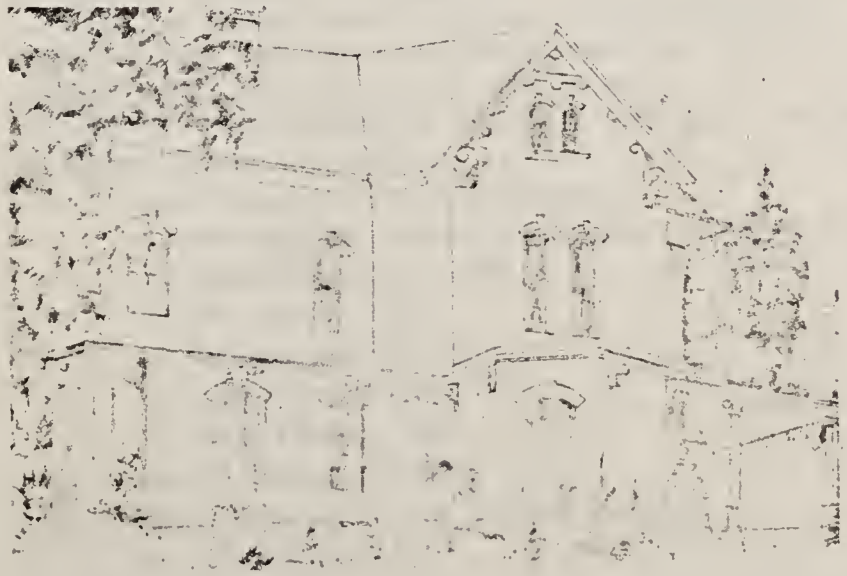
Home of great-grandfather
Augustus Mills.

Built in 1819. Probably first house built in Wadsworth. Brick made from clay found on land.

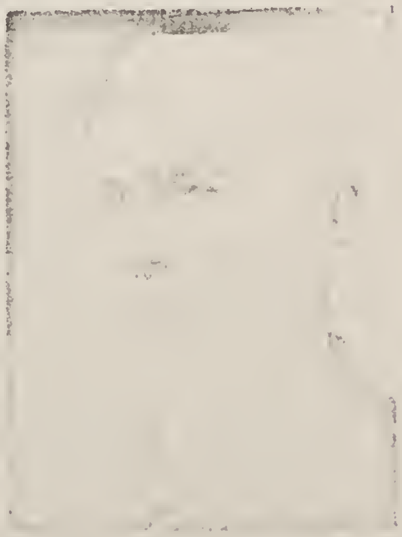
Early Wadsworth, Ohio



Cousin Edna Mills.



Home of Uncle Henry
Built 1869.



Captain Henry Augustus Mills II
"Uncle Henry"

Sixth Generation

* * *

1772-1855

* * *

Norfolk, Conn. and Wadsworth, Ohio

* * *

Squire Augustus Mills, b. Sept. 21, 1772, Norfolk, Conn.
(son of Capt. Michael and Mercy Lawrence Mills.)
d. Aug. 16, 1847, Wadsworth, Ohio. m. Sept. 3, 1792, his cousin.

Martha Pettibone Mills, b. Aug. 10, 1776, Norfolk.
(dau. Samuel and Martha Phelps Pettibone.)
d. April 6, 1855, Wadsworth, Ohio.

* * *

Children and Grandchildren of **Augustus** and **Martha Pettibone Mills:**

* * *

1. **Sylvia Mills**, b. Feb. 16, 1794, Norfolk, Conn.
   m. **Judge Lemuel North**, 1791 - Apr. 9, 1832. Known for his superior education and talents. Removed to Wadsworth, Ohio, 1825.
    1. **Rosanna North** (a sixth Rosanna!) m. **Thomas Nesmith.**
    2. **Julia North**, named after her Aunt Julia Mills.
       m. 1. **Charles Coe.**
       2. **James Densmore.**
    3. **Phineas Mills North**, Wisconsin.
    4. **Lemuel Augustus North**, m. **Mary Densmore**, Wisconsin.
2. **Henry Augustus Mills I.** (Our Line.)
   b. Feb. 13, 1795, Norfolk: d. Dec. 6, 1867, Wadsworth. Called "Col. Harry" as for many years he served as Colonel of Ohio's finest militia. His directive and resourceful spirit made him an influential authority in early Ohio. Married 1822, **Harriet Ruggles**, b. Oct. 1799. d. April 12, 1844 in Wadsworth, Ohio. These are my grandparents. Their family given in following generation.
3. **Julia Mills**, b. Oct. 22, 1796, Norfolk.
   m. **Sherman Loomis**, well liked for his benevolent spirit and intelligence. They were the first of the family to remove to Wadsworth, Ohio - 1817. Julia d. 1820, when her baby was born. The second death in Wadsworth.
4. **Philecta Editha Mills**, b. Apr. 7, 1799, Norfolk.
   d. May 2, 1842, Wadsworth. Named after her Aunt Editha Mills Curtis
   m. **Daniel Warner**, Children:
    1. **Janet Warner**, b. 1824, Wadsworth.
       m. **James Christy**, became a millionaire of Akron, Ohio. Children:
        1. **James Christy II**, 1848.
        2. **Ida Christy**, 1850.
        3. **William Christy**, 1852.
        4. **Alice Christy**, 1854.
        5. **Janet Christy**, 1856.
    2. **Jerusha Warner**, b. 1826.
5. **Luman Pettibone Mills**, b. Feb. 9, 1801, Norfolk.
   d. Oct. 11, 1872, Wadsworth, O.
   m. 1826, **Sylvia Pease.**
   Their children:
    1. **Charles Pettibone Mills**,
       b. Jan. 16, 1829, d. Oct. 2, 1849.

2. **Sylvia Lurilla Mills,** b. Nov. 7, 1830.
   m. **Walter Boyer,** children:
   1. **Roma Boyer,** b. 1856.
   2. **Luman Boyer,** b. 1858.
3. **Margaret Mills,** b. Sept. 24, 1833.
   m. **Edgar Loomis.**
   1. **Flora Loomis,** b. 1858.
      m. 1880, **Cyrus Curtis,** her cousin.
      1. **Charles Curtis,** 1882.
4. **Luman Mills, II,** b. 1835.
   m. **Julia Fenton.**
5. **Senator William Mills,** b. 1837, d. 1906.
   m. **Alice Betts,** Lived in Marshalltown.
   1. **Kitty Mills.**
   2. **Alice Mills.**
   3. **Charles Mills.**
   4. **Margaret Mills.**

Luman Pettibone Mills, m. 1839, second time to **Mary Hawkins** b. 1810, d. Jan. 11, 1872, Children:

6. **Ira Hawkins,** ca 1841.
   m. **Delia Perry,** Their son:
   1. **Dr. Charles Mills,** ca 1866, of Springfield, Mo.
      Children:
      1. **Florence Mills.**
      2. **George Mills.**

6. **Philo Pettibone Mills,** b. July 8, 1805, Norfolk. d. Jan. 26, 1878, Wadsworth, Ohio. m. **Almora Bates,** b. 1808, d. July 11, 1889, from Bates Corners, an early family from whom the village took its name.

   Philo lived in the ancestral Augustus Mills home. Children:
   1. **Frank Mills,** ca 1828. m. **Julia Gross,** third generation in old home. Children:
      1. **Frederick Mills.**
      2. **Henry Mills,** m. **Edith Goss,** daughter prominent minister. Son, Henry, died age 20.
      3. **Martha Mills,** m. Dr. Detweiler.
   2. **Mary Mills,** 1832, d. Oct. 7, 1845, age 13.
7. **William Mills,** b. Oct. 22, 1809. m. **Lydia Hurlbut.** No children.
8. **Martha Pettibone Mills,** b. May 25, 1810, d. May 4, 1890, Akron. Her mother named most of her children after her Pettibone family. Showing how highly she regarded them. m. 1830, **David Miller.** Jan. 23, 1810, d. Sept. 22, 1849, Lancaster, Ohio. Children:
   1. **Rufus Pettibone Miller,** ca 1832.
   2. **Matilda Editha Miller,** m. **Lee Baumgartner,** millionaire of Toledo.
   3. **Amanda Caroline,** died in infancy.
9. **Nancy Mills,** b. Jan. 25, 1815. m. **Lorenzo Dow Russell,** Western Star.
   1. **Ellen Russell,** b. 1840. m. **George Palmer,** Wadsworth.
   2. **Mills Russell,** b. 1846. Cousin of my father Azor Mills, and a marked resemblance in looks. m. 1876.
      Children of Mills Russell:
      1. **Ellen Russell,** b. 1880. m. **James Huntington,** Princeton.
      2. **Nancy Russell,** b. 1882. Named for her grandmother. We knew Nan well. Often visited us. Was vivacious and charming. Married **David Carter,** Princeton.
      3. **Ruth Russell,** b. 1888, a contralto of note. m. **John Newman.** These three girls were Kappa Gammas.

10. **Cyrus Curtis Mills**, b. June 22, 1817, Norfolk, Ct., d. Mar. 7, 1874. Wadsworth, O. Named after his uncle, Cyrus Curtis. m. **Harriet Hurlbut**, b. 1818. d. Nov. 16, 1855, age 37. Children:
    1. **Philecta Editha Mills**, b. 1841, m. **Horace Greenwood.** Children:
        1. **May Greenwood**, b. 1864.
        2. **Alice Greenwood**, b. 1866.
        3. **Charles Greenwood**, b. 1868.
        4. **Grace Greenwood**, b. 1870.
    2. **Harriet Mills** (named after Harriet Hurlbut Mills, her grandmother) m. **John Anderton:**
        1. **Clyde Anderton.**
        2. **Lee Anderton** (named after Lee Baumgartner).
        3. **Elizabeth Anderton.**

Cyrus Curtis Mills, m. second time, ca 1856, **Mary Ann Harter**, b. 1836, d. 1934, age 98, a charming old lady.

3. **Ida May Mills**, ca 1858, m. 1880, **Oliver L. Noff.** Had:
    1. **Vera Noff**, ca 1882.
4. **Adelle Mills**, m. **John Hubbard Durling:**
    1. **James Durling**, 1908.
    2. **Bernice Durling**, 1910. m. **Prof. Mallenson**, lives in Louisiana.
    3. **Lottie Durling**, 1912.

* * *

Sixth Generation

Norfolk, Conn. and Wadsworth, Ohio

* * *

Augustus and Martha Pettibone Mills.

* * *

Augustus Mills, son of Capt. Michael Mills, had been reared in a home of kindly but determinative authority, and it was not difficult for him to assume responsibilities. He became a man of note in Norfolk, seeking always the best things in life — intelligence, usefulness, an honorable name, and a stern, practical fidelity to his principles.

Tall of stature, erect of figure, handsome in appearance, he at 20, married his captivating little 16 year old cousin, Martha Phelps Pettibone, (daughter of Samuel Pettibone and wife Martha Phelps).

By this time Norfolk, a village of quiet charm, settled in 1758, had passed its half century mark: and two generations had created a tangled web of cousinships such as Simsbury had previously known.

* * *

The years swiftly passed, and surprisingly young, Augustus and Martha celebrated their Silver Wedding in 1817.

Martha of amiable, kindly mien, barely 41; and Augustus, a dignified 45, had raised a family of beautiful children, and one grand child had been welcomed. Their oldest daughter Sylvia, 23, was married to Judge North, and settled in Norfolk; their pleasant lives seemed ensconsed for many happy years in this place that had become a pleasant home surrounded by family and friends.

But scarcely aware of it, a stimulating new interest was soon to bring change into all their lives.

Julia Mills, their second daughter, known for her beautiful character, had given her promise to wed upon his return from the west, Sherman Loomis, a young man whose imagination had been fired by rumors of the vast new area just being opened up — the "Connecticut Western Reserve" — Ohio.

Sherman had been accompanied by Julia's cousins, John and William Curtis: now he was back home, bringing reports of 4,000,000 boundless acres — fabulous opportunities waiting to be grasped by those of sufficient ambition and initiative.

A fresh breeze of inspiration blew across placid little Norfolk!

Excitement stirred the instincts of these descendants of pioneers: and as Sherman and Julia, the bride and groom, started forth into the alluring land of opportunity, there began, in Norfolk, many deliberations as to the advantages — or odds — of settling affairs in the old home, and themselves following upon this great west-ward-ho-trail.

One young man spent no time in discussions. He knew what he wanted to do, and with his usual determination he started out, making the journey, alone, on horse back!

This was 21 year old Henry Augustus Mills, oldest son of Augustus and Martha. He is my grandfather!

Following a "blazed trail" marked by earlier pioneers, Henry found his way to the little settlement in the wilderness where Julia and Sherman Loomis, and their cousins John and William Curtis, and a sprinkling of newcomers were already "at home" in the locality where now stands the thriving city of Wadsworth, Ohio!

* * *

Harry lost no time in selecting lands in the new area — beautiful wooded tracts of high elevation watered by flowing springs.

After filing his claims he returned to Norfolk with his enthusiastic eye-witness account of this terrestrial paradise — the final incentive to a select group of townspeople, now decided to seek their fortunes in this new land of promise.

* * *

In this company are names that became well known in Ohio during the following three and four generations: the families of Augustus and Martha Pettibone Mills; descendants of Capt. Cyrus Curtis; Judge Joseph Loomis and his son Sherman; Orrin Loomis; Col. Norman Curtis; Joseph Curtis; Alan Pardee and seven sons; the Warners and the Lymans.

On the wings of hope and courage, the little band crossed the westward plains into this new frontier.

And what an earthly Eden awaited them! Rich virgin land; rolling prairies stretching to the distant horizon in ever changing hues; vast forests, primeval growths of beech, chestnut, butternut and oak; countless brooks and sparkling springs of pure cold water; forests abounding in wild game, turkey and quail.

Wild pigeons were so numerous that early settlers told of vast flocks that came each evening from their feeding places in great beech

woods. Long before they appeared in sight the whirr of their wings sounded like the distant roar of a cataract. Then they would come, spreading like a cloud over the whole horizon for several minutes. In the morning back they flew again to feed in their sylvan glades.

* * *

These pioneers, like their fore fathers, knew the monumental tasks they faced — mills to be erected with water-falls as power; bridges to span streams; tall forests, the growth of ages, to be levelled; land to be cultivated.

They knew it could not be done in a day. Strong men were needed. But they knew also the great rewards awaiting them, and as they worked they were filled with hope.

These Wadsworth settlers were God-fearing people accustomed to regard the Sabbath as a day to be kept holy.

One of their first concerns after building their homes, was to provide a church and school.

On August 8, 1819, the first church in Wadsworth was organized.

Charter members included Augustus and Martha Pettibone Mills (our great grand parents); Cyrus Curtis and wife Editha Mills Curtis; Joseph Loomis; Sherman Loomis (husband of Julia Mills) — naming familiar individuals.

The "reader" most frequently called upon was Sherman Loomis, a general favorite "whose musical voice and pleasant delivery was much in demand."

By 1820 this church was firmly established. During the ensueing century five Mills generations attended this sanctuary.

The first school was most commendably taught by the scholarly Warner daughter, in the Warner home.

With church, school, and homes well settled, the Wadsworth families could look with approval upon their first two years efforts, a way of life of pioneering forefathers that came to be called Americanism.

For of such as they, was the strength and sinew of Ohio.

* * *

Sabbaths have been alluded to as melancholy days, but allow one of these pioneers to speak:

"No memory of childhood comes before me surrounded by such a halo of Heavenly light, as that of our family group on our way to church — Mother on horseback, Father and children treading our way along the well worn forest path to the meeting house.

"When the squirrels chattered a good morning from the trees above us, and the wild birds sang in chorus, as a prelude to prepare our hearts to worship God; when — a barefoot boy — I often sat down on a log to pick the spines of Chestnut burrs from my feet, and then ran on in gleefulness that would sometimes break forth in such boisterousness as to call forth the gentle reminder from my Father that 'it was the Sabbath Day.'

"No day of the week was of such delight as that we looked toward with eager joy — the Sabbath."

A sad blow was to befall this early settlement.

John Curtis (who had first come with Sherman Loomis), son of Cyrus and Editha Mills Curtis, a young man highly regarded by every one, was taken by death, the first in Wadsworth.

For the first time ground was broken in the cemetery plot for his burial.

Not long after this, the family of settlers suffered an even more touching loss. Lovely Julia Mills Loomis, the happy and beloved wife of Sherman Loomis, died when her baby was born.

The whole settlement was shaken with grief.

A second grassy knoll was prepared, near the first.

To make this tragic event more sad, no coffins were to be had. In making one, but 18 nails could be found. The night before the funeral a kind neighbor by the light of a torch, drew 14 more nails from the boards of his new house.

The beautiful spirit of Julia Mills Loomis was long remembered.

* * *

* * *

By 1830, Wadsworth had a school taught by an erudite student from Western Reserve College.

This was held in the meeting house and was above the level of common schools.

It is recorded that anyone who imagines those early teachers were a "set of ignoramuses" is badly mistaken! The best talent, and the most scholarly teachers were always in demand.

In 1839 the Wadsworth Academy was incorporated. This school was staffed with excellent teachers, presided over by no less a genius than the celebrated John McGregor, native of Scotland, and alumnus of St. Andrews College, Glasgow.

Dr. McGregor was a man of brilliant intellect who seemed to have been born with the mission of teaching. He remained with the Wadsworth Academy until his death.

Few teachers have produced so many pupils who became successful in after life largely by the impulse given by his master mind. He loved and took pride in his students and his students loved and were proud of him. His fame spread far and wide.

After his death a life-like statue of John McGregor was sculptored in Italy of Carrarra Marble, given by his students, and placed in the Wadsworth Cemetery. It is near the oldest Mills graves. This statue shows him holding a textbook in a familiar pose.

My father, Azor Ruggles Mills (son of Henry Augustus Mills I), was a young lad in Wadsworth at that time, and had the privilege of receiving his early schooling under Dr. McGregor. He often spoke in later years in terms of utmost esteem of this teacher who made an inspiration of learning.

* * *

Another famous pedagogue was Dr. Emerson E. White, head of mathematics at Twinsburg Academy, an early Ohio boy's school, where

father later attended. The textbooks on Mathematics by Emerson E. White, were the standard in use for many years in schools and colleges. It was Dr. White who instilled father with his great love of mathematics.

* * *

Looking back once more to the time of Wadsworth's founding, 1817-1818, Augustus Mills had high praise for his 21 year old son, Henry Augustus, and his wise selection of lands.

Augustus' tract was a beautiful wooded section halfway between the Wadsworth village, and Western Star, the earliest settlement in Ohio, about a mile east.

Young Henry Augustus had chosen for himself, the high elevation just north of the village. (This beautiful acreage was subdivided in 1956, 150 years later, as part of the City of Wadsworth.)

Again, the land for Luman Pettibone Mills, his younger brother, was an excellent plot in what is now the very heart of Wadsworth's Main Street!

Through coming generations, these acres, adjoining and stretching for miles over the country side, were almost like baronial estates.

On Augustus' land, he found a bed of superior Clay that made excellent brick. Within the first year Augustus built his brick house, a beautiful two story Colonial home, "stepped gables" at either end, centered with chimneys for fireplaces upstairs and down.

This lovely place was the social center of the community for a century and a half.

The three attractive daughters of Augustus and Martha Pettibone Mills (my great grandparents), were married in this home during its first generation (five generations lived here during the following century).

The first marriage was that of Philecta Editha Mills (named after her Aunt Editha Mills Curtis), when she became the beautiful bride of young Daniel Warner, whom she had known from childhood days in Norfolk. (The Warners were among the friends who had emigrated to Ohio with Augustus. The Warner daughter had taught the first school in her home.)

Philecta and Daniel were parents of Janet Warner, b. 1824, who later married James Christy, a millionaire of Akron. Their palatial home was in the Forest Hills suburb.

The second wedding in Augustus' home while its newness was fresh and unfaded, was that of Martha Pettibone Mills (named after her mother) who maried David Miller. Their lovely daughter Matilda Editha (how these family names continue through the generations) married Lee Baumgartner, another capitalist in Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

The youngest daughter of Augustus and Martha, was the vivacious Nancy Mills. Her wedding was another happy event in those early

years, when she maried Lorenzo Dow Russell of Western Star, whose home was just a mile east of Nancy's.

As a bride she was taken to his newly completed abode, an imposing pillared mansion (still standing). Even today this landmark is pointed out for its unusual beauty.

Nancy's daughter, Ellen Russell was married in this beautiful place, to George Palmer who lived just across the street from Augustus Mills' home. (Ellen's grandfather.)

Ellen and George Palmer built a replica of Augustus' house, on the Palmer land — brick made from the same clay, "stepped gables," almost exactly like the Mills home across the street.

These two homes stood in stately dignity for more than a century. What interesting stories they could have told us!

Nancy Mills Russell also had a son, Mills Russell, whose resemblance to my father (his cousin, Azor Ruggles Mills) — was so remarkable they could have been taken for brothers.

Mills Russell had three daughters: Ellen, named after his sister; Nancy, named for his mother; and Ruth.

We Mills girls knew cousin Nan when we were girls, having visited in each other's homes. Nan's sprightly gaiety was no doubt inherited from her grandmother.

Ruth Russell possessed one of the loveliest contralto voices I have ever heard.

* * *

Another look at Great-Grandfather Augustus' home and the five generations who occupied it through the century and a half.

After Augustus' death, his son Philo Pettibone Mills continued living in this home.

Philo's only child, Frank Mills, made a third generation.

Frank's two children were a fourth. These were "Martha Pettibone" Mills who married Dr. Detweiler and after her marriage lived in Akron.

Frank's son was another Henry (Harry) who married Edith Goss, a charming young lady, daughter of the Wadsworth Minister. Their son, still another Henry, was a fifth generation in this old home. He died of the flu, at the close of World War I.

How the old homestead must have gloried in these generations, their weddings and births.

At long last, with family dispersed, the old place, a historical treasure, still in a remarkable state of preservation, was sold.

The new comers tore down the priceless abode.

Where once it proudly stood now sits an insignificant bungalow of no interest and no beauty. Progress!

Most of the old Mills homes were still standing in Wadsworth when I visited there as a girl. I well remember one lovely place where I would drop off to sleep each night to the slow tick-tock, tick-tock of a big old Grandfather clock in the front hall, that had been marking the hours from the time of my great grandfather.

This had been the home of father's uncle Luman Pettibone Mills (Martha Pettibone named most of her children after her brothers and sisters).

This house was another pillared mansion situated in extensive grounds in the heart of Wadsworth. It was typical Colonial with tall pillars and long French windows; fireplaces upstairs and down.

The last I heard, its spacious 14 rooms had been made into apartments for four families! Of course the grounds subdivided.

In early days Luman's daughter Margaret Mills married Edgar Loomis in this home. Her sister Sylvia Lurilla married Walter Boyer.

An amusing anecdote concerning these sisters was told to me by cousin Edna Mills, (who died recently, 1958, aged 89). Edna was the daughter of Henry Augustus Mills II — my father's brother — and had lived all her long life in Wadsworth.

She could distinctly remember these two great-aunts, from her childhood, as on occasion they elegantly proceeded down the village street, fashionably clad in trailing black silk gowns, and sedate little bonnets — primly holding tiny fringed parasols above their modish coiffures of curls clustered at each ear.

Margaret had married a second time after the death of Edgar Loomis. Her second marriage was an unhappy one, and she spent many hours bemoaning her doleful fate. Her only daughter Flora Loomis, was in school in the east, and the only person to whom she could pour out her woes was her sister Sylvia.

Sylvia was the embodiment of stately dignity and will power which characterized most of the family. She would draw herself up in a statuesque pose and utter the stern mandate "*Rise above it Mag! Rise above it.*"

Edna said she could still see these grand old ladies enacting this scene, until the words 'Rise above it Mag' became a household saying in Uncle Henry's family — known for their keen sense of humor!

* * *

Margaret must have "Risen above it," as I never heard anything to the contrary. Her daughter, Flora Loomis (who married her second cousin, Judge Cyrus Curtis) lived on, in her grandfather's homestead. She was a delightful person. One day when I was there, she went up into the attic and brought down the ancient "mortar and pestle" of Indian origin that dates back to the 1600's in the Mills family. She kindly presented it to me! What an early history it must have — one of the oldest bits of Americana in existence today.

The Wadsworth home of most interest to me, was of course that of my grandfather, Henry Augustus Mills I. This is described in the following chapter, the 7th Generation.

* * *
* * *

One last look at early Wadsworth.

In 1847 when Augustus Mills, the patriarch of the community had become quite infirm with age, the early church built by the settlers was in need of repairs.

There was considerable dissention and a meeting was called to see what could be done, whether to raze the old church.

Augustus, the one living charter member, listened most attentively — but held his peace.

At last he was called on to speak. He consented willingly, but owing to infirmities was allowed to remain seated.

I wish we could know what his remarks were, that long gone day — this honored old gentleman whose spiritual and financial influence had been so valued through the years.

After his speech, a vote was taken and immediately all members voted unanimously to follow his suggestions and proceed at once.

Before the summer was over, the lovely little pillared church stood once more restored to original Colonial beauty.

An affecting incident was part of its rededication. The funeral of Augustus was the first service held there-in, after its restoration.

Whenever I look upon this hallowed edifice. I remember it was the words of my great-grandfather, Squire Augustus, that preserved it for posterity.

I trust it may remain for many future generations to revere, and love.

Augustus Mills died in his home on August 16. 1847.

His wife Martha Pettibone Mills died April 6, 1855. Their bodies lie side by side, marked by marble slabs, in the peaceful old Wadsworth cemetery.

* * *
* * *

PETTIBONE DESCENT.

Martha Pettibone Mills, 1776-1855, wife of **Augustus Mills**, 1772-1847 — traces descent from **John Pettibone I**, 1635-1713, and wife **Sarah Eggleston** (dau. of **Begat Eggleston** and **Mary Talcott**) through at least four different lines. **(See Chart.)**

PHELPS DESCENT

Martha Pettibone Mills, wife of **Augustus**, dau. of **Martha Phelps Pettibone**, (wife of **Samuel Pettibone** 1743-1816); Martha was dau. of **John Phelps** 1724 — and wife **Thanks Wilcox**, m. 1741; John was son of **Amos Phelps** 1703 — m. 1723. **Sarah Pettibone**, b. 1704 last child of **John Pettibone II** and **Mary Bissell**. **Amos Phelps** was son of **Joseph Phelps** 1667-1750 and 3rd wife **Mary Case**, d. 1757, dau. **Richard Case** and wife **Elizabeth Purchase**. **Joseph Phelps** was son of **Samuel Phelps** 1625-1669, and **Sarah Griswold** 1625-1715, dau. of Edward. **Samuel Phelps** was son of **William Phelps** from England. Also other lines.

Seventh Mills Generation

1795-1867

Wadsworth, Ohio

* * *

Col. Henry Augustus Mills I, and Harriet Ruggles Mills

* * *

Henry Augustus Mills I, "Colonel Harry."
(Son of Squire Augustus, and Martha Pettibone Mills.) b. Feb. 13, 1795, Norfolk, Conn. d. Dec. 6, 1867, Wadsworth, Ohio Founder of Wadsworth, 1816-17. Married 1822, in Canfield, Ohio to

Harriet Ruggles, b. 1799. New Millford, Conn.
(Daughter of Azor Ruggles, 1768-1845, and **Mary Peck Ruggles**, 1771-1828, who came to Canfield, Ohio in 1813.) Harriet d. April 11, 1844.

(These are my grandparents.)

* * *

Children of Henry Augustus Mills I, 1795-1867 and Harriet Ruggles Mills, 1799-1844.

* * *

1. **Julia Mills**, b. Nov. 27, 1823, Wadsworth, Ohio. d. Oct. 30, 1899, Wadsworth. m. **Charles Ruggles Sprague**, her cousin. (Son of John Everett Sprague and Alice Ruggles Sprague, sister of Harriet.) Their children listed in Ruggles Chapter.
2. **Martha Mills**, b. Dec. 31, 1824, d. April 8, 1844. The beautiful girl taken at 19. in the black scourge that swept over Ohio, taking four members of this family.
3. **Azor Ruggles Mills**, Feb. 11, 1872, Wadsworth, Ohio. d. Mar. 12, 1901, Jefferson, Iowa. Named for his maternal grandfather. m. July 25. 1865, **Miranda Dyle Anderson Mills**, b. Nov. 30, 1844, d. October 14, 1917. This family given in detail in next generation. These are my parents.
4. **George Nettleton Mills**, Oct. 3, 1829. d. April 12, 1844. age 14, in black scourge. Father's favorite brother. Named after an uncle in Norfolk, Conn.
5. **Emma Harriet Mills**, June 10, 1831. d. April 11, 1843. age 11 — one year to the day before her mother.
6. **Capt. Henry Augustus Mills II** (Uncle Henry). b. Mar. 12, 1834, d. Dec. 7, 1915, age 81. Lived all his life in Mills homestead in Wadsworth, where four generations lived. m. Oct. 17, 1855, **Matilda Leacock Mills.** Their children:
    1. **Charles Azor Mills**, June 1, 1862, d. Jan. 3, 1939. Age 77. m. late in life **Harriet Porter**, a widow who had been his boyhood sweetheart.
    2. **James Henry Mills**, Mar. 8, 1867. d. 1915, age 48 of typhoid. m. **Ethel Lawrence**, a descendant of same Lawrence ancestor as ours.
        1. **Grace Matilda Mills.** b. May 1908 — Married and lives in Lancaster, California.
        2. **Nadine Mills**, b. 1912. Berea, Ohio.
    3. **Edna Rebecca Mills**, b. Dec. 12, 1869. d. Oct., 12, 1958, age 89.
7. Samuel Mills, April 12, 1838 – April 19, 1844.

Seventh Mills Generation

* * *

Henry Augustus Mills, "Colonel Harry" and wife Harriet Ruggles Mills

* * *

Tales of the frontier seldom fail to capture the imagination.

Wondrous days were those when the overflowing opulence of four-million acres of Ohio-in-the-making were opened up to persons inspired with wholesome ambition.

God smiled graciously and bestowed rich blessings upon their efforts.

Today the greatness of this heartland of America may be traced to the virtues of those resolute founders.

* * *

Young Henry Mills at the age of 21, proved his shrewd foresight in coming early to these teeming acres.

Direct and forthright in manner, filled with energy and determination, Henry looked in imagination down the long road of the future in this land of overwhelming opportunity.

Born and bred a son of pioneers, seven generations of colonists had disciplined his spirit for courageous adventure, not only into unexplored regions, but into areas of new responsibilities and action.

Travelling on horseback, warmed by the sunshine, cleansed by the rain, refreshed by woodland springs, young Henry soon learned to know and love this region in all its moods.

The first of his family to take up land for his father, his brothers, and for himself, Henry demonstrated keen sighted knowledge in his choice of high acres of fertile wooded meadows, watered by brooks and flowing springs.

He chose better perhaps than he knew!

More than a half century later in the 1870's a geodetic survey of Ohio was made by the Government.

Henry's land proved to be the highest point in Medina County, and Medina County the highest land in Ohio!

More over the location of Henry's homestead was the apex of the entire area!

Henry himself may never have been fully aware of this. He had died in 1867 at the age of 72.

When the survey was made, the old homestead was occupied by his son, Henry Augustus Mills II.

Uncle Henry possessed a great sense of humor. He jokingly used to say, "Every drop of rain that falls on the north side of my driveway, flows into Lake Erie; and every drop that falls on the south side finds its way into the Gulf of Mexico!"

In the long night of history that held fresh memories of the Revolution — not to mention Indian uprisings, and the more recent Wars of 1812 and '15, the citizens were firm believers in preparedness.

A military spirit prevailed from the first in Wadsworth, and a company of Militia was always maintained by the town, for ready defense.

Among all the recruits for this purpose youthful Henry Mills had just cause to be proud of his military record.

With his initiative, his impelling influence, and yet withal his cheerful and steadying serenity it seemed natural that he was the choice of all the men, and still in his twenties he was chosen to organize and command this protective safeguard. The Wadsworth History States:

> "The Wadsworth Company of Militia comprised of members from all surrounding settlements became through the years, the largest, the best equipped, and the best disciplined in the entire Regiment. The head of this Militia was Colonel Henry Augustus Mills."

From that time he was usually called "Col. Harry." (He is my grandfather, and in my possession is one of his old time rifles, with ramrod attached. This may have belonged to his father before him, or even his grandfather, Capt. Michael Mills of Revolutionary days.)

* * *

* * *

On a pleasant knoll that gave broad vistas of the glowing country side Col. Harry built his home.

Placed well back from the highway in a sylvan setting of age old trees, beneath which a bubbling spring had lured many a wild deer to quench his thirst, this sequestered home site can scarcely be imagined today.

Col. Harry loved this place. He loved the new settlement with its fine type of people, honest and heart warming. Several of these had come from Norfolk, his old eastern home. These Ohio pioneers were once described by Charles Dana as "genial, generous, radiant, and warmly courteous."

Living a short way down the highway was a genteel young couple with whom Col. Harry soon formed a mutual friendship.

This was John Everett Sprague and his comely wife Alice Ruggles Sprague. They too had originally come from Connecticut, with their parents, five years previously, when they settled in Canfield, Ohio, where their parents now resided.

Alice Sprague had a younger sister, Harriet Ruggles, living in Canfield. Alice was eagerly looking forward to a visit from Harriet.

In days of traveling by horseback, a trip from Canfield to Wadsworth was a good half-day's journey or more. But one early morning in the sparkling freshness of May, when wild cherry trees in woodland pastures were turning all lacey white, and flowery fields wafted warm fragrance on the air, there came riding over to Wadsworth a tall, stately, grey haired squire on a tall grey horse. Beside him on her sprightly pony rode his daughter Harriet, a slender, fair haired beauty whose dainty freshness rivalled the spring tide.

A rare blend of unpretentious dignity and quiet modesty, gave an air of confidence to her bearing.

Awaiting them, hearts were astir with eagerness in the Sprague household; not only in that home but a nearby neighbor as well, was wondering how long he should wait before propriety deemed it fitting to pay his call.

Col. Harry had heard affectionate reports of this sister, and he had great expectations of this new friend. But that night when he first beheld the fair maiden, his fondest dreams faded into a pale image before the reality of her glowing beauty.

Her lovely eyes held a trustful look that inspired friendship; her voice held heart-delighting tones that thrilled his soul; and as she came forward to greet him, her demure charm and spirit of gracious gentility completely captivated him.

During the evening Harriet was asked to sing. Seating herself at the little melodeon, lifting her matchless voice in old time ballads, Henry knew his heart was out-and-out bewitched!

(My father often spoke of his mother's incomparable voice that held her listeners spell-bound. Father sometimes asked his daughters to sing some of Harriet's old favorites — "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," "Bonnie Doone," "Maxwelton's Braes" and others. Alas we could not equal her perfection.)

* * *

Now the fine flower of romance was opening for Henry and the ensuing days were like a garden of beautiful flowers awaiting their gathering into a fragrant bouquet of love.

A new stimulus colored all his dreams. His ardent hope was to win this fair vision of femininity, and before her visit ended he made certain the lovely lass would return to grace his own home.

A fall wedding was planned.

— At home once more in Canfield the busy whirr of the spinning wheel sang a joyful accompaniment to Harriet's happy songs.

Now all too swift — too slow — the hours were moving!

* * *

* * *

Autumn came. The glory of their wedding day enfolded the universe.

In Canfield, the Ruggles home was busy with happy preparations.

Standing today in the very room where Henry and Harriet spoke their vows on that far off bridal day, we can picture the scene.

Through out the rooms, upstairs and down, the mantels of five big fireplaces were decked with brilliant autumn leaves and berries. Blazing logs crackled on the cheery hearths.

Tallow dips suffused soft candle light over the group of sweet-faced sisters looking in wonderment upon the tall handsome groom who gazed so tenderly upon his demure bride to be.

In the front parlor the bridal party gathered.

Standing with the groom was Harriet's younger brother Charles Ruggles, a fine resolute youth in whom one could even then sense a prophetic hint of coming dignity, later to mantle him as judge.

Beside the bride stood her favorite sister Julia Ruggles, daintily fragile as a figurine. Her early death was the first break in this charmed circle.

Nearby stood shy Galesty, timidly returning the admiring glances of young Horace Hunt across the room. Something in his eyes had flashed an unspoken message to her!

(Today a century and a half later, the **fifth Hunt** generation descended from these two, lives in the ancestral Hunt homestead in Canfield. Their offspring has included a famous steel magnate Azor Ruggles Hunt; and a noted divine, Rev. Cornelius Hunt.)

Safely in the shelter of her parents is little Hepsy, long golden curls reaching below her waist.

Alice, the married sister has proudly taken her place beside her own John Sprague.

And lastly — with love brimming in their eyes, the gentle mother and kindly father breathe silent blessings upon the nuptial pair.

* * *

A solemn hush falls upon the little gathering of neighbors, as the preacher steps forward.

His grave voice breaks the silence. — "dearly beloved — inasmuch as we are gathered here to witness — fore ordained of God . . . do you take this man . . . this woman . . . to love and to cherish . . . in sickness, in health — till death do you part. . . ."

* * *

Age old words — filling all time and all space — now spoken for Henry and Harriet as together they cross the Golden Bridge from the Now into the Future spreading before them, a Great White Way. A flood of infinite love and hope enfolds them.

* * *

* * *

Still standing in dignified simplicity is the home to which Henry brought his bride that long gone autumn day.

Mellowed with age, muted in memory, subdued in shadow, the lore of olden times hovers about this place, charming the imagination.

A pre-Victorian home, its early New England architecture breathed the essence of leisurely living, retaining a pristine comeliness for long years into future generations.

Col. Harry had planned with eye for convenience and comfortable habits of living.

From a central hallway, opened living rooms, dining room, a large downstairs bedroom, and at the rear, a big kitchen.

In the back living room across from a big throated fireplace stood Col. Harry's mahogany desk, replete with pigeon-holes and drawers. [This desk is now in my possession.]

In the dining room, a side table held a quaintly beautiful tea set of English bone-china. (When father and Uncle Henry, sons of Col. Harry and Harriet, were young men, this tea-set was often set out for entertaining their friends. Cousin Edna Mills, daughter of Uncle Henry, possessed this lovely china up to the time of her death in 1958. Not one piece had ever been broken. She once told me it was her wish that this set should go to Azor Mills Dewell (son of Ada Mills) as the last "Azor" in the family. But I believe this went, with her $150,000.00 estate to a distant relative on her mother's side of the family. I was much pleased to receive Edna's beautiful diamond ring.)

* * *

On one wall in the dining room was a shelf of polished butternut wood, where rested the Family Bible (now in my possession.) Col. Harry read from this Bible, each morning after breakfast — No morning rush in those unhurried days.

In the kitchen a huge brick oven and fireplace were built across one wall of the room. Many a taffy-pull and corn-popping party gathered in this big room, with chestnuts roasting on the hearth.

The upstairs bedrooms were quaintly furnished with "corded" four-poster beds; in one room was a "Napoleon" bed with panelled head-and-food, each curving outwards. Years ago my Mills sisters obtained two of these rare old heirlooms while on a visit back east.

In Col. Harry's old age he placed a candle-stand of cherry-wood, holding brass candlestick and snuffers, close beside his bed so he could reach over and snuff the candle after he had retired.

In a closet off this room was a secret hiding place for Col. Harry's "strong-box" — a heavy wooden box, black with age, made with hand forged nails and hinges, and an old fashioned padlock and key. This was his money-box — his bank! [Now in my possession!]

* * *

The grounds surrounding this home held a natural beauty. Trees and lovely bush blended their verdant colors each spring with the year's first green.

The spaciousness of fields and orchard expressed the plenteousness of that time.

Lanes leading to pastures were bordered with hedges vibrant with bird-songs; wild birds carolled from every copse and thicket. The musical call of the meadow lark was always the favorite bird song of father, from the time he lived here in boyhood.

A flagstone path led from the dining room, down a gentle slope to a romantic-looking garden gate overhung by two old pear trees.

When I visited this garden a century later, the past leapt to the eye in loving tokens from long ago. It was a smiling plot — a sweet, serene place abloom with old fashioned flowers some of them said to have been set out originally by Col. Harry and Harriet — nodding Canterbury bells dipped their cups deep into the past; moss-roses smelled of by gone Junes.

Here if one listened could be heard the purling music of the spring — its pure cold water dripping endlessly into the pool below.

Drowsing in this quiet spot, listening to the murmur of falling water, its dreamy sounds stored with memories as onward it went, singing, to the river — one mused on the fleeting life-span of us humans.

It is the trees and flowers and songs of flowing water that live on and on beyond the brief moment of passing generations.

— How swiftly the clock hands move round the dial for us mortals!

A lovelier place can scarcely be imagined, and no happier family life than that of Col. Harry and his beloved Harriet ever existed.

Briefly naming the children who blessed this home: Julia Mills was the oldest daughter. (Both Col. Harry and Harriet had each lost sisters named Julia who had died at the threshold of their beautiful lives.)

This Julia Mills however lived to the ripe age of 76, carrying on a Sprague lineage — she married her cousin Charles Ruggles Sprague (Son of Alice Ruggles Sprague.)

* * *

Two more lovely daughters were Martha and Harriet Emma Mills.

Their four sons were Azor Ruggles Mills (my father) named after Harriet's father Azor Ruggles.

George Nettleton Mills, named after an uncle in Connecticut; and two younger boys, Henry Augustus II and little Samuel.

* * *

An elderly cousin of ours, Alice Sprague (who lived to be 98) used to relate merry pranks of this happy family, which had been told to her by her mother, Julia Mills (Mrs. Charles Sprague), sister of my father, Azor Ruggles Mills. (Both Aunt Julia and her daughter Alice, lived all their lives in Wadsworth.)

* * *

In those early days when Julia and Azor and their brothers and sisters and cousins were children, they eagerly kept watch each autumn for the first frost, when they could go nutting.

At that time there were great groves of chestnuts and butternuts growing in the pastures back of their house. It was their delight to make a picnic of this occasion.

There was much friendly rivalry among the children to see who could gather the biggest hoard of nuts!

On a frosty morning they would be up and into the woods almost before daylight. "But Azor and George were always the first ones there"!

One autumn with visions of Thanksgiving and Christmas turkeys stuffed with chestnut dressing — or with thoughts of wintry nights roasting chestnuts around the open fire — the children gathered 13 bushels of chestnuts!

No doubt an equal store of butternuts was garnered.

* * *

Once in Wadsworth an elderly lady told me she remembered father when she was quite a small girl. She said he was so stately looking and dignified, she stood in awe of him!

Over in Canfield we visited a cousin of father's, Lucy Ruggles, daughter of Judge Charles Ruggles, Harriet's brother.

Lucy was a delightful person, very petite, blue eyed, charming still in old age. She had lived all her life in the lovely pillared stone mansion — still standing — where as a girl she and her sister Juliet had been the belles of Canfield.

She brought out countless heirlooms that had belonged to her grandmother, Mary Peck Ruggles (Harriet's mother) — books of poetry, chinaware, and beautiful pieces of home spun linen marked with Mary Peck's initials, before she was married. (I believe these heirlooms went to a Ruggles descendant of Judge Charles, living in Rye, New York.)

Cousin Lucy told us she remembered her handsome cousin Azor well — (my father) and always enjoyed having him come over from Wadsworth, driving his father's fine team of horses!

* * *
* * *

Nothing ever prepares us for the shock brought by death. This happy family was to know appalling grief beyond the ordinary. In one year **five** beloved members were taken.

* * *

On a cold raw day in spring little Harriet Emma, a dear child of 11 years, loved by everyone, was taken with chills and raging fever.

The doctor sadly pronounced the dread pneumonia, synonym for death in those days.

Before the crisis she called for her favorite brother Azor to come to her for a few moments.

Lovingly the sweet child asked him to remember her always, and to live a good and noble life.

That night, April 11, 1843, she passed into eternity.

Father never forgot the farewell words of this angelic little sister. Years later he named his first baby Emma; but this beautiful child died in babyhood. "The Reaper with sickle keen, culled flowerets sweet, the swaths between."

* * *

One year to the day came a grief so tragic it saddens one to mention it even now, a century later.

We will pass over this quickly.

In April, 1844, a deadly epidemic swept over northern Ohio, Wadsworth was heavily stricken, claiming victims by the hundreds.

What **could** it have been?—a plague?—a fatal influenza? Doctors were helpless before it.

The first appearance in the Mills family was when Martha, a beautiful girl of 19, became ill after making a sick call on a girl friend, not knowing how deadly contagious was the disease.

Martha died April 8, 1844.

In nursing her, the precious mother, Harriet, was stricken, and died three days later, April 11, 1844, the first anniversary of little Emma's death.

The next day the two beloved sons died, April 12, 1844, George Nettleton Mills, 15, and little Samuel age 6.

Alice Ruggles Sprague, sister of Harriet, had come over to assist in caring for them. She was stricken and died April 18, 1844.

* * *

* * *

Three children were left in this desolate home, Julia, 21; Azor, 16; and little Henry, 10.

These children had been kept in upper bedrooms. When their beloved mother was carried from the home to her burial, their only farewell was to look down upon her face through the open stove-pipe hole in the bedroom floor, as she lay in her casket in the parlor below.

Mere words need not attempt to convey the heart break that filled this home once over-flowing with its happy spirit of love.

We will not dwell on the sad scene.

Julia Mills was soon to be married to her cousin Charles Ruggles Sprague, who also lost his mother in the siege.

This would leave the bereft father, Col. Harry—not yet 50—with young Azor and little Henry in the lonely home.

The Episcopal rector from Canfield, who had been Harriet's spiritual adviser from girlhood, came to console with the grieved

husband. He spoke to Henry of Rebecca Greville, who had been the girlhood chum of Harriet, (when they were Harriet Ruggles and Rebecca Starr.)

Rebecca had lost her husband in Canfield during the epidemic. Col. Harry had known her for years. The rector's solicitations made it seem the Hand of Providence had offered consolation to each of them. Col. Harry went over to Canfield to call on this old friend.

* * *

This was in May. Six months later, on Christmas Day, 1844, in the little Episcopal church in Canfield, Col. Henry Augustus Mills I and Rebecca Starr Greville were joined in wedlock.

In the losses each had suffered their union brought solace, and Rebecca, "Aunt Becky," did her best to create a home life for the young boys.

Alas it could never be the same for young Azor.

* * *

The next fall, Azor Mills at the age of 17, left for school, entering the Academy at Twinsburg, Ohio. This school had been founded by Dr. Samuel Bissell, no doubt a descendant of the first John Bissell who came on the "Mary and John." (An ancestor of Azor's.)

Living in Twinsburg at that time was a cousin of Azor's — Edwin Mills — who had been a deciding factor in the choice of this academy.

(Edwin Mills was then about 29 or 30. He was the son of Philo Mills and wife Julia Buell Mills, of Killingworth, Conn. We have mentioned Edwin Mills in the chapter on "English Ancestors." He it was who sent this English data to father many years later. Edwin's wife was Anne Elizabeth Thompson, 1816-1898, from Bridgeport, Conn. Their daughter was (another) Julia Mills, this one named for her grandmother. The Edwin Mills family was later a prominent one in Astoria, Long Island, where they lived many years. These three, Edwin, his wife, and daughter Julia, are buried in the Mills plot in Woodlawn Cemetery, N.Y.)

* * *

Twinsburg was not a great distance from Azor's home in Wadsworth but in days of stagecoach travel — 1844 — it must have seemed a long day's journey for a first trip away from home — to the lonely young boy who had so recently lost his idolized mother.

Twinsburg is a quaintly beautiful old village, centered with a village green two blocks long, bordered with wide streets preserved from an earlier day. Beautiful old trees adorn the yards of its many fine old homes.

On an autumn day many years ago we motored from Wadsworth to Twinsburg over the same trail travelled by school-boy Azor long years previously.

It was a delightful stretch of country road — rail fences, winding

streams, an early day inn, and we could picture youthful Azor, on his first trip from home — the old stage coach jogging along — his brass-nail studded hair-trunk up behind. (This little trunk is now in my attic.)

Symbolic of father's nature, his feelings were poured out in poems, as his thoughts turned often to happy hours of his beloved family now gone beyond recall; verses of pathetic, homesick emotions, unconsciously color these boyhood longings.

Penned in faded ink on old time pale-blue-parchment, these poems written over a hundred years ago, were found stored away in the old desk in our Jefferson attic, when our old home was dismantled. Lying there — forgotten through the long years — they turned back pages of memory to happy days flown like the passing of summer's flowers.

I can only cherish them — understanding the solace they gave the aching heart of a young school boy.

* * *

In the desk with this packet was found a quaint little box of ancient, faded "calling-cards" bearing the hundred-years-ago names of Father's Twinsburg classmates. These little squares of faded cards, embellished with scrolls and entwined with flowerets and cupids gave the happy impression that Father's Twinsburg school days held many friendly hours.

* * *

After schooldays in Twinsburg, Azor Mills returned to his boyhood home in Wadsworth. "Aunt Becky" had tried to create the happy life it had formerly known.

Alas, for Azor it was filled with the sound of merry voices now stilled forever; he could see the smiling eyes of his beloved Mother; he could feel the devotion of dear little Emma; he longed for the jolly carefree pranks of his favorite brother George Nettleton. In house and garden he saw their loved figures.

* * *

In the 1840's and 50's, new territories farther west, were offering rich rewards.

Following the impulse that had inspired previous ancestors, Azor Ruggles Mills, aged 18 or 19, decided upon this course for himself.

The story of Capt. Azor Mills' life and his commanding influence in the new west will be told in the next chapter, the Eighth Mills Generation.

* * *

* * *

Meanwhile we shall remain a short while with the Mills family in Wadsworth, Ohio.

Father's younger brother, Henry Augustus Mills II, (Son of Col. Harry) had now grown to manhood, the third generation in Wadsworth. (Two more generations were to call Wadsworth home in later years.)

Uncles, aunts and cousins lived for miles in every direction forming a "Mills clan" prominent for over a century. Today, a second century later, few are left in Wadsworth who bear the Mills name, (Edna Mills died in 1958) unless we visit the ancient graveyard and look upon moss-grown stones.

* * *

In 1855, Henry Mills II (my uncle) at 21 years of age, married vivacious little Matilda Leacock, a union that was to consummate more than 55 golden years.

The young couple lived in Col. Harry's homestead, becoming a stay and comfort to the aging Colonel and "Aunt Becky."

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, young Henry entered the Union army, returning after the war as a Captain. His Negro orderly came with him, refusing to be separated ever again from his kind mass'r.

A few years after coming home from the War, Uncle Henry built his stately brick mansion on the site of Col. Harry's early home, which was moved to a site on the same land.

Uncle Henry's new home embodied the architectural features current in 1869. It was an imposing domicile — large, high-ceilinged rooms; woodwork throughout of native butternut wood, polished floors; casement windows to the floor; stairway gracefully curving to three stories; on the third floor was an immense attic, where Uncle Henry's three children had great fun roller skating over its smooth expanse!

Of these three children: Charles Azor married late in life to a widow who had been his youthful sweetheart; no children. Edna never married; James Harry married when nearly 40; he had two daughters. The ideally contented lives of this family seemed to represent a felicity that cared little for marriage!

Just recently I asked Cousin Edna — then aged 87 — how it happened she had never married — knowing of her numerous offers as a young lady of great beauty and charm.

She gave me one of her lovely smiles and said "My dear, I think I felt that no man could provide a happier home than I already had;" . . . "and" . . . she added — "I believe I expected our ideal family life to last forever!"

* * *

* * *

In 1875 Wadsworth held its 55th Anniversary, a memorable occasion, during the last week of May.

Capt. Henry Mills II, then 41, was Field Marshall.

Erectly seated upon his prancing steed, his impressive military bearing made a striking appearance as he led the mile long procession of more than 2,000 people, in carriages and on foot, with martial music from the band, flags unfurled and gun salutes as they wended their way to the beautiful Loomis Grove where the historic celebration was held.

For four days the Wadsworth citizenry held open house. The records tell that on the second day "the entire company hauled up at the pleasant residence of that old pioneer Philo Pettibone Mills and were received by him and his excellent wife with an old fashioned hearty welcome, and regaled with cakes and milk etc. and had a most pleasant time never to be forgotten by its fortunate participants."

(Philo Pettibone Mills was the son of Augustus and Martha Pettibone Mills, in whose homestead he lived. This historic home was one of Wadsworth's oldest houses, described elsewhere.)

Again quoting from the records: — "A day later the crowd was invited into the spacious residence and pleasant grounds of Capt. Henry Augustus Mills II, where they were most hospitably entertained by him and his worthy wife. They drank from the spring where many of them had slaked their thirst fifty-five years before."

* * *

On another occasion the Great General, and President U. S. Grant visited Wadsworth. The entire town turned out to hear his address.

Little Edna Mills, with long golden curls, becomingly dressed in dainty white, was chosen to present the great man with a large bouquet of garden flowers. She never forgot the thrill of being lifted onto the stage to curtsy before the President, and hear his kind words of acceptance!

* * *

Of Captain Henry Mills, pages could be written. His cheerful disposition and kindness of heart radiated genial warmth that made him loved and esteemed by everyone.

Erect of figure even in old age, his dignity and old school courtesy revealed his high-bred personality. He worshipped his daughter Edna, a thorough bred artistocrat. The close companionship of these two gave many years of enriching joy to each.

As these words are penned I am spending the winter in Florida in Cousin Edna's company. She has now reached the advanced age of 87 — (she died two years later on October 12, 1958). Her external beauty may be slowly fading, but a glowing light from her inner spirit has never dimmed.

As a raconteur she has no equal. She speaks from such an abundance of reminiscences, and her prodigious memory conveys an essence of reality until her listeners also enjoy her world-wide experiences.

* * *

A letter concerning Edna was written to my sisters back in 1928 when my husband and I unexpectedly stopped in Wadsworth after an eastern trip:

— "As we bowled along the beautiful Ohio roads enveloped in the gold of October's radiant woods — the blue of October's sky, and the glory of October's sunshine, the autumn haze made a Corot painting of every scene — winding roads, old, old rail fences, and rippling streams overhung by ancient trees.

"It was Sabbath morning — with the peace that passeth understanding — bird songs and church bells filling the air with music.

"As we neared Wadsworth I could picture father as a boy, traversing these same early road ways. The place seemed hallowed.

"We drove up to the old church I remembered we had gone with Uncle Henry long years before. We were a little late, and as we waited in the vestibule for the prayer to be finished I whispered to the usher "Is Miss Edna Mills in church this morning?" — 'Oh yes, that is she at the organ.' . . . I had not seen Edna for years. She had no idea we were in Wadsworth. I stood in the entry and gazed at her. I'm surprised she didn't feel a telepathic message! Once she turned and glanced down so that I could see her profile. I gasped, she looked so exactly like Sister Rary — straight, aristocratic nose, soft light brown hair — big blue grey eyes. She handled the organ like a master — absolute accuracy — no fumbled notes — beautiful registrations — rich tones, music that seemed symbolic. I could have listened the whole hour, but the benighted old minister thought folks had come to hear him! He soon announced that the church was in arrears $300.00 and they began raising money. Edna was one of first to contribute. Suddenly the idea came to me to make a donation and give my name as Mills — perhaps that might attract her attention!

"So I raised my hand. The minister immediately said 'A lady I do not know.' I said 'Vera Mills.' Edna at last took notice! Soon she leaned over and whispered to the tenor (this is her story): 'Did she say her name is Mills?' — 'The lady in the big rose hat?' 'I know, but who is she?' — 'You ought to know — she is a Mills' — 'Well I never saw as good looking a Mills before!'

"After that we occasionally caught each other's eye — I would smile, but I could see she was uncertain.

"Then church was over, and while she played her postlude I went down and paid my donation, telling the treasurer I was happy to contribute to the church my father had attended long ago as a boy.

"Then Edna cut short her music, and we hurried toward each other.

"As we clasped hands I said 'Cousin Edna, of course you don't remember me — I'm Betty' and chatted on 'I haven't been able to take my eyes from you — I simply drank in every note of your beautiful music' . . . Then She began to find her tongue and it is a rare occasion when Edna Mills is at loss for beautifully expressed English. What perfect enunciation — what choice diction — what a beautifully modulated voice — one of her greatest charms — like Grace's, cultured, and like listening to music. She is so far ahead of an ordinary person — she is like a queen. She said 'Why Betty, you cannot know what this means to me — no Mills left in Wadsworth — she longed at times for some of her own. (I wish written words could express beautiful inflections.)

"Sunday afternoon we drove around Wadsworth seeing the old Mills land marks, homes of my great grandparents, and grandparents, and those of father's many uncles and aunts when he was a boy.

" 'Wadsworth is changing so rapidly that in another generation I fear many of these will have disappeared.' (Note: It scarcely took a generation. In 1956 Uncle Henry's beautiful old estate (originally my grandfather's) was subdivided into city lots. I hope the lovely old Mills homes were left standing. In another section, father's Uncle Luman's home was made into several apartments — Ever advancing progress!)

* * *

"The old church with its pillared entrance, is the one in which great-grandfather Augustus was a charter member. Here Father and Uncle Henry attended as boys. When the Civil War broke out, 1861, meetings were held here to recruit soldiers for the army. One night Uncle Henry — then 25 or 26 — enlisted. When he reached home that night he told his young wife he had felt it his duty to go into service. She exclaimed 'Why Henry! how can you leave me with a small baby!' He said 'Tilly dear, I have thought it all out. Father is here to protect you, and the man can run the farm this summer. And I'll be home again by fall!' . . . It was more than three years before he returned. His baby boy was walking and talking and said 'Have dat man go way and leave my muddah alone!' "

* * *

During our visit, Edna took me up in the spacious old attic. She told about the time when she was a girl, they had a fern with fronds so long they had no pedestal high enough for it. She asked her father to see what they might find in the attic. There was a four-poster bed with tall beautifully carved posters. Edna decided one of those posts would make a fine pedestal.

Uncle Henry brought a saw, and off came the post — he would do anything for Edna. When he had finished he said "Well Edna, I've just sawed up your great-grandmother's bed!" (Let us hope the fern thrived thereon!)

* * *

With Edna we also visited the old Wadsworth cemetery. It seemed to me most of the old part is filled with relatives — our great-grandparents, our grandparents, the endless number of father's uncles, aunts and cousins. The Carrara marble statue of father's early teacher, Dr. McGregor, stands next the Mills graves.

I hope that "Progress" never modernizes that old Wadsworth burying ground. It is such a tranquil place to amble along its green lanes, lingering awhile to feel the calm and repose that the age-old stones inspire — meditating upon those, once loved, voices silenced forever, now sleeping beneath mounds that the green of spring loves to freshen each year.

In telling of her travels Edna spoke of an experience she once had when visiting Charleston, South Carolina.

She had greatly enjoyed visiting the lovely old Southern homes. In one place that was open for inspection she met a Charleston gentlemen, a fine old Southerner.

When he heard her name was **Mills** he said "Indeed are you related to the Mills family formerly of Charleston?"

Edna said *she was embarrassed!* She had never heard of them!

The gentleman continued "If you are a Mills you should have stayed at the 'Saint James.' That was originally the Mills home, built before the Revolution by Col. Robert Mills. There is a full length portrait of the Colonel hanging in the old ballroom. A descendant of the Colonel's was Robert Mills who designed the Washington monument in Washington, D.C."

Edna inquired when she reached home concerning the Carolina branch. Uncle Henry knew of the family but could not give the line nor descent.

Nor alas can I!

However, I have turned to the Encyclopedia Brittanica, which has this to say concerning the son of Col. Robert Mills:

"Robert Mills, 1781-1855, built America's first fire-proof building in 1822 in Charleston, to house all the ancient records of the town and county. The structure is Greek-Doric in type, massive yet gracefully proportioned and is a monument to its architect. In 1836, President Jackson made him the official architect of the United States Government. Mr. Mills designed and had charge of the erection of the Washington Monument, the Treasury Building, the General Post Office, and the Patent Office Building."

* * *
* * *

The Ruggles Line

My grandmother, **Harriet Ruggles Mills**, 1799-1844, daughter of Mary Peck Ruggles, in point of time might seem more like a great-grandmother to me. She died many years before I was born. But my father, Azor Ruggles Mills, spoke of her often, in terms that made her very real to me. She was an exceptionally talented, beautiful woman.

The Ruggles line in England dates back to the time of William the Conqueror, and are recorded in the Doomsday Book. (See Ruggles Chapter)

Numbered among these remote forebears were Knights, Crusaders and in 1298 A.D. one of these received an enconium from King Edward I for performing faithful service to him during battle. Later generations were members of Parliament; and a Sir George Ruggles, a famous

author and scholar, was a member of the London Company that founded Colony of Virginia in 1606. The family is mentioned in Antiquities of Staffordshire in A.D. 1220, when their residence for several generations was Hawksbeard Hall. An old steel engraving of this ancient manor house is shown elsewhere in this book.

Later generations were of Warwickshire where in 1423 their manor was Downton Ruggeley.

In 1547 they were of Suffolk and Essex;

Spains Hall in Essex (see engraving) and of Headwell Hall also in Essex.

The first to come to America was from Essex, in 1630.

A member of the **3rd** generation in America was Benjamin Ruggles, 1676-1708 an eminent divine of such influence that 150 years after his death, during the 200th Anniversary of Suffield, Conn., commemorative services were held at his graveside. It is through this ancestor that we trace to the Dudley line, which follows — (Also see charts.) Rev. Benjamin Ruggles married Mercy Woodbridge grand-daughter of Gov. Dudley.

* * *

The Dudley Line

Governor Thomas Dudley, b. 1576, d. July 31, 1653 came from Yardley, Northhampton, England in 1630, on the "Arabella" with the Winthrop Company. He was a man of such spirit, energy, and force of character that he stands out as one of the most influential of colonial men of distinction.

A tablet in Cambridge, Mass.:

"Thomas Dudley.
Founder of Cambridge
Governor of Massachusetts
Lived here 1630."

* * *

It is said that the state of Massachusetts where he spent many years of his controlling influence, may be called a monument to his knowledge, his judgment and his principles. He was one of the most highly respected men in the colonies.

Back in England the Dudley line is one of the most famous. Sir John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, was the father of Sir Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, well known in history as the "Favorite" of Queen Elizabeth I.

Among the Dudley clan were several befriended by the Queen.

Captain Roger Dudley, (father of Thomas) had flourished in the time of his cousin (the "Favorite" of Queen Elizabeth). Captain Roger Dudley, b. 1544, in Northhampton, appears to have fallen in battle at Ivry under Henry the IV of France, 1586 — "a military man slaine in ye warres." He was in his early 40's at time of his

death, and his son Thomas (the future Governor) was a little boy of 9 or 10. His mother died not long after this, and Thomas was cared for by his mother's sister, Mrs. Anne (Pell) Nichols a woman of wealth known for her piety and works of charity. Her son, Judge Augustine Nichols, later took Thomas into his office where he studied law with his cousin.

In this position Thomas acquired a good knowledge of legal matters which stood him in good stead the rest of his life.

After the death of the husband of Mrs. Anne Nichols, she married again to Richard Purefoy. Young Thomas was placed in school at Wastell's Latin School; also living for several years with his grandfather Sir John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland.

In this home Thomas became well versed in courtly manners — "whatever belonged to civility and good behavior."

When Thomas Dudley was still a youth of 19 or 20, he became well known in Northhampton for his wit and humor, his mettle and spirit, and Queen Elizabeth, who was a great friend of the Dudley family, was so impressed with him, she gave him a Captain's Commission in the Queen's Army, the same she had granted his father.

(Mentioning again her gifts to the Dudley family, in the 5th year of her reign Queen Elizabeth had granted beautiful Kenilworth Castle to Sir Robert Dudley, her favorite. He added several fine additions to the already magnificent structure and on July 17, 1575, Queen Elizabeth with her court of followers paid a visit of 17 days at the Earl's Castle.

The novel "Kenilworth" by Sir Walter Scott contains it is said, nothing like the true story of this historical event.)

(In the Chicago Newberry Library a book (E7-D8626) shows an old steel engraving of the Queen and her entourage, all on horseback, entering the great gateway of Kenilworth.

This same book shows a picture of the ruins of another Dudley castle erected in A.D. 700, the oldest ruins in England. The ancient gateway to the courtyard was a Triple Portcullis — three gateways within another — in the days when a man's castle was his fortress.)

* * *

Going back again to young Thomas Dudley's school days in the Latin School, Wastell, the Master, was a poet, and evidently instilled Thomas with poetic fancies as he himself became a poet of no small ability.

One of his daughters (Anne Dudley named after his aunt, Mrs. Anne - Pell - Nichols - Purefoy), became a celebrated poet, and published in 1650 a volume of her poems, the first book of poetry printed in America. This Anne married Gov. Bradstreet, and among her descendants are Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Richard Dana.)

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

At one time Thomas entered the employ of Theophilus, Earl of Lincoln, whose estates had become heavily involved in debt. For 10 years Thomas expended his energetic activity, his prudence, and good judgment in clearing the states of over £20,000.

Thomas retained always the highest esteem of the Earl and his family; was later recalled a second time; and later still was made executor of the will of the Earl's son-in-law.

Thomas Dudley did not come to the new world until after he had been married, and raised a family of five children all of whom came to America with him. Thomas was 54 years of age.

His wife was Dorothy Yorke Dudley b. 1582, daughter of Edmund Yorke of Cotton End, Northhampton. She was "a gentle woman whose extraction and establishment were considerable." She died Dec. 27, 1643, aged 61, in Roxbury, Mass. Their children:

1. **Rev. Samuel Dudley,** b. 1606 in England. m. Mary Winthrop.
2. **Anne Dudley,** the poet. m. Gov. Bradstreet.
3. **Patience Dudley,** m. Gov. Dennison.
4. **Mercy Dudley,** from whom we descend. b. Sept. 27, 1621, Northhampton, England. d. July 1, 1691, Newberry, Mass. m. **Rev. John Woodbridge.**
5. **Dorothy Dudley,** m. Major Keane.

* * *

When Thomas Dudley sailed for America on the "Arabella," in 1630, he was a mature man of 54, strong in body as well as mind. His intellect was cultivated, his judgment experienced and practiced. His resources and powers were fully developed; he was a very enterprising man. He had amassed some property, but what was of more moment he had had his character broadened and nerved by his many varied experiences. No one was better fitted to enter upon the duties of the new world than he.

Until his death, in 1653, at age of 77 he was a governing mind, always holding the highest offices in the colonies.

He became one of the largest land holders.

In 1632 he was granted 200 acres on the west side of the Charles River. In 1634, 500 acres above the Falls, where he started mills, and profited by them. In 1636, he was granted 1000 acres. In 1640, when he moved to Roxbury, he was granted 500 acres on the Concord River, (his share of the 4000 acre grant.)

He built his home on the west side of the brook just across the watering place nearly opposite the Rev. John Eliot's. More than 140 years afterwards, during the Revolutionary War, a breastwork was thrown up on the site of this early home. As they excavated the place, the old wine cellar was found in perfect condition!

It is said Dudley was a very thrifty, money getting man, and from records of securities he required there may be some truth in the charge that he was prone to usury!

Tradition says an ancient epitaph by Gov. Belcher said:

"Here lies Thomas Dudley, a lusty old stud,
A bargain's a bargain, and must be made good."

However he was a man of unbounded hospitality, and gave liberally to good causes. If he drove a good bargain, he was a man of exact justice. All who speak of him, praise his ability, his integrity and his love of justice.

— Old records contain a delicious bit concerning Dudley's high temper! It is worth copying! —

"One day in April, 1632, Dudley left court before it was over, and sent in his resignation. This Gov. Winthrop refused to accept.

"Shortly after, in May, the Governor called a meeting at his house to consider the matter.

"Dudley told them he resigned to keep peace, as he felt bound in conscience to speak his mind freely; moreover he had the right to do so when he pleased, and apparently this gave offense.

"The Governor then took him to do for some bargains Dudley had made which he claimed were oppressive usury.

"Dudley held it was lawful, and he and Winthrop had high words. Finally he told the Governor plainly that if he had known he had sent for him to come to his house to give him such usage he would not have come there. And he never knew any man of understanding to be of any other opinion — and if he thought otherwise of it, it was his weakness.

"The governor then charged him with extravagance in wainscotting and adorning his house, and his example was bad. Dudley replied that he only put on clapboards in form of wainscot for warmth, etc.

"They finally held Dudley could not resign, and he continued in office.

"But in August complaint was again made against Dudley for removing his home from Watertown. Dudley showed his character, he began by asking what authority the governor had, save to call meetings, and affirmed that he had none.

"The Governor replied that he had, and used words that wounded Dudley. Dudley told him if he was so round he would be round too.

"The governor bade him be round if he wonld.

"They sprang up in great rage and fury . . . but were pacified by interference of mediators."

* * *

In 1634 Dudley was chosen Governor. Again in 1640 and 1645. In 1644 he was chosen Major General, the highest military office in the colonies.

* * *

These are but a few of the honors bestowed upon him.

* * *

He died in July, 1653, at age of 77. Not long before his death he penned the following lines:

"Dimme eyes, deafe eares,
Cold stomach shew
My dissolution is in view.
Eleven times seven years lived have I.
And now God calls, I willing dye.
My shuttles shut, my race is run,
My sun is set, my deed is done,
My span is measured, my tale is told,
My flow'rs. faded and grown old.
My life is vanished, shadow's fled,
My soul's with God, my body dead."

* * *

Governor Dudley's tomb stands on the highest ground, the first tomb as one enters the old Roxbury cemetery. The grave is covered with a large oval slab of white marble bearing the name Dudley. Formerly his grave bore a leaden plate, which during the Revolution was run up into bullets.

* * *

The following lines were written by Gov. Dudley's daughter, Anne Dudley Bradstreet.

* * *

"Within this tomb a patriot lies
That was both pious, just and wise,
To truth a shield, to right a wall
To sectaries a whip and maul.
A magazine of history
A prizer of good company.
In manners pleasant and severe
The good him loved, the bad did fear.
And when his time with years was spent
If some rejoiced, more did lament."

* * *

The Woodbridge Line

When **Mercy Dudley**, daughter of Gov. Thomas Dudley, married Rev. John Woodbridge, she married into a family more devoted to the ministry than any known in the colonies. Tradition says that nine generations of Rev. John Woodbridges' date back to 1492 in England; and in the early days of the colonies there were at least ten ministers by the name of Woodbridge.

The Geneological Dictionary of New England states that back in 1492, Rev. John Woodbridge was a follower of Wickliffe.

Successive generations, Rev. John II; Rev. John III; Rev. John IV; and Rev. John V, braved the dangers in England, of the same profession.

Rev. John Woodbridge V, became the much esteemed pastor of the Puritan church in Stanton, near Highworth, Wiltshire, England.

Cotton Mather in his Magnalia speaks of him as "a minister so able and faithful as to obtain high esteem among those who knew the invaluable worth of such a minister."

Rev. John V married **Sara Parker,** the daughter of Rev. Robert Parker, a learned English Divine, and Mather says, also in Magnalia, "Sara Parker Woodbridge who did so virtuously that her own personal character would make her highly esteemed even if the relation to such a father had not added unto the lustre."

To these illustrious parents were born two sons:

1. **Rev. John Woodbridge VI,** b. 1610.
2. **Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge.** He was the first graduate of Harvard College. He later returned to England where he died.

Rev. John Woodbridge VI, b. 1610, (son of Rev. John and Sara Parker Woodbridge) m. Mercy Dudley, b. Sept. 17, 1621, in Northhampton, England; daughter of Gov. Thomas Dudley. They had come to the new world in 1630. Mercy died July 1, 1691 in Newbury, Mass. Rev. John the VI was educated in Oxford, England.

He was ordained over the Andover Church Oct. 24, 1645. He and his wife returned to England in 1647, as minister at Haunts. Bedfordshire, but at the Restoration he was ejected. In 1662 he was driven from Newbury, England by the Bartholomew Act. In 1663 they returned to New England. Was minister in Newberry, Mass. until his death, Mar. 18, 1694, at age of 84. Rev. John VI and Mercy Dudley Woodbridge had five sons, most of them ministers:

1. **Rev. John Woodbridge VII,** settled at Killingworth, Conn.

* * *

2. **Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge,** settled at Amity. In 1739. Amity was a parish 6 miles from New Haven. In 1784. Amity was formed into a town by New Haven and Millford. The place was named Woodbridge after Rev. Benjamin, the first clergyman ordained in 1742. His home is still standing. His wife was the first person to introduce the use of tea.

* * *

3. **Capt. Thomas Woodbridge,** named after his grandfather Thomas Dudley. He m. the daughter of Hon. Sam'l. Willys in England. Their daughter m. Gov. Pitkin.

* * *

4. **Rev. Timothy Woodbridge,** m. Dorothy Lamb of Roxbury. He d. 1732. He was ordained in Hartford Church in 1685. Was member of Convention in 1708 which formed the noted Saybrook Platform.

   His son **Rev. Timothy II,** settled at Simsbury in 1712 during the bitter church fight as to where the new church should be located. Another son, **Rev. Ashbel,** was of Glastonbury in 1728. He d. 1758.

* * *

5. **Rev. Joseph Woodbridge.**

* * *

Rev. John Woodbridge VII (son of Rev. John VI and Mercy Dudley Woodbridge).

Was b. 1644, d. Nov. 13, 1691. Graduate of Harvard 1664. m. Oct. 25, 1671, Abigail Leete, daughter of **Gov. Wm. Leete.**

Rev. John VII preached at Killingsworth, Conn. in 1664; was ordained Apr. 7, 1669; and installed at Wethersfield until his death, 1691. His 4 children:

1. **Rev. John Woodbridge VIII.**
2. **Rev. Dudley Woodbridge,** settled in Simsbury. d. 1710.
3. **Rev. Ephraim Woodbridge,** 1st church Groton 1704. d. 1724. None of these ever dismissed from the pastorates.
4. **Mercy Leete Woodbridge,** named after her grandmother Mercy Dudley; and her mother Abigail Leete; both of whom trace to governors. On Nov. 19, 1696, Mercy m. Rev. Benjamin Ruggles a noted Divine of Suffield, Conn. He d. Sept. 1708. Mercy d. June, 1707. Rev. Benjamin was the great great grandfather of **Harriet Ruggles Mills,** my grandmother.

The Leete Line

Gov. William Leete, b. 1613 - d. 1683, was one of the most honored men in colonial history. Through the years he became most influential in the political development of Connecticut, a statesman elected governor, 1676, holding the office until his death, 1683.

The Guilford History states he was the most trusted lawyer in the colony. He was party to almost every public transaction of note. Before he became governor he was Deputy Governor 1669-1676.

Dr. Turnbull in his History of Connecticut, says Gov. Leete presided at times of greatest difficulty, conducting himself with integrity and wisdom that merited public approbation. He showed the foresight of a true statesman.

Gov. William Leete, 1613-1683, was born in Dodington, Huntingdonshire, England. He came of good family. His mother, **Ann Shute,** was daughter of Robert Shute, Justice of Kings Bench in England.

His father, John Leete, of Dodington, was the son of Thomas Leete of Ockington, Cambridgeshire, England, and his wife Maria Slade, dau. of Edward Slade of Ruston, North Hampton (same country the Dudleys came from.)

Thomas and Maria Slade Leete had 4 children:

1. **John Leete,** father of Gov. William.
2. **Thomas Leete II,** of Islington.
3. **Jane Leete,** m. Richard Dale.
4. **Rebecca Leete,** m. Thomas Fowler.

* * *

The above **John Leete** and **Ann Shute Leete** had 3 children:

1. **Gov. William Leete,** 1613-1683.
2. **John Leete II,** of Medlow Grange, Huntingdonshire.
3. **Ann Leete,** m. Robert Ruly.

Gov. Wm. Leete was m. in England to Anne Payne, daughter of Rev. John Payne, a noted minister of Southoe.

William was bred in the law in England. He was a neighbor of Disbrowes, and his home was but 9 miles from Cromwell's.

In 1639, at age of 26, William came to America. He signed the Plantation Covenant on board ship, June 1. His several children were all born in America.

1. **John Leete**, b. 1640.
2. **Andrew Leete**, 1643-1702, m. Elizabeth Jorden.
3. **Wm. Leete II**, m. Mary Finn.
4. **Abigail Leete**, m. Oct. 26, 1671 to **Rev. John Woodbridge** of Killingworth Ct.
5. **Caleb Leete**, 1651-1673.
6. **Graciana Leete**, 1653, infirm.
7. **Peregrine Leete**, d. young.
8. **Joshua Leete**, 1659 - 1660.
9. **Anne Leete**, 1661 -.
   m. 1. John Trowbridge.
   2. 1696 – Ebenezer Collins.

* * *

Abigaile Leete, m. Oct. 26, 1671, **Rev. John Woodbridge VII** of Killingworth and Wethersfield. Their 4 children:

1. **Rev. John Woodbridge VIII.**
2. **Rev. Dudley Woodbridge**, d. 1710, of Simsbury.
3. **Rev. Ephraim Woodbridge**, d. 1724, of Groton.
4. **Mercy Leete Woodbridge**, d. 1707. m. Nov. 19, 1696, the **Rev. Benjamin Ruggles**, d. Sept. 1708, of Suffield, Conn. He was a lineal grandsire of my grandmother. **Harriet Ruggles Mills.**

The Warren Line

The Warren history is exceeded in antiquity and interest by no other ancient English family.

Of Norman French origin, the ancient baronial seat of the de Warrens stood on the west side of the river Gareene, where some of its ruins are still to be seen, in Normandy.

William de Warrene, Duke of Normandy, came into England, 1066, with William the Conqueror who was related to him by common ancestory, as well as by marriage. The Duke had married Gundred, youngest daughter of the Conqueror.

In the Battle of Hastings, William, Duke of Normandy, had played such an important part, that his royal father-in-law requited his services with immense land grants in almost every county in England, comprising in all, according to Hume, 300 Lordships! He is mentioned in the Domesday Book.

His castle in County Surrey, England has its great gates still standing showing its massive construction.

The Warrens were almost like Sovereigns in their vast domains.

Through 18 or 19 generations of earls and dukes in England, we finally come to **John Warren**, b. 1585, who came with his wife and children to the new world, in 1630, on the Arabella with Winthrop,

Sir Richard Saltonstall, and Thomas Dudley, and others. His brother Richard had come 10 years earlier on the Mayflower, the only man on board addressed as Mr. or Sir. Richard was a man of strong character and usefulness. His wife lived to be 93, and left 75 great grandchildren!

John Warren settled in Watertown where he owned good estates in land. His daughter, **Mary Warren**, married on Oct. 30, 1642, **John Bigelow**, the first marriage in Watertown.

James Bigelow, son of John and Mary, m. **Patience Brown**. Their daughter **Patience Bigelow** m. **Samuel Lawrence**. Their daughter **Mercy Lawrence** married **Capt. Michael Mills**.

* * *

The Peck Line

(Mary Peck, wife of Azor Ruggles)

A family of great antiquity.

In very ancient times their family seat was in Belton, Yorkshire, where John Peck was living.

21 generations later, in 1590's and early 1600's, **Robert Peck**, a descendent of John, was living in Beccles, Suffolk, England.

Two of Robert's sons, born in Beccles, Suffolk, were **Rev. Thomas Peck**, b. 1580, and **Joseph Peck**, bapt. Apr. 30, 1587.

Rev. Thomas was a graduate of Magdalene College, Cambridge — a talented and influential clergyman, but he became a non-conformist disbelieving in the superstitious ceremonies of the church. This was dangerous in those days, and he had to flee from persecutions. He and his brother came to America, 1638, on the "Diligent." They came from Hingham, Norfolk, England, and settled in New Hingham, Mass. Joseph Peck brought his wife and daughter, three sons, two men servants, three maid servants: Rebecca b. 1620, Joseph b. 1623, John b. 1626, Nicholas b. 1630, Samuel b. 1638, in America.

The Connecticut Pecks are descendants of Joseph Peck and his three sons.

In New Haven Conn., we find Deacon William Peck, Henry Peck and Joseph Peck. Deacon William was a merchant of high standing and a deacon in the New Haven church.

About 1649, Joseph Peck left New Haven and settled in Millford, Conn.

In 1712, Ensign Joseph Peck III, b. 1653, was one of a Committee of Five to settle New Millford,

Mary Peck, 1792-1828, of Litchfield Co., Conn. m. Azor Ruggles, 1768-1843, of Millford, Conn. Mary's wedding linens hand woven and embroidered with her initials, and many choice Ruggles heirlooms were in the home of her son, Judge Charles Ruggles in Canfield when we visited his daughter Lucy, in 1907. These now belong to Mary's great great grand daughter Jean Ruggles in Rye, N.Y. She has an ancient chest with the lettering "Polly Peck, 1780." painted on it. Polly was no doubt a sister of Mary Peck, b. 1792.

Hon. A. R. Mills

Eighth Mills Generation

* * *

(Son of **Col. Henry Augustus Mills I,** and **Harriet Ruggles Mills**)

Hon. Azor Ruggles Mills, b. Feb. 11, 1827. Wadsworth, Ohio. d. Mar. 12, 1901, Jefferson, Iowa. Named for his maternal grandfather. m. July 25, 1865 to

Miranda Dyle Anderson Mills, b. Nov. 30, 1844, Mount Vernon, Ohio. d. Oct. 14, 1917, Jefferson, Iowa. (dau. **James Young Anderson III** and wife **Mahala Kane Ford Anderson.**) Children:

* * *

1. **Emma Mills,** 1866-1866. Named for Father's little sister Emma, who died.
2. **Ada Mills,** Sept. 6, 1868, d. Mar. 10, 1953. m. **William Creswell** Dewell. b. Nov. 4, 1869, d. Aug. 3, 1930. Buried, Magnolia, Iowa.
3. **Ella Mills,** Sept., 1869. A precocious child. Died young.
4. **Grace Ruggles Mills,** April 8, 1871; d. Dec. 10, 1952. m. **Draymond Jonathan Haugeberg,** 1865-1958. Buried in San Gabriel, California.
5. **Lilian Bird Mills,** "Pussy." b. Feb. 25, 1873. d. Nov. 21, 1933. m. **Ner Corson Hurst,** 1873-1959. Ashes interred, Berkeley, California.
6. **Flora Mills,** 1875 - d. 1876. A golden haired floweret.
7. **Ethel Ray Mills.** Feb. 20, 1877. d. Jan. 9, 1903. Buried Jefferson, Iowa.
8. **Marcy Octavia Mills.** b. Jan. 15, 1879. m. **Walker Black,** 1869-1933, Des Moines. No children.
9. **Vera Elizabeth Mills,** "Lornie," "Betty," b. Apr. 16, 1884. m. **Edmund Haeger,** b. May 20, 1884. d. Sept. 13, 1954.

Hon. Azor Ruggles Mills, Esq.

1827-1901

* * *

"*And a chapter of remembrance was written.*" *Malachi 3-16.*

* * *

One of the duties which the living owe the dead, is to record their virtues, and in few instances is this duty of love more meritoriusly deserved than in the life of my father, Azor Ruggles Mills.

In the early history of Jefferson and its surrounding counties, no man was more widely known or exerted a more decided influence upon the new settlement. No one had more fully the confidence and esteem of the people.

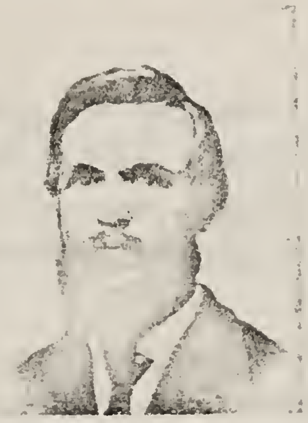
To have seen the beginning of things in the new west — to have been able to say at the end of his long life "*all of which I saw, and a part of which I was*" — tells in a sentence the life of Azor Mills.

A gentleman of classic old-school tradition, of great personal dignity, strong and decisive in character, he was qualified by nature and by education to be a leader.

During his boyhood in Ohio, he had attended Wadsworth Academy, and later Twinsburg Academy, an early Ohio boy's school. There under the tutelage of such men as Head-master John MacGregor of St. Andrew's College, Glasgow, Scotland, and Dr. Emerson E. White, a noted mathematician, Azor Mills, always of a searching mind, became inspired with a desire for knowledge.

First church built in Wadsworth, Ohio, 1820's.
Five Mills generations attended this church.
Great-Grandfather Col. Augustus Mills, a Charter member.

Mrs. M. Dyle Mills
1892.
(Mother.)



Hon. Azor Ruggles Mills.
1860's.
(Father.)

2 months before
her death.
1917.

Azor Ruggles Mills, age 19.
(From old daguerreotype.)
1846.

A.R. Mills.
Jefferson Iowa
Sept 30th 1878

In the 1850's when he reached his early 20's he followed the example of past generations of his forefathers, and turned westward.

His pioneering ventures first took him to Wisconsin where he acquired lands around two thriving new settlements, Portage and Janesville.

He soon heard rumors of a new University to be opened in the frontier town of Madison. With his thirst for learning he enrolled in the first class ever to register in Madison University.

After a few years in Wisconsin, a new territory just across the broad Mississipi beckoned with new opportunities.

In disposing of his land holdings a unique incident discloses father's inbred honesty. Preparatory to leaving, father went to the Portage Bank to settle his financial affairs. After he was back in his room he found the teller had paid him $100.00 too much!

He walked all the way back to the Bank to return it. The banker greeted him and father said "I find a mistake has been made in the amount of cash you gave me."

Very superciliously the banker said *"This Bank does not make mistakes."* Father said, "Well as I figure it you've given me $100.00 too much!"

(— Quite different, indeed!)

* * *

Once more father journeyed westward. In the year 1854-55 at the age of 26 or 27. Azor Ruggles Mills, with youthful vigor and strength came to the threshold of the new west — to Iowa, Beautiful Land!

What was happening in his generation was largely a repetition of what had taken place through the centuries, from the time his first ancestor in America, Simon Mills I, eight generations earlier, in 1630, had sailed from England across the vast unknown waters, to the time when later generations had pushed the frontier ever a little farther westward, until now, he, Azor Mills was helping to found a new commonwealth in a new west — Iowa — turning the rich virgin soil that had never before been turned in all the ages.

What a feeling of veneration we have for those early settlers whose foresight, and self reliance, and power to endure hardships helped to found our great America.

* * *

Father's mathematical knowledge enabled him to do his own surveying, and with a natural ability to recognize good land, he acquired some of the most valuable acreages in Greene County — which of course means in the State! These included several tracts for which he paid a few dollars an acre to the government! (No capital-gains taxes in his day!)

Besides his large home-plot in Jefferson, there were (later) business blocks and residence areas.

Near the village were his farms; and along old 'Coon River were his timber lands — beautiful places, all gentle-groves and rich meadows encircled in the embrace of an ancient past that had never yet known human cultivation.

One of these farms, a half-square mile in size watered by crystal clear Hardin Creek teeming and winding across its fertile acres, lay a mile north of town. More than a half century later he sold his farm and newspapers all over the state carried items of its unusual deed of transfer which recorded but the **one** sale. from the **government** to **Azor R. Mills!**

* * *

Back in 1856-57, a number of families organized a "subscription school," the first school ever taught in Greene County. Azor Mills, still in his 20's was asked to be the teacher. Thirty-two men were enrolled, some as old or older than the teacher.

An old letter penned by Mr. Gilham Tolliver, a prominent attorney, who had been one of the early students in this school, tells, among other things:.

"Your father organized a debating society which met at night once a week. I have always felt this to have been a great help to me as I was just becoming interested in public speaking at that time. Your father was a good orator, able reasoner, and his sentences delivered with rhetorical precision. His keen intelligence and quick wit were a stimulation on those occasions which drew the settlers from near and far. There was nothing superficial about his knowledge — either in historical events or in the diplomatic maneuvers of that day. Also with his mathematical mind no problem was too abstruse for him to solve.

"I cannot speak too highly of him for in mental energy as well as the upright integrity of his character, his leadership was a wonderful example and influence to us as young men.

"When war threatened, he organized the entire school of 32 scholars — drilled us as a military company, and all **32 of these pupils — 33** with the teacher — enlisted and went to the War of the Great Rebellion — a record **I have never known to be duplicated.**"

* * *

Throughout the war this loyal band served heroically, Company E, 39th Iowa.

These Iowa boys helped "hold the line" in the bloody battle of Allatoona Pass, near Rome, Ga., when out of 1900 soldiers, **700** young martyrs fought their last battle.

There, with four bullet-holes in his coat, hand to hand, steel to steel, Azor Mills laid an arm on his country's altar.

There during the thick of the battle, one of the enemy climbed up over the parapet and took aim at Father's heart.

At that instant Father was drawing the ram-rod from his gun; he lifted his arm, and this alone saved his life; the bullet missed his heart, passing through the bone of his left arm.

The same bullet lodged in the arm of James Smith directly back of Father. Neither of these men ever again had the full use of their left arms. They were life-time citizens of Old Jefferson, living out their days in veneration and respect.

Such ordeals do not make heroes — or cowards, they simply unveil them.

The personal heroism shown by the brave men who risked their lives that day at Allatoona, helped save our idea of freedom and all that it means.

— Today that old Georgian battlefield lies in quiet peace; mocking birds sing in its peach orchards.

But may we never forget the courage shown by those brave men. Let us stand by their graves with heads bowed and gratitude in our hearts. Theirs was the strength that built America.

* * *

Only when freedom rang from shore to shore, did Capt. Mills turn homeward. Twice wounded, hospital days in the past, honorable citations received, he had that broad patriotism which learned to forgive the foe, and had faith to believe in a future when the great red stain — spilled because Right must go to battle against Wrong — would be all washed away, leaving a united North and South.

He believed that when he had given his vigorous youth for his country that the chivalric fires of the battle-field had, for him, welded the bonds of the greatest fraternity that ever existed, the Grand Army of the Republic — now become the Grand Army of the Redeemed.

* * *

Once again Father was home; back to take up life where he had left off; life that could never be quite the same again.

His army wound, which had not been too well cared for in the poorly equipped war hospital, was of such nature that Father was compelled to give up the active pursuits of life which his sturdy constitution had fitted him for, and he turned by natural taste and an exploring mind to the realm of intellectual things.

A great reader, he became an independent scholar and thinker; a writer and speaker upon subjects of widely differing natures.

The many offices of trust bestowed upon him bore testimony to the high regard in which he was held.

Before going into Legislative work he held the office of County Superintendent developing high standards of efficiency in early Greene County schools.

For many years he served as a member of the State Legislature. In that day the legislative district was comprised of Greene, Carroll, Audubon and Calhoun Counties.

As a speaker of calm, grave, dignified demeanor, he reflected honor upon the state.

During one legislative session he voted on an appropriation of $95,000.00 to build "Main Building" of the new college at Ames. This was a large sum of money in those days and the first appropriation ever granted to the college.

Father always retained an interest in this school and several years later his six daughters graduated from there. Most of them lived in beautiful "Old Main" which was then used as dormitory as well as classrooms.

For a period of several years one or two of his daughters were always in attendance there, and early traditions of the school were closely interwoven with the "Mills girls."

Today this great university has been attended by several of his grandchildren, and at least by one great-grandchild.

Azor Mills had been one of the Charter members in organizing the Jefferson Church. His "History of the Church" reposes in the cornerstone. For a number of years he was the only surviving Charter Member, and for more than 25 years he taught the Adult Class of men.

* * *

When he returned from the Civil War, in 1865, on July 25th, Captain Mills married his pre-war sweetheart, the beautiful Miranda Dyle Anderson (Dyle, as she was called).

Mother had been barely 17 at the outbreak of war when Father, with his patriotic sense of duty, entered service. Their marriage was postponed out of consideration for his beloved young Dyle, feeling that war held hazards too grave to impose marriage before his return.

All through those long years of conflict they waited loyally for cruel war to cease.

A packet of their tender love-letters written while father was in army camp, and army hospital, are in my possession, found stored away in the old desk in the attic when we dismantled our childhood home. Mother's dainty Spencerian penmanship bespeaks a gentleness so calming, so steadfast of heart, it must have given soul-healing comfort to the wounded soldier far from home.

Mother — a bride — how beautiful she was! The glow of rosebuds was in her cheeks, and her lovely rounded throat was like the creamy velvet petals of May-flowers.

Her fair hair held satiny overtones of gold that shone through the net-snood holding braided coils low on her neck, ringlets escaping in spite of comb and ribbon.

Her deep blue eyes held a lustre like the "sea where summer lies dreaming."

There belonged to her a freshness, an exuberance of spirit that aging years could never change. She was strong as the spring and summer are strong, sweetly persuasive, with her strength clothed in still greater gentleness.

She had a natural amiableness that endeared her to everyone. I have never known a lovelier disposition. I once asked her how she could always control her temper! She laughed and said when she was a little girl, one of the mottoes in her old-fashioned "copy-book" was "No one has so perfect a disposition but that it can be improved." She copied this so many times she said it should have had some effect!

Mother poured out her great resourcefulness and energy into a talent for creating happy home life.

She was an ideal mother to bring up her family of girls. There was no limit to her understanding. She took perfect care of us, watching over our health, our manners, our morals.

She set standards to be met by each of us, not only personally but as a matter of family pride. She instilled ideals that were upright and clean, unselfish and kind. She trained us in religious observance and devout little prayers. She was pious without being sanctimonious.

I have never forgotten a talk Mother had with me a short time before I was to be married. She said our Marriage-Vow that Edmund and I would make to each other was a solemn pledge we were to keep as long as we both should live — a promise to share in cultivating sympathy, and understanding, and unselfishness in all the joys and sorrows of our everyday life together, realizing life is too short to be wasted in fault-finding or intolerances.

She said happiness in marriage does not just *happen* — it is something we must learn to *create*, knowing that in marriage the *little* things are the *big* things, often needing a sense of humor for little everyday incidents! She stressed one of the most important ways of holding each other's affection is to make room in our lives for the *good* and the *beautiful* — things of the Spirit. This she said is a slow process — this culture of nobility of mind and heart — but two people in love with each other will succeed if they *try*.

I knew Mother was speaking from her own experience. She and Father had created a family-circle of love, not expecting perfection, but creating an atmosphere in which each member could grow in kindness and joy.

* * *

The last night of Father's life as he lay on his death-bed with his sorrowful ones gathered about him he spoke in his weakened voice to mother, "Dylie, we have had our family-altar through so many years, let us meet there once more."

Then whispering the well known prayer, for the last time he commended his dear ones to God's loving care.

Before morning his brave spirit, courageously as he had lived, passed into eternity.

* * *

John Gray, father's close friend, penned the following tribute: "We would dwell a moment on the blessed memory of our comrade.

We see in him a man of strong principles and keen intellect; an earnest, honest and capable citizen. He had a rare mixture of aloofness and friendliness, aloofness inherited from eastern origins, friendliness bred in the new west.

"He willingly shared the burdens of humanity even to the risking of his own life. Whether on battefield or in the halls of legislation his strength and voice were ever on the side of right. His politics always squared with his religion.

"With a steady and firm grip on affairs he held to a purpose that resulted in a college bred family which Jefferson proudly claims as her own, the Mills girls. While such cultured women show forth the true American nobility, inherited from a soldier of the Union, so long will the memory of A. R. Mills remain fresh with us, as an inspiration to noble living."

* * *

The present is indebted to the past for much charm that comes to us from former days. Existing homes of olden times are precious heritages. But there is inspiration also in old homes that live only in memory.

Time, and encroaching hazards have taken their toll of some of the loveliest of these.

We stand before the site of such a home, and in our mind's eye envision the scene as it was in other days — the heart and soul of happy family life.

Of such sunny memory is our girl-hood home — the beautiful old Mills homestead in Jefferson where we Mills girls first entered the world scene — the only home we ever knew up to the time of our marriage.

This memorable old house, begabled and vine-clad grown, its hospitable chimneys rearing to lofty heights, was embosomed in towering trees whose massive branches meshed in arches over head.

An aura of romance clothed the place with individuality.

Beneath the maples a long stretch of shaded driveway led to an entrance in a side porch, green-latticed and laced with vines. An old fashioned white picket-fence enclosed the whole yard.

Over the front entrance a classic portico of Georgian design was supported by white columns. The entire original part of the house was built of black-walnut, (painted white) then native to that section. All the gables were built with "return-eaves" and beneath them were narrow panels extending the full two-stories creating an interesting architectural detail.

The spacious rooms reflected Father's breadth of spirit for it was he who planned it back in the early 1860's.

The two front parlors had casement windows that reached to the floor, the lower section of deeply panelled wood.

Later as the family grew, wings extended from each side of the main structure. In the east wing was the hospitable big dining room. Separating it from the kitchen was the "buttery" — quite a room in itself. Two walls were filled with shelves upon which Mother arranged an artistic display of her choice china — delicate Haviland, fragile plates and egg-shell thin cups patterned with dainty wild-roses; compotes of Sandwich glass, and sauce dishes with "frosted lion" covers.

Drawers held Mother's satin damask table linens — one of her hobbies — so daintily hemmed by hand that not a stitch could be seen.

Built into one side of this old buttery were two huge "flour-bins," panelled in wood — Their original use had long since been abandoned, and now empty they furnished a hiding place for me to climb into when a little girl, playing "hide and seek," and elude discovery to the uninitiated. What a lot of laughing went on in that old house!

Upstairs one of the rooms had an open porch, where on soft summer nights we would marvel at the myriads of stars in their velvety deeps.

Over the kitchen was a store-room from which a little stairway led up to the big attic, a place full of the Past! Dying memories breathing out the peculiar aura that time alone can give! Here from boxes stored with quaint out-moded styles — hats with plumage — and gowns with bustles and trailing skirts — drifted the fragrance of lavender, the touch of lace, the elegance of velvet, calling back the forgotten charm of "bonnet" days.

Packets of ancient valentines — love letters — diaries — brought to life old-loves, old-times, old-manners that formed a life-chart of the golden-dreams of our family — memories that ran the gamut of most of the emotions the human heart can know!

* * *

But a more down-to-earth interest attached to the cellars far down below, ranging beneath the entire house.

Long shelves hung from the brown-beamed ceiling, stocked with colorful jellies, apple, currant, grape — summer-in-glass to add a genial warmth to winter feasts.

On a bench beside the stone-wall stood huge crocks of plum-butter, apple-butter, and delicious mince-meat for which I still have Mother's recipe in her adorable hand-writing.

Barrells of rosy Jonathans brought in from the farms foretold delicious pies through long months ahead.

How we loved this old house! We grew up thinking it the most beautiful place in the whole world — a "charm from the skies" indeed hallowed us there.

* * *

Mother's love of loveliness in every form was expressed again in her flower-garden — a fairy fantasy.

Garden-paths led through ranks of blue-iris and pink coral-bells and white-daisies, on to a corner where yellow-lilies reigned in a profusion of breath-taking beauty.

One side of the garden was bordered with pink and white peonies, and purple phlox, with a ground covering of trailing ivy with minute blue flowerets, the roots of which her parents had brought from her old Ohio child-hood home.

Yellow fragrant roses climbed a trellis; and a spreading clump of white-roses furnished bouquets for many a village-bride of those long past Junes.

Next to the street was a long row of Mother's favorite "hundred-leaf" pink roses, their fragrance pouring the scent of June upon the air, charming the senses as well as sight of every passer-by.

On beyond the garden were the tennis-court and croquet-ground, scene of many a heated bout. Nearby a grape-arbor with foliage so dense it was impenetrable to sun or rain, offered a welcome retreat for cold lemonade.

* * *

Throughout our lives, sheltering our Mills domicile like a sentinel standing guard, stood our Great-Tree — most gigantic of all the giant trees about our yard.

This was the Patriarch, a land-mark known far and wide as the "Mills Maple." Its mighty arms of protection were massive boughs each as large as a good-sized tree.

Each spring a pale-green haze of tender leaflets enfolded the tree in emerald loveliness.

Summer spread its limbs, tier on tier, branch on branch, with airy dancing leaves.

But when the red flames of autumn painted these leaves with fairy-magic, then our Great-Tree attained its most resplendent majesty — regally clothed — in crimson habiliments — the setting-sun striking aslant its boughs — sifting through its leaves, gave the tree ineffable glory!

* * *

To the Mills girls who from earliest childhood had loved this tree, it possessed personality; it was one of us!

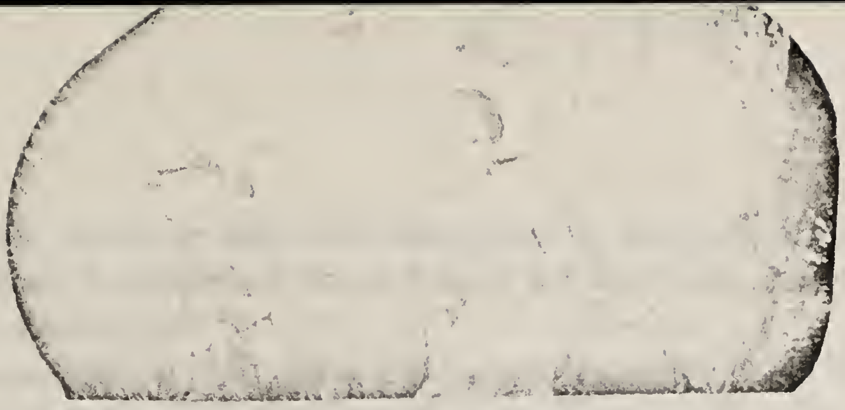
It would be useless to tell us this was mere sentiment!

It was the Symbol of our Childhood.

As we grew old — and older — its shadows cast across the years were an intangible link with our past.

Our "Mills Girls' Circle Letter" bore the name always:

"The Maple Tree."



(From one of Ada's Old Letters.)

* * *

I wonder if our Maple Tree's in leaf!
These trees about me here — just common trees
Are flaunting new spring veils out to the breeze
And lacy cloaks that flutter round their knees
and so
I wonder if our Maple Tree's in leaf!

* * *

I hope its old brown trunk is sturdy yet
And its bare arms protected by a screen
Of tender foliage; and in between
Its winged samaras in their dainty green
Still grow.
I hope its old brown trunk is sturdy yet.

* * *

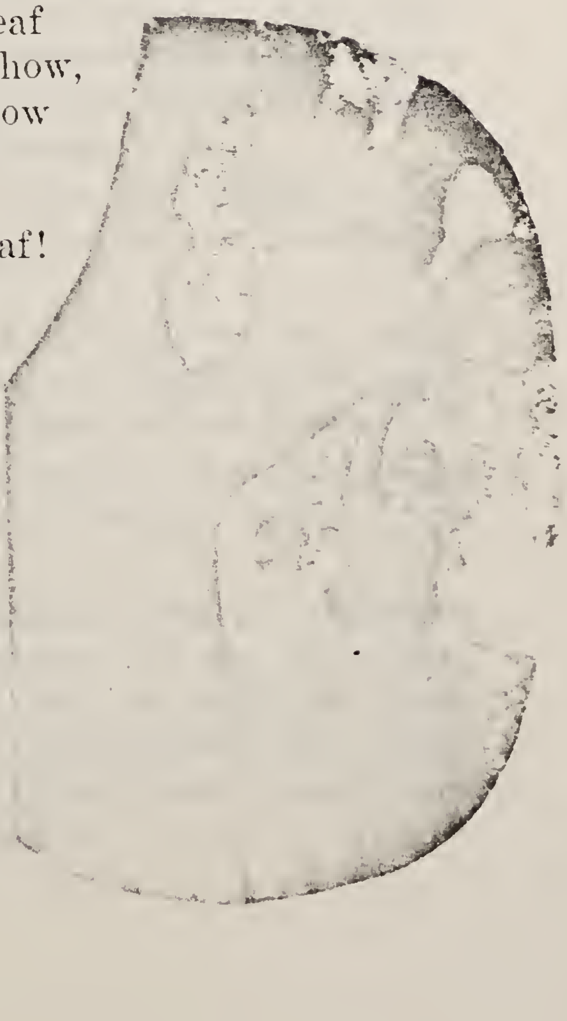
Sometimes I think it misses you and me,
Does it a long and lonely vigil keep
For our returning home, and does it weep
For us, when waking from its winter's sleep?
You know
Sometimes I think it misses you and me.

* * *

I'm certain that our Maple Tree's in leaf
And preens itself again for gorgeous show,
And this new May with emerald over glow
Restores the beauty of its long ago.
I know!
I'm certain that our Maple Tree's in leaf!

* * *

A. H. D.



There came a day — at long last — when Mother was no longer at the door to greet us as she had always been as long as any of us could remember.

Among the friends of a lifetime who came to be with us, I remember still the beautiful voice of Mrs. Eva Childs Head, saying "You girls have given your loveliest flowers to your Mother while she was living."

* * *

* * *

After we had all returned to our homes, this is one of Ada's letters: — "but perhaps our haste that last morning was for the best, and in our hurry it was not quite so noticeable that we were leaving home for the last time — that Mother was not at the door to wave goodbye as she had always done.

I was glad cousin Edith was there.

Somehow I felt another Presence too. I looked at each of your faces to see if you felt it too. But as we left the old home I knew it was in all our minds.

Now the final parting has come in all its forceful sad meaning.

No one is left in the old home.

Lights are out forever in the dear old rooms.

But as long as the old Maple stands there will be one living hometie — long may its green branches wave above the Last Mills Girl, should she return to commune with the past when she is a gray and bowed old woman."

* * *

A year later this is a letter I sent in our "Maple-Tree Circle:"

— "And how must it seem neath the old Maple with nothing left but the *empty* house — empty but so full of memories. I have tried to imagine it — but simply cannot; the old rooms always come before me just as we knew them. The Mother-love that made it a Home is there as long as there is one of us to remember.

"And not only *there*, but I have felt so often that Mother's love for 'her girls' follows each of us into our own homes — a benediction always to be with us.

"Last week I had a unique experience. As you know I had asked that when the old home was dismantled the old desk in the attic might be shipped to me with all its papers intact, just as it was left.

"Last week it arrived — and I just took a day off. I went through it — every drawer and pigeon-hole. And truly it seemed as tho I had had a *visit home*.

"After I had steeped myself in its contents for *hours* — oblivious to my surroundings — breathing the musty-scent of the attic that came with the desk, I could almost imagine I was in reality up there where the Maple-boughs gently brushed the eaves above me — sunshine falling across the yellowed pages as I read, and I could run downstairs and find Mother someplace around. . . .

"There were old documents and speeches of Father's done up in quaint red-leather folders — How vividly they brought him to mind. The passing of time cannot help but efface many of his individual characteristics that we once knew so well. But this old desk fairly breathes forth his personality with all the force we once knew it. There were his papers written in his well known vigorous hand — poems penned when he was a teen age boy in Twinsburg Academy — diaries of historical interest, kept during Civil War years; his old pension papers concerning the wound of his arm. The little Bible he carried throughout the War, brown-stained, with Time's queer markings; old receipts with curious stamps; a packet of faded letters written during the war before Father and Mother were married, some while he was wounded and in a war hospital in Rome, Georgia; others written when they were first married and father attending legislature — *with all of life before them.* How strange it seemed; that these letters pulsing with life and youthful prime were now but wisps of bygone memories.

Ah this swiftly passing Time that makes yesterdays of our todays before we are scarcely aware."

* * *

The old home stands — in memory — as in the days of yore,
But gone are all the voices, and the welcome at the door.
No footprints mark the paths within its garden desolate
Alone — in memory — I wander slowly through the gate.
'Till in my fancy blooms again the garden — row on row —
The lilies and the daisies white, flowerets of long ago.
Pink roses bloom beside the wall as in forgotten Junes,
— Plum and apple blossoms sweet, distil their soft perfumes.
The while I picture other days, and shadowy forms appear
Dream faces smile mid softened light and voices loved I hear.
The bride upon her wedding day comes slowly down the stair
The look upon her radiant face, is sweet beyond compare.

* * *

I pluck a rose beside the gate in tender revery
Thankful for all the past holds dear, in precious memory.

* * *

(An old time Christmas Greeting from Ada)

* * *

In our old home, itself become a ghost
A sacred atmosphere — a fragrance stays
And like a shadow dim, a welcoming host
Still summons us to our old yesterdays.

* * *

— The wraith of my old self with instinct true
Returns this Day — to find the wraiths of you.

To Mother, Born November 30, 1844. (Ada Mills Dewell.)

* * *

My heart is full as this dear day comes round,
Upon the hill the Sumac's crimson blaze
Has died. With cold wind-drenched clouds of haze
The year rides toward the ending of his days,
Leaving behind the stripped and barren ground.
November with the Autumn's hoard, is crowned.

* * *

My heart is full when those sweet loitering years
Of youth, return in reveries of you.
Your gentle kindly spirit, through and through
Is interwoven with our old and new.
It still prevails, it blesses and endears
Us each to each — whatever else appears.

* * *

My heart is full as your day ends once more.
November's sky is dark, and driving rains
Drench the swept-eaves and ice the window-panes
Until my soul joins in their sad refrains.
Communion with you is forever o'er.
Your light's turned low, and you have closed the door.

* * *

Mother's Obituary, October 14, 1917. (By Paul Stillman.)

* * *

Again the Death Angel has visited a Jefferson home, and touched the brow of one of our pioneer mothers, a woman whose life and ministrations have been a benediction to this community for more than sixty years.

The spark of life was very dim all last Saturday, and just before dawn on Sunday morning she fell asleep to waken no more. The fond arms of her daughters at her bedside were stretched out to stay her, and loving voices whispered to her, but the tender music of eternity was in her ears, and very gently the spirit spread its wings and went to join the dear ones who had gone before.

Yesterday a great company of friends gathered to do last honor to her memory and to express their longing 'For the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.'

For more than fifty years she has lived in the home where her husband, the late Hon. A. R. Mills, brought her after their marriage on July 25, 1865. Here the daughters were born, reared, married, and from this spot loved ones were taken to the Better Land. Such memories made the old home immeasurably dear to this woman whose strongest characteristic was her devotion to the family circle.

In every relation of life Mrs. Mills evidenced a great refinement and purity of character, her rich faith making her a dependable friend among friends, and an ideal mother for the splendid group of daughters who went out from this home.

Few have lived more beloved lives — few have died more lamented.

Mother's Day — 1927.

— To place flowers of remembrance on Mother's grave, today I went back to the old home-town where the happy years of my girlhood were spent.

The old cemetery — its gate muted in silence that only such a place can know, now holds the only mortal part of those dear dead days.

Shafts of pale sunlight cast long shadows through the pines as I gently traced my steps to the hallowed mound where Mother sleeps.

Infinite peace reigned through the evenglow of twilight.

Standing there, emotions stirred my heart; memories of her love so rich and undying it spreads eternal blessings upon my soul.

There, I knew that Mother, dying, yet lives; her immortal love lives on in tender hearts, while she rests beneath the green.

* * *

* * *

* * *

[The following notes concerning Mother's family were collected by her brother Sylvester (Uncle Vet) while visiting the early homesites in Pennsylvania and Ohio, in 1897.]

* * *

Mother's family was of Scotch extraction, her great-grandfather James Anderson I, having come from Scotland to Virginia soon after the close of the Revolutionary War.

Later he settled near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and there married. His son, James II, born 1785, was mother's grandfather.

In 1807, James II married Martha Young, born near Youngstown, Ohio and said to have been related to the Young for whom Youngstown was named. Martha Young, a beautiful girl, was also the first to introduce red hair into the family!

James II and Martha Young Anderson had a son James Young Anderson III, born in 1810, near Harrisburg. He was Mother's father.

In 1835, James III married Mahala Kane Ford, 1806-1884, of Somerset, Ohio —mother's parents.

James Young Anderson was a fine looking man of wonderful physique and robust health, known for his dignity and military bearing. This was inherited by mother who never lost her beautiful carriage.

Mahala was the daughter of Peter Kane, a Catholic, who came from England(?), more probably Ireland, in the late 1700's, and married Polly Smith, daughter of John Smith from England.

My grandmother, Mahala, died before I was born, but my oldest sister Ada, (who was born Sept. 6, 1868, on Mahala's 64 birthday!) remembered her vividly, and loved her dearly.

Grandmother Mahala.
(Mother's Mother.)

Mahala had been brought up in a Catholic girls' school, near Somerset, Ohio. Here she received a somewhat superficial education learning besides the rudiments, to sing beautifully, to dance, to sew, and to arrange her beautiful curls becomingly! She was known for her great beauty, even in old age. Her dancing, so filled with grace and lightness, was often described "she could dance on a mirror without breaking it!"

In spite of her education Mahala proved a sturdy pioneer. She and her husband, James III, being representatives of the early pioneers who gave a high character to early Ohio and Iowa.

Many memories are related of the gifted Mahala. Besides her beauty and her dulcet singing, she was known for her vivacious personality and her caprice of sparkling wit.

Mahala had a romantic life. When quite young she had married John Ford, a fine young man. Their marriage was a happy one, and they were blessed with two baby boys. One summer day they were cruising on Lake Erie in a sailboat. A sudden violent windstorm swept across the lake, capsizing the boat. In the storm-whipped waves Mahala's husband John, and the two infant sons were drowned. Mahala herself, a fine swimmer, had done all in her power to save them, but she was almost unconscious when rescued.

As an old lady, full of honors and esteemed by everyone, she still glowed with beauty and animation. She wore little black lace caps embroidered in purple and trimmed with lavender bows, set attractively upon her wavy white hair. She had a fund of stories of the folklore type, and entertained her grandchildren, often rocking them to sleep singing the Te Deum Laudamus in Latin!

James Young Anderson, husband of Mahala, died Aug. 25, 1866, at the age of 56, a victim of early day doctors who used bleeding.

Children of **James Young Anderson**, b. April 20, 1810; d. Aug. 25, 1866; and **Mahala Kane Ford Anderson**, b. Sept. 6, 1806, d. Nov. 13, 1884. Both buried in Jefferson Cemetery.

1. **Joseph**, b. Jan. 22, 1836, Mount Vernon, Ohio. d. July 21, 1895, Jefferson. m. Florence Reed. Had a daughter Florence, known for her beautiful equestrienneship.
2. **Alfred**, b. Jan. 29, 1837, Mount Vernon, Ohio. d. Jan. 18, 1868. m. 1859, **Samantha Williams**. Lived near Scranton, Ia. No better cook, nor more generous woman ever lived than Aunt Samantha!
    1. **Miranda**, b. 1862. m. John Dillavon. Had daughter Bethel.
    2. **Olive**, b. 1866. m. Milo Hockett, banker in Scranton. No children.
3. **David**, b. Feb. 24, 1839, Mount Vernon, Ohio. d. April 19, 1921, Scranton, Ia. m. 1860, **Anna Nesbit.**

    Uncle Dave was an early doctor and typical of his kind generosity he did an unusual amount of practising, gratis. Memories of him are inextricably interwoven with his tales of early day trapping, hunting and fishing which could have filled a book.

    One story I recall told of a winter day when he was crossing the river with a load of furs he had collected. In the middle of the stream the ice broke through and he went to the bottom.

    Under ice everything was pitch-black. All he could see was a tiny pin-hole of light far up above. An excellent swimmer, he soon reached that speck of light, which proved to be the hole he had fallen through. He threw his furs out, and then managed to climb out himself ending his story with a laugh "and I saved my furs."

    He could embellish his stories making them of breathless interest.

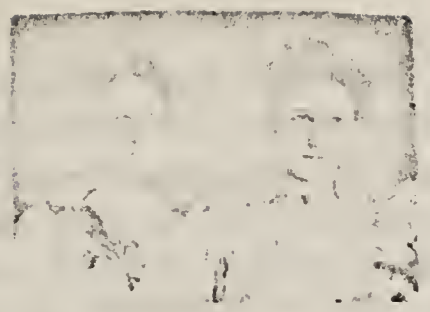
    His children:
    1. **Fred**, b. 1861, d. 1907. An unusually fine man. m. **Luella Diamond.** Children:
        1. **Mable.**
        2. **Bennie**, killed in First World War.
        3. **Birde.**
    2. **Alice**, b. 1865. d. 1921. m. **Riley Jenks**, Scranton. Children:
        1. **Grace**, m. **Dr. James Presnell**, Los Angeles.
        2. **Claude.** d. 1920's.
    3. **Myra**, b. 1867. m. **Duke Manning.**
    4. **Anabel**, b. 1870. m. **Henry Wilson.**
    5. **Marshall**, b. 1872, m. Olive Price.
    6. **Pearl**, b. 1880, m. **James Funk.** She sang beautifully.
    7. **Elizabeth**, b. 1882, m. **Henry Cramer.** Four cousins, her sister Pearl, and cousins Marcy and Lornie Mills, and Edith Stillmen, sang the wedding march as her bridal procession descended the stairs. During the reception someone asked Uncle Dave 'How do you like having your last girl married?' He replied shortly 'Ought to be a law against it.'
4. **Miranda Dyle**, b. Nov. 30, 1844, Mt. Vernon. d. Oct. 14, 1917, Jefferson. My Mother. m. July 25, 1865, **Hon. Azor Ruggles Mills**, b. Feb. 11, 1827, d. Mar. 12, 1901, Jefferson. She was 9 years old when her family moved from Mount Vernon, Ohio, to Iowa in 1853, in covered wagon. She had many interesting tales concerning the trip.

    [Her family listed under **Mills.**]
5. **Sylvester**, 'Uncle Vet,' b. Feb. 13, 1846, d. Sept. 9, 1916, Jefferson. m. **Cornelia Price**, b. April 15, 1847, d. May, 1936.

    Uncle Vet was like a second father to us. We knew this family best of any cousins. They were the belles of Jefferson: also called "the family of sweet singers." Charming, vivacious, they were leaders in the social life of Jefferson, for many years.
    1. **Winifred**, b. 1869, d. 1950. m. 1892, **Rev. John Randolph Smith** of Binghamton, New York. d. in Los Angeles.
    2. **Edith**, b. 1872, d. 1925, Jefferson. Beautiful contralto voice. m. 1894, **Paul Stillman.**
        1. **Faith**, b. 1905. m. **Larry Van Scoy.**
    3. **Josephine**, b. 1874. d. Dec. 1901. m. 1895, **Dr. Roy Adkinson** (associated with his uncle, Dr. Charles Enfield).

        Josephine, the "red head," was Uncle Vet's favorite. Petite, fiery and charming, she had the voice of a prima donna. She died when only 27, was buried from the same old homestead where she had been born and married.
    4. **Sibyl Lavinia**, b. 1877. d. 1932. Another beautiful singer.
    5. **Blaine**, b. April 9, 1883, d. 1920. m. 1908, **Anne Stillman.**
        1. **Beatrice**, b. 1910.
        2. **Paul Blaine**, b. 1913.

Ada



Grace and Puss

Rary

Marcy

Betty

The Mills Girls

Ada, Grace, Puss, Rary, Marcy, Betty

> *"When I look upon the fading portraits of those beautiful girls, and think that they have long since bloomed, grown old, passed away — with all their graces, their loves, their pleasures, their triumphs — I find a wistful feeling stealing o'er the present gayeties around me."*
> *(Bracebridge Hall.)*

* * *

* * *

Drawing upon the archives of my heart, where lives their shining memory — I now attempt to acquaint those who knew them not, with the lovely sisters I knew so well.

Alas — my pen quails before the impossibility of putting into words what they were like.

— Now they, too, sleep with the ages.

* * *

In the fabric of my memory I hold them.

* * *

* * *

To write of beauty is to be in peril of writing extravagantly.

But beauty is said to be justified in the joy it imparts, and joy is always justified by the elation it gives the heart.

Hence the remembrance of beauty — beauty of loved ones — of dear old homes — of fond memories — is enriching to the heart of old age.

For we live by our hearts, and having reached the mellow years of the late 70's, I find it pleasant to find my lengthened chain of memories holding these links of beauty.

It is true everything looks more pleasant when seen through the softening haze of time. We see the bright things when we look back, not the dark. No doubt there were the usual disturbing incidents, but from this far distance life flowed a benign course.

We Mills girls grew up, thinking our old time village with its sweetly solemn air — its hush so deep you could hear it — was the finest place on earth, and its people unequalled anywhere.

Looking back the spell still holds, for that old home-town was a combination of simple artlessness and erudite culture.

Those friends of the past have long since been replaced. But persons such as the Stillmans, the Grays, Carters, Remicks, LeGores, Eldens, Enfields, Russells, Heads, Childs — to name but a few — are not often surpassed in true gentility and scholarly attainments.

I may be quite Victorian for dwelling upon the beautiful and good; I am fully aware that writing of the pleasant aspects of life lacks reality today to certain modern readers.

But I cannot sanction those writers to whom Life must always have a different hidden meaning — preferably something unpleasant and distasteful with sadistic ideas of sex, until one doubts their intelligence, they so woefully lack any glow of inner decency.

In this intimate little family-album written for my grandchildren I should like to mention a verse my mother used to repeat [I believe it is from one of Paul's letters in the Bible] — "*Approve the things that are excellent.*" She said there is so much excellence in the world — excellent books, music, friends — all of living holds excellence, so why spend time on tawdriness — *cheap tawdriness.*

* * *

Thus, it was by example, our parents disciplined us in kindness and understanding, preparing us to face the world by cultivating strength and stability.

We were nurtured by a deep wholesome family devotion. This does not mean we were cossetted or spoiled — we always knew their words were never to be taken lightly, although only occasionally they were done with severity.

Mother was always lovingly demonstrative — her kindness was the very pulse-beat of love in our old home. And Father, altho of strict old school dignity, was also an individual of warmth and love and could be kindly indulgent with his daughters.

I remember some of the funny nicknames he gave us. Lilian was his dearest little Pussycat; Grace was Princess Graciana; I was little Gypsy, and so on.

Characteristic family traits disclosed a heritage from past generations — a clannish family loyalty; a reserve that sometimes gave the impression of aloofness; a forthrightness in undertakings; considerable talent in music and art; executive ability; and through the years were several belles.

* * *

On now may I present them — one by one:

Ada Mills, Junior in College, 1889.

Singularly attractive was Ada's countenance, of Patrician classic beauty, forehead high and intellectual; soft brown hair and eyes; beautiful artistic hands —

She had been the "belle" of Jefferson from the time she was voted, age 16, "the most beautiful girl in High School!"

Her charm, her warm personality held an inimical streak of individuality. With a talent for leadership she seemed able to achieve anything she attempted. No one possessed more diversified talents.

Listing her natural gifts, her accomplishments can scarcely be over-rated. She was artistic, literary, poetic, musical, dramatic, as well as being domestic, and an ideal mother.

With it all she was a delightful person to be with — witty, clever and brilliant. With her strength of character, she symbolized superior womanhood.

Her fluency in writing was expressed in her numerous poems, speeches, letters, diaries — all seasoned with imagination.

I remember hearing her once say she was never so happy as when she held a pencil in her hand! And her individualistic spirit colored all her thoughts.

Ada was an inveterate letter writer. It was always a pleasure to find one of her big envelopes in my mailbox, and even today when I sometimes read one of her old letters, I feel as though I had had a visit with her.

As an artist she was a master in any media, oils, water colors, charcoals, pastels, china. A magic seemed to lie in the tip of her paint brush.

Her poems were a sensitive pulse of her feelings; they marked her overflow of inner emotions.

Once at home when Ada was a young girl she found in the attic a big old leather bound ledger of Father's, that he had never used.

She appropriated it as a folio to be stored with her own thoughts, and through the years it held dozens of her poems, polished into sonnets, rondeaux, all types of poetic form of which she made a thorough study. A few of her poems are given in these pages.

One of her earliest is the following little verse, sweet in language and cadence. She may have penned this during college days:

All day I've thought I'd write a rhyme,
I caught a glimpse at rising time
Of what 'twould be.
'Twas mixed of dawn — of gold and grey
Of songbirds glad to greet the day
Of shadows cast by sun's first ray
And blossomed tree.

The Sky, a poem of rose and blue
Rhymed with the Earth, all wet with dew
Flowers decked the clods.
I could not write the thing revealed
The glory of Dawn on Sky and field,
Each morn 'tis writ — a blessing sealed.
— The rhyme is God's.

* * *

Again, in music, Ada's self-expression was phrased in charming little songs for her children, in which she composed both the music and the words.

From her teens her lyrical soprano voice gave pleasure to school and church assemblies; in a cantata when she was but 17 or 18 she sang the star role, and during college days she was the recognized soloist.

After her marriage, one Sunday on the way home from church, where Ada was soloist, her husband remarked to Grace who was visiting them "What a difference in Ada's voice and the others! You don't often hear as beautiful a voice — tones clear as a bell. I would rather listen to her than any grand-opera singer!"

* * *

Years later when her glorious voice was tragically lost, her victorious mastery of this renunciation revealed the greatest strength of character I have ever known. There was no one like Ada.

* * *

Her life with its varied ups and downs reached to peaks of sublimest happiness and to depths of renunciation. Through it all her strength was a sustaining solace that comforted her dear ones, and made their family life one of rarest beauty.

Her children were Ada's greatest joy. As a person of ideals and energy she put a great deal of both into raising her family.

Her methods of child-training were once cited on a Chautauqua program in Jefferson, by a prominent lecturer, a friend of Ada's. This acclaim for a former loved townswoman brought forth a spontaneous burst of applause from the audience, in unanimous agreement with the speaker.

Ada's splendid family has fully deserved this praise unto her second and third generations as will be seen in later sketches.

* * *

Going back to college years both Ada and Grace were given ample opportunity to exercise their dramatic ability.

The first Shakespearean Play ever produced in Ames College was "Merchant of Venice" given in 1889 when Ada was a junior. She was given the star role as Portia. Two other girls were in the play; Grace Mills, a freshman, was Jessica; and Evelyn Starr was a third.

The dramatic talent of both Ada and Grace — their musical voices, their grace, their beauty — could have made these two radiant young belles renowned as stage-stars. But in that far off day the stage was looked upon as an evil place of iniquity for young girls. [Even today that view proves not far from wrong in frequent unhappy instances.]

A far greater recompense for both Ada and Grace, has been the joy they have known in their splendid children and beautiful family life.

Soon after Ada's graduation from college she was married to a classmate, William Creswell Dewell — a superior young man — (a handsome god — no less — in my childhood eyes!)

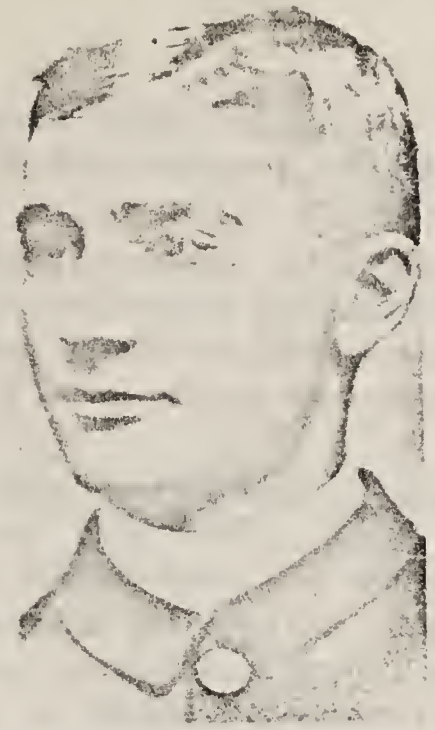
This was the first wedding in our family, the first I ever attended.

It was all so heart stirring it remains a vivid memory to me, after more than 70 years! The crowded church with its heavy fragrance of June roses; the awesome solemnity of the organ's thrilling strains; the angelic vision of Ada moving slowly down the long aisle with father unusually grave; the impressive wedding vows, tears glistening in Mother's eyes; the deep voice of the minister pronouncing them Man and Wife!

— No glimpse of paradise could have been more real to a child big-eyed with wonderment!

Then came the happy aftermath — the drive home and my surprise in beholding our big lawn festooned with innumerable lanterns creating a fairyland unbelieveable in beauty.

I still recall the gaiety of the scene — throngs of guests, old and young, in summery attire; a group of serenading young men strolling about the crowd with guitars; the long, long table in the dining room laden with delicious salads and cakes and sandwiches — and of most importance the huge freezers of ice cream on the back porch visited frequently by the youngest guests with big spoons!



William Cresswell Dewell, when first entering college.

A more adult point of view appeared in the home paper:

"It was a typical June wedding in every respect, a beautiful day followed by a perfect evening. The church decorations were lovely with great clusters of Pink roses and garlands of summer flowers.

"To the strains of the wedding march played by the bride's cousin, Edith Stillman, the bridal party entered the church attended by Revs. Everly and Austin, the four bridesmaids, Grace and Lilian Mills in pale blue silk and lace, and Lily Bridgeford and Harriet Elden, dear friends of the bride in blue silk and white wool, all carrying roses, making a charming quartette. Little Marie Carter and Frankie Bean came next carrying a pillow of white roses upon which rested the wedding ring. Earl Head and Ned Cornell drew the ribbons of white satin ringing the wedding-bell of white roses announcing the bride who appeared next with her father, Hon. A. R. Mills.

"They were met at the altar by the groom, William Creswell Dewell. Beneath the wedding bell and on a rug of white lilies made by the loving hands of friends, the bride and groom stood during the ceremony. The bride was lovely in a gown of ashes of roses silk and lace, with a bridal bouquet of roses.

Rev. Everly in his usual impressive manner performed the ceremony assisted by Rev. Austin.

"After the church service, a reception was held at the Mills' home to which their many friends went to offer sincere best wishes. No more popular young lady ever left Jefferson than Miss Ada Mills as she, by her quiet unostentatious and charming disposition was loved by all. This fact was demonstrated by the beautiful gifts and flowers sent by loving friends, the serenades by a group of young singers, and the serenade by the Jefferson Band before the couple's departure for Chicago on the midnight train to visit the Columbian Exposition.

The groom is a rising young lawyer of Magnolia, and is to be congratulated upon winning so fair a bride."

* * *

One of Ada's rare gifts was her capacity for friendship. She held an enduring affection for her friends, and knew how to make them feel it. A loyalty existed among her associates of college days that spanned five and six decades. Several of these classmates attended their 50th and 55th anniversaries, and a few of them, including Ada, their 60th.

These bonds held until one by one they were foregathered to the shades. Ada felt that college involved so much that had enriched her whole life.

As class secretary, through the years she wrote many hundreds of letters. With her inspiration each member of the "Class of 1890" wrote a biographical sketch of their lives. An affluent member had these bound in book form, giving historical data to permanent college archives.

Mentioned in these biographies, Joseph Chamberlain included his long list of honors in "Who's Who," and "Men of Science." He had received Academic letters from his studies at Oxford, England, at Berlin, and at American Universities. Another class friend. General Edward Krueger was outstanding from a military viewpoint. He had served as Professor of Military Law at West Point for many years; had held important posts all over the world; had high miltary ranking in Washington, D.C.

Judges, College Deans, successful financiers, recounted their notable achievements. Ada's long chain of friendships was welded of strong links.

* * *

Ada's 50th College Reunion

A.M.D.

Within our hearts we hold a magic key
That opens vistas — back for 50 years,
And as we gaze, enchanted, there appears
A picture — peopled with forms shadowy
And dim — yet glowing with the memory
Of vanished days! As in a dream one hears
Loved voices of that long ago, and tears
Fall softly in our lingering reverie.

* * *

Yes, 50 years have gone, and yet we see
Not just the past! A future, yours and mine
Stretches ahead to mark the century.
Faint eerie echoes of it fill my ears!
For then our Astral Selves around this shrine
Will celebrate another fifty years!

* * *

"You" (1950)

60th Anniversary, Class of 1890

(Ada Mills Dewell.)

* * *

You seem to be wearing a foolish disguise
That hides all your graces from view
'Tis pretence to act so important and wise
Do you think I don't know it is *You?*

* * *

I caught a sly twinkle just now in your eyes
That long years ago there I knew.
It sparkled right out — 'twas not a surprise
I knew right away it was *You!*

* * *

Your face was so fair and your hair was so brown
I'd like all your charms to review
For the years have bro't fortune and wordly renown
And yet — you are still the same *You!*

* * *

Yes I know what you're like underneath your disguise
As of old you are artless and true
You're a *youngster at heart* — these trappings are lies
Long years I have known the **real** You!

* * *

So take off that scanty thin wig of grey hair
Those ugly old spectacles too
They change you too greatly — and *yet I declare*
I surely would know it is *You!*

* * *

For I've held up a mirror before my own eyes
And find that I'm wearing one too
And everything in me *resents* and *denies*
For I'm the same *I* — as you're *You!*

* * *

Tis the years — 60 years — that have made our disguise
Looking backward they seem such a few.
How they camouflage us! each year as it flies
Yet — you recognize *me* — and I — *You!*

And now may Ada's own words speak to us, in a few excerpts from letters written long ago.

A letter of Ada's concerning ancestors:

'Dearest Dear: I don't know how I'm going to answer your letter which just came. I want to take up every item at once! I need a pen with several points, attached to a motor and a gallon of ink — that I could start off immediately swiftly expressing the various feelings that came to me as your letter was read — horror and grief, (about the old Maple being gone) — keen interest, corrections, incredulity, thankfulness, explanatory reminiscences, surprise! — So please consider that I'm commenting on all of it at once, saying **'Well I should say so!'** . . . I did get a thrill — (I don't really care too much about some of those old ancestors — peace be to their dust —) but when it comes to having an Archbishop of Canterbury (note: thru Mercy Lawrence Mills who goes back some thousand years to him 916 A.D.) — that means a lot to me! I'd rather have that old Archbishop on my tree than all the Kings of England! I believe I have inherited something from him. Maybe my pious long nose comes down from him — tho possibly there's a phrenological bump somewhere on the back of my head that counteracts all that Laurentius may have bequeathed to me. Maybe he was acquainted with Chaucer and pondered over the manuscript of **Canterbury Tales** — I haven't looked up dates so this is only conjecture!

"I like to think that he was a good man, altho history has a lot to tell us about ecclesiastical abuses of early times, and Chaucer tells about the 'Sumpnours' who went out to gather tithes and kept most of it themselves! There were rogues back in those days too. You never know where you get your blood — a drop here, a drop there, until you're actually built of 'drops' from a thousand sources — One never knows who he is. In fact he never is, who is is! You and I for example may be all we think we are, and yet we are also something more and something different. We have as many sides to our egos and as many phases to our characters as a Kaleidoscopic vision has to the eye, always changing, yet always the same, paradoxical as that may seem. We are capable of an infinite variety of moods, and tempers, until nobody is ever what he may appear to be. How is anybody going to analyze you or me? We never spend two consecutive days with the same routine of thoughts and feelings — It is impossible to follow their intricacies for a single hour; impulse follows upon impulse. You and I are always and forever something more and something different from what we think we are. And no wonder! We inherit everything we are from such a wide range of origins. Besides this Archbishop of Canterbury maybe there is in our geneological line a Tartar who roamed the desert in geneological days, with a dagger in his teeth, killing and leaving the bones of other savages to bleach upon the sands. (Is that what Tartars were supposed to do?) Maybe there were deep thinkers in our lines, and maybe good-for-nothings who also gave us a drop of their blood. Maybe this explains why we can be so good part of the time, and so bad at others — why so intelligent one minute and so dumb the next! But don't take all this too seriously! Next time I write I'll probably try to disprove all this! — However I enjoy this line of thought about heredity. Sometime I'll write you how I feel about our 'Souls' from past to future infinities — something altogether different. Our Souls are not affected by anything physical. I do believe physical defects can affect actions. You've heard of perverts being cured by a single physical operation. I think a faulty shaped skull can crowd a brain, and have effect on actions. But the Soul itself is not so affected.

"Well — so we have an Archbishop to brag about! I care more for him than I do for the May Flower — I don't think it is so terribly hot!" (For shame Ada!)

* * *

Her Ancestors

to **Lornie**, A.M.D.

* * *

Did they look down the centuries
To You?
I think they heard some cryptic echo — faint
Some bars or strains that *you have voiced, drifting*
To them.
Out from their futures — stealing to the past
A strange, vague greeting from an unborn soul
Cloistered, and watching for its day on earth
To dawn.

* *

Ah yes! They knew you'd come, and with bowed head
Would stand beside their sunken mounds and guard
Their pile of dusty bones. Would con their names
And love the long ancestral lines that they
Bequeathed to you; that you would bless their souls
And pray for peace upon them through eternity;
Would reverence that Past, with their dim shadows
Peopled, and with them commune.
For through
Their veins
Once flowed that same red blood
That now runs coursing, full of life
Through yours!

* * *

This is a different line of thought — a New Year greeting from Ada:

"Dearest sisters: At this season I feel an urge to write you a 'combination' letter. This is the time of year when I like to 'go back' to you — all of you. I like to hear from you in Feb. and Mar., April and May — June and July, Aug. and Sept., Oct. and Nov. of course; but when Dec. and Jan. come round, that's the time I think about you hardest and most!

"The last few days I've been thinking mostly of our background. Our lives have been so widely separated for such a long time —, we see each other all too seldom — we have had each of us, such varying experiences; but our background and the fundamentals of our lives can never change. I'm thankful they can't. We have such beautiful memories of the times when we used to be together — sisters in the old home — memories that nothing can change nor take away ever.

"Weren't we just the nicest little girls you ever heard tell of, tho! I remember how Mother used to think 'Gracie' ought always to wear cherry-red ribbons to tie back her curls — Perhaps she didn't analyze the reason then. But now, years after, I know that the ribbons matched the color of her lips — and Grace was so modest and shy as to hide behind the big rocker when company came! She needed the cherry color to emphasize her personality! We didn't know anything about personalities then. Nobody had ever been psychoanalyzed! But now with the added wisdom of the 'times' I can see deep into the why and wherefore of those cherry ribbons that had their influence then.

"From my vantage point of eldest sister, I can remember funny things about every one of you! I remember how Marcy used to stand at the little marble-top commode in the old south room upstairs, and wash the front of her neck! — Held her head up, chin high in the air and scrubbed with all her strength. Marcy always was such a clean, sanitary, conscientious little thing. From the standpoint of the psychological reasons for it, the way I figure it, her clean scrubbed body was just a symbol of her purity of mind and heart. Where could you find a nicer little girl than Marcy was!

"And I remember how 'Gypsy' — the baby — used to look — the expression of her eyes and mouth when she used to tell about some highly important event of childhood, including Dalma Young or Mary French, and how she emphasized her words — in a sort of — I might call it affectation if I hadn't seen it in her from the day she began to walk and talk! It's just natural in her — and she has it yet. When I spent New Years in her home a year ago, I just sat there and inwardly laughed! When she talked — emphasizing and eyes sparkling! — just the way she used to do back in the other days — I just had to laugh — the darling!

"Puss was so subtle — in such an innocent way! I remember a letter she wrote once to one of her numerous beaux — the letter was very important. She worked on it — put in some big words she had to look up in the dictionary. She got it just as perfect as she possibly could — Then! She got out her good stationery, pen and ink, and made an elaborate copy — with a couple of places written wrong with a neat line drawn thru the mistakes! She brought it to me for my final approval. Said I 'Why did you make those mistakes?' — Said she 'I wanted it to look as if it hadn't been copied!' — Well that was too much for me. I was speechless — but I never forgot it, and to be real truthful I tried it once or twice myself after that, when I wanted a particular letter to appear quite casual!

— "Well here I am on a visit in my own Marcy's and Walter's home — the grandmother of the family! — I who used to say 'Money dat me, money dat me' when the collection plate went past in church — and 'Double-me' for the letter W. Baby Walter says 'double-me' too. He inherits it from me! He is the sweetest little fellow with a mop of the curliest hair I ever saw (since his mother's) — We take walks together every day, with baby Walter clinging tight to my finger as we walk along — just exactly as I remember walking with my grandmother when I was his size — We walked up the street past French's and turned east past Beard's — the board sidewalk was new, and I clung tight onto grandmother's finger. Now when I lead little Walter down our street here, I can see myself a tiny child with my grandmother, and I wonder if little Walter will remember these walks of ours for more than fifty years! (Walter is now one of the book editors of Reader's Digest.)

"What is the psychology of that? — Does it mean anything more than just the ever returning cycles of time — of life — that turn so slowly — and yet speed with the swiftness of light —

"And I — only yesterday the baby girl — here today wearing the mask of a grandmother!"

* * *

Ada's poems gave pleasure by their craftsmanship, and sometimes her letters gave a lesson on writing poetry!

"— the sonnet must have just 14 lines; it must have two parts, eight lines in the first, the octette; six lines in the second, the sestette. Every line must be the same length, five feet with two accents in each foot. The first eight lines must state your proposition or describe your motif. The last six lines must prove — or disprove your proposition, or change the idea a little as a surprise, or give a little different twist to the original idea.

"To be artistic you must not have too much sameness of rhyme — there should be no suspicion of a jingle, no emphasis on rhyme unless it has to be that way to bring out the meaning. After being especially careful to make a sonnet exactly right as to meter and rhyme, it should read like prose. Shakespeare and some other minor (!) poets, rhyme some of their sonnets just like 'Mary had a little lamb?' I don't like Shakespeare's sonnets at all — which may shock you.

"A sonnet is like a beautiful bowl or a vase that is carved and symmetrical and artistically curved. The words and ideas poured into it must be suitable, and must fill it exactly to the right fullness. A really fine sonnet ought to have a beautiful idea to fit into such an artistic arrangement of meter and lines. I used to think that the sonnet form was so beautiful that it would be impossible to write anything but beautiful thoughts to fill it; but you can, just as you can pour poison into a gold cup, and I've tried it myself!"

* * *

(From a letter Ada wrote on her 40th Wedding Anniversary)

* * *

"— I've been having a reunion — all by myself — with the ghosts of all those dear friends and that glamorous time. We were living — at least Billie and I were — in the very stratosphere of human happiness — and there never came a flicker of a thought to me, about this time — 40 years ahead when I'd be here alone — to remember it.

* * *

"Forty years is supposed to be a very long time. I can remember when I thought twenty years was an age, and that anyone who could remember back for forty years, had reached the limits of senility. What foolishness. Here am I with forty years behind me since I was a bride, and still feeling not a day over forty years old, and not so very much out of tune with the times! — I remember I went to the World's Fair (in 1893) with huge balloon sleeves, lined and stiffened and inter lined — regardless of thermometers! (There has been some advancement in forty years!)

"If 'forty years' has taken the linings out of women's clothes what new improvement can we expect at the next great Fair forty years in the future! I'd like to know. There are so many things I'd like to know and so many things I'd like to do, that a mere forty years more cannot possibly satisfy me —"

* * *

[I should like to include many more of Ada's letters; They are all so typical of her. Now I enclose a few poems.]

Plates for Two

[To Billie — from Ada.]

* * *

Once more I'm setting out the plates for two
As we began, that long departed June
When all within our happy world was new
And glowing from a mellow honeymoon.

* *

In that young day when plates were set for two
We, from Life's Windows, watched for coming guests
'Till all our forward hopes around them grew
And all our love was held for their bequests.

* *

I set the plates for two; then added four;
And round the lengthened board our circle drew.
— The hour was like a dream — so soon 'twas o'er
— Again the loaf, the cups — the plates for two.

* *

Again Life's Casements open wide I fling
And scan the far horizon, I would fain
See them on the homeward path; I'd bring
Them back to stay. But no! the wish is vain.

* *

Still 'tis my heart's refrain — the same old theme
Of hours that long have gone. I would renew
Those days, and I'd recapture that dear dream!
And yet — I set the plates again, for two.

* * *

Our Sanctuary.

A.M.D.

I marvel at its beauty over head
Its graceful boughs entwined and far outspread
Its leafy traceries against the sky
That seem to give a message from on high,
A diapason of the wind's great lyre
That sends Te Deums from a heavenly choir.
— Our Tree — a gift — to have, to hold,
A Sanctuary, like the groves of old.

The New Moon

[Sept. 4, 1932. To Billie. A.M.D.]

The night is cool. The new moon's in the west
The soft September breezes round me blow
My swaying swing goes gently to and fro
And your big chair stands where you liked it best
At evening, when you sat with me to rest.
Our same old crickets sing their song below
The bridge. There's scarce a change! I scarce would know
You'd gone away. — The new moon's in the west.

* *

My spirit voice, unheard by earthly ear
Calls through the universe to that far place
Where you abide. I long to have you here.
I long to take your hand — to see your face.
My call goes past the stars in anxious quest
I call — and call — the new moon's in the west.

* * *

* * *

[Aug. 28, 1928. To Billie. A.M.D.]

There came a thought quite whimsical to me
But 'twas so strong it seemed it might be true.
'Twas this: that if a few things I would do
To set my stage — just as it used to be —
A sweet hypnotic sense — illusively —
Would quite recapture that dear time, when you
Nearby, would hum in undertone, a few
Old tunes, while I as softly, thrummed the key.

* *

And so I set the music on the rack
I drew your chair beside the candlelight
I closed the blinds, for brilliant sunshine robs
The phantoms from a dream. There seemed no lack
As I began — and then my throat grew tight
— The only sounds — were my own choking sobs.

Children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren of Ada Mills Dewell and William Creswell Dewell.

* * *

1. **Philip Mills Dewell,** May 13, 1895 - June, 1896.
2. **Frances Dewell,** March 20, 1898, Magnolia, Iowa. m. June 18, 1924, **Marion G. Bailey.**
   1. **Barbara Mills Bailey,** Jan. 28, 1928.
   2. **Richard Dewell Bailey,** Feb. 26, 1930, Miami, Florida.
3. **Marcy Ray Dewell,** Feb. 20, 1900, Magnolia, Iowa. m. July 26, 1924, **Walter Jason Hunt.** Residence, St. Paul, Minn.
   1. **Walter Jason Hunt II,** Aug. 27, 1929. Mount Kisco, New York. m. **Cathryn Turnbull.**
      1. **Elizabeth Young Hunt,** 1957.
      2. **Cathryn Mills Hunt,** 1958.
      3. **Andrew McClung Hunt,** 1962, Mt. Kisco, New York.
   2. **Charles Hunt,** March 3, 1933. d. 1940.
4. **Barbara Dyle Dewell,** Feb. 2, 1905, Magnolia. m. Sept. 23, 1929, **Ashford Miller Wood,** Nov. 7, 1903.
   1. **Ashford Dewell Wood,** Dec. 17, 1933.
   2. **Phelps Mills Wood,** Mar. 21, 1936. Residence, Arcadia, Cal.
5. **Azor Mills Dewell,** May 9, 1907, Magnolia. m. Mar. 12, 1937, **Elizabeth Hawk,** May 14, 1910. Hayward, Cal. Children:
   1. **Jacqueline Mills Dewell,** May 2, 1939. m. April 1961, **Dr. Walter Gieré.** Children:
      1. **André Gieré,** Feb. 24, 1962.
      2. **Caritas Jacqueline Gieré,** b. Apr. 12, 1963. Frieburg, Germany.
   2. **Thomas William Dewell,** Feb. 5, 1947.

In the peaceful old cemetery in Magnolia, beneath aged cedars sheltering the graves of her beloved husband and infant son, Philip Mills Dewell, Ada sleeps her last long rest.

* * *

* * *

Ninth Generation Cont.

* * *

Grace Ruggles Mills. b. April 8, 1871. d. Dec. 10, 1952, Los Angeles. m. in Jefferson.

Draymond Jonathan Haugeberg. b. 1863 - d. 1958. Their daughter:

Margaret, b. Nov. 13, 1911. m. Dougald Macdonald II. Their children:

1. Dougald Macdonald III, b. April 12, 1942.
2. Malcolm Macdonald, b. April 4, 1944.

* *

Grace Ruggles Mills, Mrs. Draymond Haugeberg

* * *

Grace; the name typified her personality; visually she fulfilled the synonyms her name suggested — unassuming graciousness, tact, gentility, poise; she is the despair of anyone attempting to describe her.

Her kind hearted generosity was like a magnet that drew friends to her and held them.

Her loveable disposition was like Mother's, adding an immeasureable share that made the old home overflow with openhearted thoughtfulness.

In looking over some of Grace's old letters it requires no skill in reading character, to note the loveliness of her personality shown in them — a beauty — a slipping into them of choice expressions — a sort of love breezing through them, not written in words perhaps, but it can be felt just as plainly as her loving expression could be seen when talking with her.

'Gracie-darling' I called her, to me she was the very embodiment of gentleness.

From girlhood Grace was a favorite in her group of social-minded young people.

Today's modern sophisticates sometimes ponder as to how those "naive young folks" of olden times entertained themselves with no television. no motion pictures, no radio, no telephones, no automobiles.

But allow one who knows, to affirm that no auto ride on today's crowded highways can compare with a leisurely horse and buggy jaunt through woodland drives, where blue corn-flowers and yellow daisies spread a soft haze of color along road sides!

When winter snows drifted field and highway with banks of frosty white, the little red cutter sped jingling over snowy lanes, riders warmly tucked in with a big buffalo robe. Roses bloomed in cheeks that needed no cosmetics!

Sometimes moon-light skating parties on the river down below the old S-hill road, were followed with hot oyster-stews waiting at one of their homes, or simple little dancing parties filled the parlors with sprightly merriment; or games of whist gave pleasure to unsophisticated tastes.

On summer evenings a few young equestriennes cantered down the quiet shaded streets, ladies seated side-saddle — attired in long skirted riding habits.

In Grace's group of young people, there was a certain young man, Ward Gray, who became her first beau.

Ward was the son of one of father's best friends, Hon. John Gray, who had four sons. Father's family were daughters. The two men often joked with each other that they should pair off a son and daughter or two!

The oldest Gray boy, Lester, had made an early attempt when he invited Ada, the oldest Mills girl, blossoming into teen-age beauty, to her first party. But young Sherman Coe had the same idea and prevented any encroachment on that score.

Ward Gray, the second son, had more success. He too was a well bred young chap of unaffected courtesy and discipline; and his attentions to Grace became devotedly ardent as their romance progressed happily through the two years before Grace entered college.

Then a sad fate intervened. Ward was fatally stricken with typhoid fever.

Night after night during his illness Father "sat up" with Ward, alternating with other neighbors in this old fashioned friendly custom, before the day of hospitals and registered nurses.

During these nightly vigils, Ward sometimes spoke to Father of his future hopes concerning his dearly loved Grace.

But as the deadly fever grew steadily worse there was no hope of saving his life. Before the end he bequeathed his dearest possessions to Grace. Ward's father, John Gray, ever after held a fatherly devotion toward Grace.

* * *

That same autumn Grace had entered college. Three years later, her Junior Class Annual gave a 'description' of class-members. Among Grace's complimentary tributes was included this significant item:

"Chief Characteristic: Repelling Admirers!"

— This 'aloofness' — fancied no doubt — aside from her natural bearing and reserve, probably resulted from memories her young heart had not forgotten.

* * *

With gracious arts that bedecked her personality, Grace was abundantly endowed. Her singing, painting, histrionic abilities were inborn talents.

Her college instructors soon discovered these gifts and from the time she was a freshman she was given countless opportunities of sharing her accomplishments.

Her dramatic impersonations were so far above average they were termed professional. She surpassed any star I have ever seen in beauty of face and figure, in the sweet tones of her voice, and in her queenly poise and graceful performances.

An unusual honor awarded Grace during her Senior year, was when she was named the highest officer of the entire school in Military tactics.

Before gymnasium courses had been introduced into colleges, Ames was noted for its novel military training which gave inspiring out door exercise for both men and women students.

Twice a week on afternoons before dinner all the students met in front of old Main on the spacious campus to receive intensive training by General James Rush Lincoln, Alumnus of West Point, who had served in the Civil War (on Confederate Side!)

The entire Student body was formed into Battalions and Companies — and of all the women, four girls were selected for their superior ability to serve as officers.

Heading the entire Battalion Grace Mills was chosen as Adjutant General. The officers were resplendent in navy blue uniforms with heavily braided gold breast pieces and epaulettes.

The Ames military prowess became so renowned the entire assemblage was invited to come to the great 1893 Exposition in Chicago, there to display their military excellence. A long train of Pullmans transported the entire body of college students!

It was indeed a worthy pride for Adjutant General Grace Mills as she appeared in this spectacular Pageant in Chicago.

She had studied hard for this coveted honor; and it gave equal gratification to Father, always interested in military observances.

* * *

During college years Grace's dearest friend was a girl who entered the same year with her. They immediately were drawn to each other, and were roommates during most of their four years.

This girl, Helen Bartosch Radnich, possessed an interesting foreign background.

The Hainer-Bartosch-Radnich families were an illustrious clan of nobility from Budapest, Austria Hungary. In their ancient castles they had ruled through many past centuries.

But during the 1860's a political upheaval had forced them to abdicate. They had friends in America, and in exile they came to this country where the men became eminent as college professors, judges, and a later congressman.

When Grace and Helen were becoming fast friends, Helen confided to Grace the past nobility of her forbears, and said her father cautioned her over and over "*never forget you are a blue-blood.*"

Some of the other girls over heard these remarks, and resented the idea of someone being a blue-blood who probably looked upon them as mere red-bloods!

But Grace loved Helen from the first, blue-blood, quick-temper, and all! And Helen looked up to the Mills girls as "just right."

After their graduation, Helen's father took her to Europe for an extended visit, occasionally viewing scenes of their past grandeur, even in Budapest.

During this time Helen becamed engaged to a young nobleman in Italy.

In days gone by, Helen had been entitled by age-old rights to wear a tiara.

Now she was marrying a man whose ancient name was **Tiara!**

She wrote Grace her new Tiara far surpassed any she might have worn in Austria!

* * *

Grace had been out of college for some time when Draymond Haugeberg entered her life. Grace was in her late 20's.

With Draymond it was love at first sight; his resolute maturity allowed no "repelling admirers" idea to interfere with his courtship! An older man of dignity and culture, he had lost his first wife 15 years previously when their baby son, Lance, was born. Grace and Draymond seemed to have been awaiting each other. Now his generous soul could not do enough for his loved one. Soon a magnificent diamond adorned Grace's dainty hand. A luxuriously outfitted home was in readiness; a gentle horse, black Prince, with "rubber-tired run-about," awaited her order.

A wedding day gift was a golden filigree case enclosing a watch studded with a beautiful diamond. Their wedding trip was a leisurely stay at Lake Louise in Banff, Canada.

On that happy wedding day, now more than 60 years ago, the following lines, written by Mr. John Gray, father of Ward, appeared in the home paper:

A Notable Wedding

On Tuesday evening, June 17, the beautiful Mills home was again the scene of a brilliant wedding when the exposures of matrimony made another inroad upon this family of fine girls. Bidding the old home 'goodbye,' Miss Grace Mills, in the pathway of her ancestors, hand in hand with her loving captor, Mr. Draymond Haugeberg, move on to found a new home and to carve for themselves a destiny such as the Lord hath fitted them for.

Clad in pure white and carrying white roses, the bride beside the groom in conventional black, amidst the room drapery of smilax and bloom of roses. made a truly fascinating picture of the rising tide of human impulse, hopes, ambitions. and most solemn pledges.

Mr. Haugeberg impresses us as an earnest, active gentleman of most pleasing manner and impressive appearance. With the highest hopes for their happy life of many years we offer our most cheerful congratulations.

Just a tinge of regret creeps in as we think of this family of girls — one by one crossing the matrimonial line, and by reason of man-made laws compelled to drop forever the family name. To know that the Azor Mills family whose large part in the past and present life in Jefferson, has been so nobly and intelligently performed, should leave but a distinctly Mills name for the edification of posterity, is a little provoking to say the least. Our old Comrade, neighbor and friend justly deserves the perpetuation of the honored family name. Shall the waves of matrimony wash away every name save "A. R."? Shall

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

a family of bright girls pass the honors they have fairly won, to the credit of the neighbor boys, heart and mind in a lump? – We plead for company for the honored name "A. R. Mills."

However most cheerfully do we commend Mrs. Haugeberg to the good people of her new home, as a young lady who has embraced every opportunity of education and culture, and who will serve Society most acceptably.

* * *

In the years before her marriage Grace's paint-brush had seldom been idle. Now these choice oils adorned her beautiful home bringing perennial summer into her own happy world of art.

The future held many contented years of married life for Grace and Draymond. Many summers were spent at their northern lake home, fishing, swimming and hunting — always with much joy in their fine son, Lance, until his untimely death came a few years after his marriage.

Grace and Draymond's later years were spent in their loved California, where their beautiful daughter, Margaret, brought immeasurable love. Her marriage to her fine Scotch husband, Dougald Macdonald (see later chapter), and her two splendid sons, Dougald III and Malcolm Macdonald, brought untold happiness to Grace and Draymond as the years moved on with days both bright and dark, but never wanting in love and kindness.

After the death of his beloved Grace, Draymond spent his remaining years in the lovely Macdonald home.

Draymond's Norwegian longevity of ancestry (his mother had lived to be 99) fulfilled for him 95 years of hale health, before death touched his brow one morning while sitting in his chair reading the morning paper. His consideration for others had never ended.

* * *

Let us look back at one more incident of that happy wedding day a half century earlier.

A few days after Grace's wedding, while decorations were still in place, fresh and beautiful, Pussy had a sweet thought. She gathered up the remains of the big wedding cake with its symbolical decoration of clasped hands; she made a bouquet of wedding roses; she clipped the wedding notice from the home paper; she had each of the family write a letter to the bride and groom; then she placed all these in a square tin-box and had it soldered and sealed airtight, to be saved for Grace and Draymond to open on their 25th Wedding Anniversary!

Following is Grace's letter written twenty-five years later, after opening the "tin box!"

> –"and as we read, the flavor of the bygone days returned with such sweetness, its fragrance enveloped the atmosphere about us. The roses that budded at its beginning are still blooming and have not withered in our hearts.
>
> "But – a long time – twenty-five years! – and when we think of all the changes this quarter of a century has brought, it almost seems we were living then in a world of an entirely different age.

"And yet, when we think of the things that have not changed — of twenty-five years of sweet companionship and happy home love — then how all too short seems such a fleeting period of years.

"Memory serves very well in remembering the beauty of that occasion, and surely no bride was ever surrounded by more love than was I on that June day in the dear old home. — Today the faces of our loved Mother and Rary are missing, but their blessings are hovering just as surely as on that bridal day.

"Spiritually, as well as materially, I have been abundantly blessed, with the devoted love of husband, son and daughter. Draymond — always generous with the things money can buy, was, better yet, unceasingly bestowing priceless blessings that money cannot buy.

"But let me give you here, the letters sealed in the tin box these twenty-five years. The first one we took up was dear Rary's, and as we read, we decided she knew then of the change that was soon to come to her:

"Back-Parlor. June 24 —

'My beloved Grace and Draymond:

'I suspect (unless your appetites become too over powering) that there will have occurred many changes upon this mundane sphere by the time you open the tin box. Perhaps some of the changes we do not now expect, but they are all nevertheless for the best, if we will but take them so.

'It has been such a joy to me to see you start off on your wedding tour with your hearts and hats and faces filled with roses! I trust they are only symbolic of the roseate path you are to trod throughout life. If there should here and there come a thorn as thorns do oft come among the roses, you will hand in hand, push them aside. Thorns do not prick when pressed aside by the spirit of love.

'But if there is anything in the hopes and prayers and love of those who hold you very, very dear to them, there will be few thorns in your lot. I believe I will not give you a list of all the good things my seer-eyes predict for you. If the best that I hope for, and prophesy, shall come to pass, it will be no more — nor as much, as you are both worthy of. Worthy is one of my 'strong-words' — 'worthy' and 'precious' should be used only on the choicest occasions. You will therefore feel how deeply I mean it when I say I wish for you a precious life together, because you are worthy of it.

Lovingly Ray Mills'

(Ray's death came the following Christmas holiday season at the age of 24.)

* * *

"In dainty Spencerian script, the next we opened was Mother's. It is short and sweet, and I know the unboundedness of its intent:

'My dearest Gracie and Draymond: I shall write just a line to go in the box, to be read on some future anniversary day. I hope my dears, you will be as happy then, as you are now while on your wedding trip.

May love and happiness always be yours.

With love,

Mama'

* * *

"Then came Puss's which sounds just like her:

'Dearest Grax and Draymond; Just a week ago today, do you remember what we were doing! Just a week ago this hour, I was meeting the handsome groom at the train! And just a week ago tonight, you — in trailing ivory satin and lace, and Draymond — face aglow — stood — the handsomest bride and groom in — town!

'While I am writing this, you are far away at beautiful Lake Louise, happy as can be, having a delightful time. When you read this, twenty-five years hence, I trust that time and change may have served to increase your happiness and love for each other. And as you eat the cake (which you didn't get to taste! a week ago tonight) may it bring back pleasant memories of that night of gayety and brilliance which took from our family my sweetest beloved sister.

"As the years come and go, and as you open this box on your fifth — tenth — twenty-fifth — or be it your golden anniversary, I hope we may all be present as happy as we are today.

'With loads of Love, Your Puss.'

* * *

"Ada's letter too, sounds like her and is somewhat philosophical:

Jefferson. June 24 —

'Dear Grace and Draymond:

While you are bride and groom of a week old, on a honeymoon trip — happy and carefree — there is no one wise enough to predict what your surrounding and conditions will be, when at some future date you open this box and read these notes. We all hope that it will be in the midst of health and prosperity, surrounded by friends and, perhaps, children and grandchildren!

'Perhaps it is too much to wish that all of us may also be with you. If we cannot be in flesh, I know that we will be in your thoughts anyway.

'It is one of the sorry laws of man that makes marriage take the daughter out of the family, and break the ties that have held them together from infancy; but like some other things it brings with it a beautiful compensation. The husband cleaves to the wife, the wife unto the husband, and around them spring up another flock whose acquaintance and association are the brightest things in life — better far than the fairyland in which childhood lives and wonders.

'And as your curiosity will probably not let you keep the box longer than June 17 — one year hence — your grandchildren will probably not be very bothersome.

Love, Ada'

* * *

"Next and last we read the girlish letter of our little sweetheart, Lornie:

'Tuesday Morn. One week from your wedding day.

'My Gracie-darling and new brother Draymond;

"How I wonder where we will all be when you open this. I hope we will be enjoying life as much as we are now.

'People are still talking about your beautiful wedding. Last night I went to a party at Darwin's. His cousin Laeta Elden is visiting them. Mrs. Enfield said you were the most beautiful bride she ever saw, and Hadie Head told how Pearl calls you her ideal and thinks there is nobody like you. I told her I wouldn't argue on that score.

'I just came home from the postoffice where I forwarded a letter to Mrs. Grace Mills Haugeberg. How funny it seems to call you that, but I suspect that by the time you open this box it will probably seem quite natural.

'Let me see — in 25 years I'll be past 40! — Mercy! I wonder if I'll live that long! Well, I hope all of us will, and I hope you will always be happy. I will always love you.

Your adoring sister,

Lornie, Betty.'

"Thus endeth the Tin-Box. Its memories are hallowed and we appreciate the loving wishes.

"The happiness that filled our hearts at the beginning has never faded, and our love has grown deeper with each succeeding year. We may not be so 'handsome a pair' as when we stood the handsomest bride and groom in — the town; but Draymond says I look better to him, just as he is dearer to me, so it matters not if 'the roses may have left our checks and silver show among the gold.'

"Lornie dear, 40 isn't so old, if when you have reached it and passed it, you can sing each to the other, regardless of silver threads 'You have never older grown,' and always young and fair to me.'

With dear love to each of you.

Grace and Draymond"

* * *

Across the gulf of time dear Grace's memory shines with radiance and serenity. Age, brushing her hair with silver illumined the splendor of her beauty.

In her later years in California Grace became an ardent member of Christian Science faith. Her personality had long been a natural exemplification of its ideals.

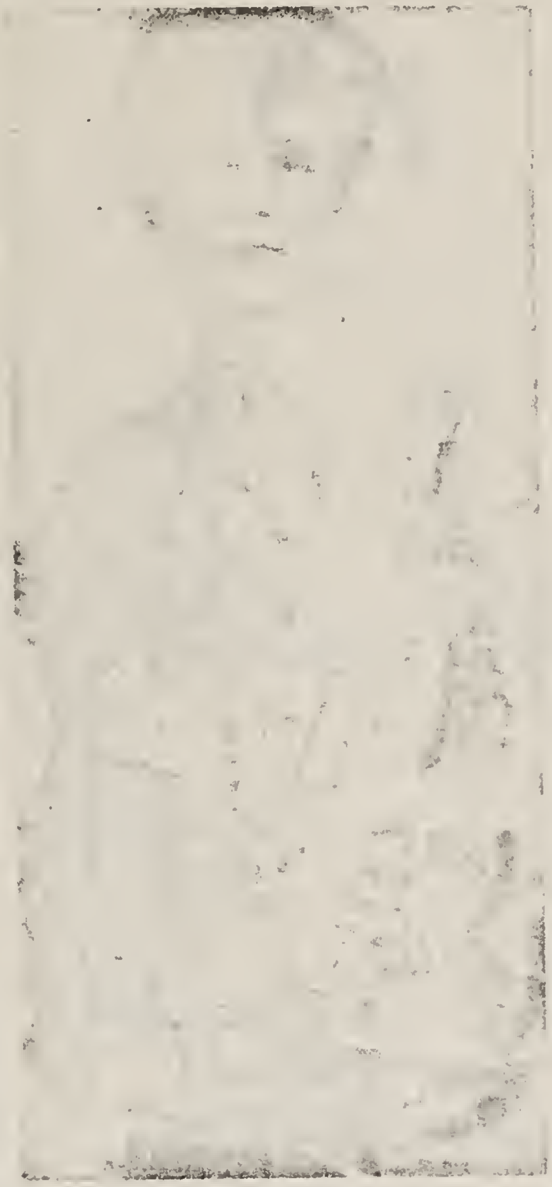
Her beautiful life was lived fully, richly, lovingly, and she came to the twilight of her years a paragon of womanly perfection.

* * *

In their beloved California Grace and Draymond sleep beneath the song enchanted trees next the mission in San Gabriel.

Draymond.

1904.

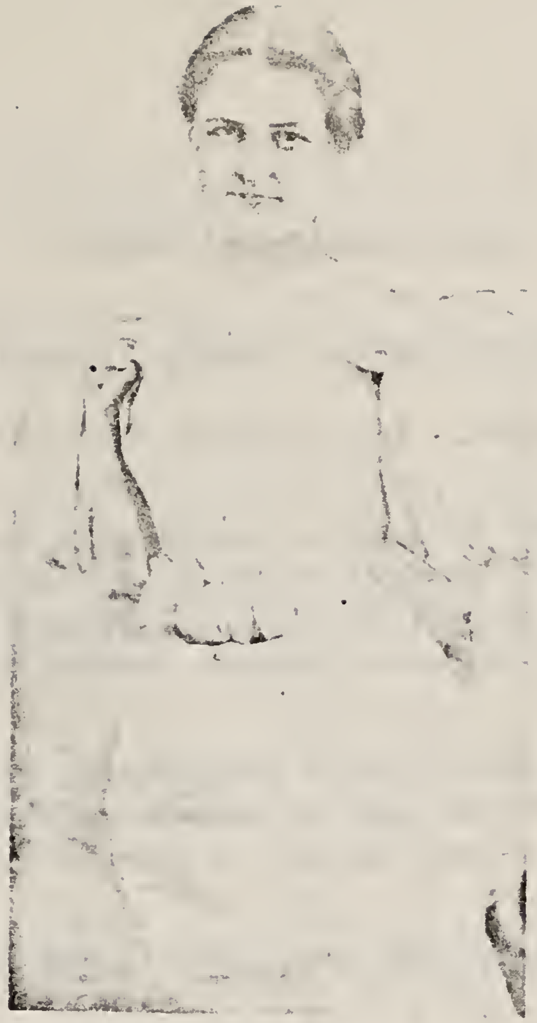


Grace Ruggles Mills.
(Mrs. Draymond Haugeberg.)

Grace and Helen, 1893.
(College Roommates.)

Grace and her son Lance in front of their home.

1897.



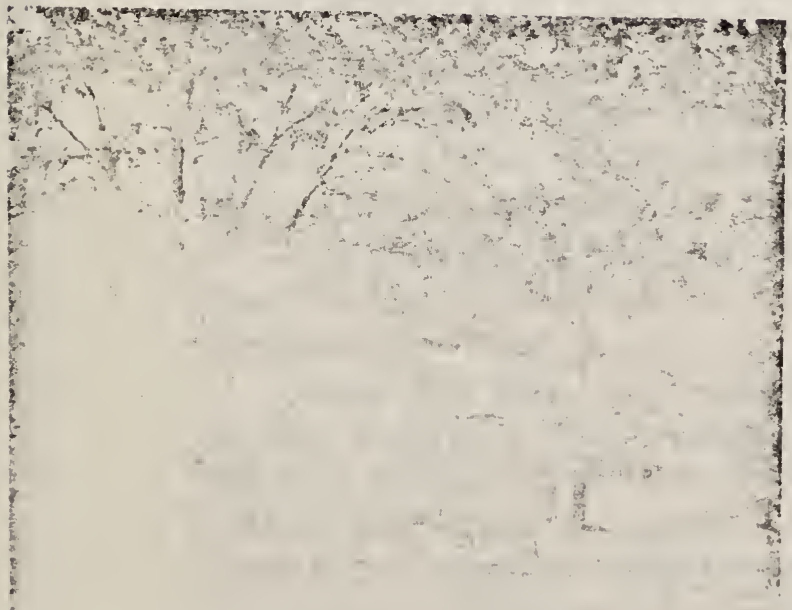
Lilian Mills, "Pussy."
Mrs. Ner Corson Hurst.

Hats!

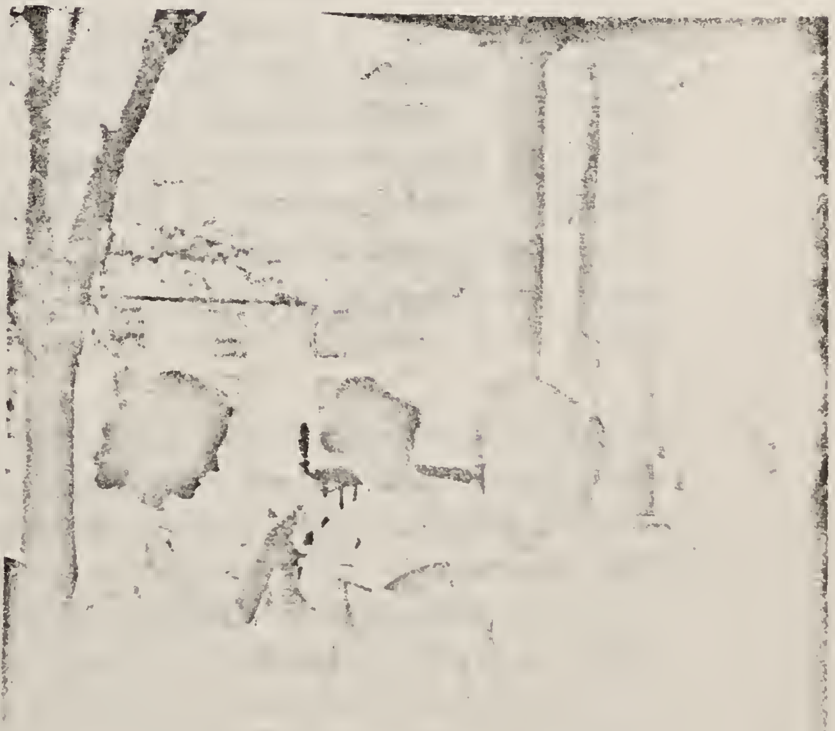
1900.

Grace and Lilian.
1895.

Pussy and Grace.
1897.



Happy memories.



Mills girls.
Early "Bridge" champions (?)

Ninth Generation Cont.

* * *

Lilian Bird Mills, (Pussy). Jefferson. b. Feb. 25, 1873. d. Nov. 21, 1933.
Married
Ner Corson Hurst, 1873-1959. Berkeley, Cal. Children:

* * *

1. **Catherine Mills Hurst,** b. June 29, 1908. m. Aug. 18, 1935, **Oakland Sechler.** Reside in Houston, Texas.
2. **Barbara Dyle Hurst,** b. Jan. 16, 1912. m. April 11, 1942, **Howard Frederick Matthai.** Reside in Denver. Children:

* * *

   1. **Lorna Jean Matthai,** b. Mar. 9, 1947.
   2. **Marcy Ray Matthai,** b. Sept. 10, 1947.
   3. **Bruce Matthai,** b. Mar. 29, 1952.

* * *

Lilian Bird Mills, "Pussy,": Mrs. Ner Corson Hurst

* * *

Were the lovelies of "yesteryear more beautiful than those of today?"—This I doubt; but beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, and memory's eye holds, for me, visions that confirm the haunting loveliness of Pussy Mills, a manor-born beauty. It was said she was like a lovely portrait done by an old master—a masterpiece aglow in every line.

Little memories come back to me. One June day, Puss age 18 or 19, had just returned from college, and a group of her friends were gathered on our big shady lawn. I was a mere child of 6 or 7, in the midst of the merry chattering group, when a momentary lull caused me to glance in the direction everyone was looking. Coming across the lawn was Pussy—a vision of breath-taking loveliness, dressed in sheer white—sash of rose satin matching the roses in her hair, worn in an encircling plait like a coronet. Little ringlets about her face were soft as the breezes that gently blew them.

It is amazing to me now, that I remember this vignette for more than 70 years! Perhaps it was the first time I sensed how truly exquisite she was.

From that time on, I adored watching her—unknown to her—as she described some laughable incident—or as she taught my Sunday School class—or entertained callers—or singing in the choir—anywhere at anytime her eyes shone with tenderness and light—her rippling laughter was like a shaft of sunlight.

I even remember the leghorn hats she wore, piled with roses and chiffons, lovely creations but a lovelier creature beneath.

One secret of her charm was her warmth of heart that radiated a spirit of kindness felt by everyone who came within range of her shining personality.

I especially loved it, when one of the older girls would open the old piano; across the years I can still hear their clear young voices blended in old time harmonies. Even in speaking their voices were filled with music.

When Pussy was but 16, she was given the honor of presiding as "Goddess of Liberty" at the great Fourth celebration, quite a pageant in those far off days.

Seated upon a white throne, robed in white, circlet of flowers resting upon her flowing tresses, Puss was indeed a Goddess!

Her crowning glory was her hair, its luxuriance falling in soft strands to her waist — scarcely to be envisioned in days of boyish bobs!

Again a "Pageant of Fair Women" was staged in Jefferson. Cleopatra, history's most beautiful woman, was portrayed by Puss, who as usual captivated her audience with her bewitching charm.

But Puss had more than beauty; she had brains. She inherited more of Father's mathematical mind than any of us girls.

She also excelled in languages. She regularly gave me French lessons which instilled in me an early love for alien tongues.

Pussy had a wonderful flair in all domestic arts, concocting delicious culinary triumphs, cakes, pies, candies, breads.

She would allow me the privilege of "helping" her, and how I enjoyed "blanching almonds" for one of her delicious desserts. I wish I still had that recipe for Farina-pudding!

* * *

Phrenology was then a new science coming into vogue. A lecturer came to the Ames campus, and all the students were having great fun having their heads "read," excitedly discovering what the shapes of skulls indicated!

One night at the Clio Literary Society he demonstrated the significance of 'bumps' by calling students forward to personify his theories.

He called on Pussy Mills — After a thorough examination he announced with a flourish "*Ladies! Here is a Thorough-bred!* Seldom have I found such evidence of *refinement* — of *real gentility!* This young lady is a *thorough-bred!*"

— How Pussy laughed!

* * *

One more look at "dear old Jefferson," the port of entry into life of all the Mills girls. An old fashioned town ensconced in green meadows, encircled by the dreamy river, it held the distinction of being the county-seat.

Centering the village-green — or "court-yard" as it was called in our day, rose the stately old courthouse of faded brick, dignified by tall colonial pillars.

Far up above was a lofty dome reached by a series of winding stairs, a great attraction on holidays for children who enjoyed peering through its narrow windows, out over the tree tops in the park below.

This park, of velvety lawns, and shade trees was the accepted place for every celebration held in the county.

Old Greene County was a stronghold of Republicanism and many a rally for the Grand Old Party here waved its banners aloft.

In those early days these events were like a royal summons to the populace near and far.

Gay throngs came driving into town in every type of horse drawn vehicle — from pretentious carriages — "surreys with the fringe on top" — on to "spring-wagons" — even big lumber-wagons over-flowing with families of numerical proportions.

Shifting crowds abounding in happy humor and zest of life, formed a kaleidoscopic picture of gay moving colors. Flags waved from every building. All was holiday animation.

For these momentous occasions a speaker's platform was erected across the pillars at the front of the courthouse.

Facing this were rows of plank seats in the shade of tall trees. Here the shrewd audience might sit in cool appraisal, gauging the speaker's ability to hurl political thunderbolts (which haven't changed much from that day to this).

* * *

On such a summer day, strolling leisurely about the green with one of her college beaux come to spend the day, came Miss Pussy Mills — her witchery enhanced by a ruffled white parasol twirled idly above her big leghorn hat. A lacey fan added a touch of glamour — and Puss was an artist in fan-coquetry. She laughingly used to say "Oh don't fan yourself slowly — it looks so old maidish! — use your fan daintily" and tilting her head, demurely flashing a sparkling smile, she would demonstrate!

— Small wonder her beaux capitulated so easily.

* * *

On this occasion, the political program was just getting under way as Pussy and her escort sauntered down the aisle, finding the only vacant seats directly in front of the speaker's stand.

The mayor had just finished his introduction of the speaker of the day, a rising young politician, who stepped forward, and with silvery-tongued eloquence replete with doctrines of the Grand Old Party, held his Republican audience spellbound with approval.

After nearly an hour of this feast of rhetoric, the happy crowd with anticipations of a more temporal feast, began assembling on the green to unpack their overflowing baskets of fried chicken and cake and country-fare.

Puss and Van Epps were slowly edging their way through the crowd when she heard her name called, and hurrying after her came Mayor Haag accompanied by none other than the Young Man Eloquent himself!

The Mayor begged the privilege of presenting the rising young statesman. With open admiration for Puss and a gallant bow he

confessed he had been so inspired by her charming attention that he wished to thank her personally — et cetera and et cetera —

After this somewhat prolonged exchange of pleasantries, Pussy and her bemused escort continued on their way.

Looking down at her, ruefully shaking his head, Van Epps murmured "Another victim, Puss! Poor chap — I know how he feels. And I vow its that fan that does it!"

* * *

Despite her innocent flirtations Pussy's tongue was never sharp — I never knew her to make unkind remarks to — or about — anyone. Altho she came near this when some officious admirer became overly ardent in letter after unwanted — and probably unanswered — letters!

By this time Puss had returned to college, and an especially favored classmate, Mr. Ner Corson Hurst, decided the time was propitious for putting a stop to all intrusions.

* * *

Ames College long ago had a bitter controversy between fraternities and anti-fraternities — ("Greeks" and "Barbs"-barbarians)

Among the students — small in number — there were but two fraternities — Delta Tau Delta for men; Pi Beta Phi for girls.

The fraternities carried off most of the honors, positions, prizes — probably deservedly, but it increased the bitter animosity existing among the barbs.

A new president, Dr. Beardshear, had just been installed. He sided against secret societies and laid down the law that not another student would be allowed to join: *fraternities were abolished.*

Freshman girls entering that year were initiated into Pi Beta Phi, sub rosa. Puss was one of these, never allowed to wear her pin openly while in college, all of which of course increased their love for Pi Beta Phi!

There was a year or more of bitter debate among the men, both faculty members and students engaging in the conflict, to save their loved organizations.

The sorority girls spent much time also in tearful anguish and imaginary distress.

— But fraternities were abolished.

In defiance two young men joined Delta Tau Delta, and openly flaunted their pins.

They were immediately expelled.

The fraternity took it to court. All that winter great excitement prevailed while the trial progressed.

In the end the students lost.

This was hard on Ames fraternities for a while; but after the hurt was over there was no lasting harm — [except Ray and Marcy Mills attended Ames during this interim of no fraternities, and thus never became Pi Phis.] How glad was I that fraternities had been reinstated before I entered.

Before his death, Dr. Beardshear became one of the best loved presidents Ames ever had. He was a great man, able to win the love of both his friends and enemies.

* * *

While the fraternity problem was still at fever heat, during their vacation Grace and Puss organized the Mills girls into a sorority — the one and only great Pi Epsilon Psi! (Ada was married, or, with her strong feeling for sororities, she would certainly have been a leading spirit!)

Each of us bore pompous Greek titles: Grace was Hermes I, president; Pussy was Hermes II, vice-president; Ray was Fate, critic; I (Lornie) was Archon I, secretary; and Marcy, Archon II, treasurer. (What these Greek terms signified, after 70 years, is somewhat vague.)

But I vividly recall our secret initiation! and our meetings held behind mysteriously closed doors in the old front parlor; Gladstone nor Disraeli scarcely conducted more august parliamentary proceedings! — Tho it must be admitted the "minutes of Archon I" (age 8) lacked something in profundity. (These literary master-pieces are still in existence!)

At each session of Pi Epsilon Psi a portion of the program was devoted to "cultural" topics; themes were written; continued stories were excitingly left unfinished; original plays were enacted; songs and piano numbers (which the "audience" had heard in practice all week) were enthusiastically received; while the most popular productions were "living-picture" tableaux, with girlish figures draped in flowing white-robes (probably sheets) — long tresses adorned with strands of beads — poses statuesque, romantic, tragic, all magnificently illuminated by colored flash-light powder set off in our old copper kettle. Father and Mother were privileged guests to view these tableaux which accounts for the reason, no doubt, that we never set fire to the house — nor the actors.

* * *

Back in the 1880's and 1890's when the older Mills girls were in college, there was a corner "Tower-Room" in old Main Building at Ames, that was much sought after by students. This was usually the privilege of upper class girls.

This big room with adjoining bedroom, was large enough for three girls. When Ada was a senior, she and Minnie Roberts shared it with Grace Mills, a freshman. When Grace and Helen Raduich were seniors, they occupied the Tower with Pussy Mills. And Puss in turn lived there with Florence Baker and Alda Wilson (Bird). These three girls formed the Triumverate Inseparable.

One evening Puss, Flossie and Alda sat in the big open window singing "There were 99 blue bottles a hanging on the wall" — they sang on and on taking off one blue bottle at a time 'till "one blue bottle was left hanging on the wall!"

Unbeknownst to them Dr. Beardshear stood down below listening!

Next morning in chapel the President rose solemnly to speak.

He had been entertained the previous evening, he said, with a musical recital that singularly deserved top accolade of recognition.

Said he, "while taking his nightly stroll about the campus, as he passed Old Main he had been privileged to listen to a concert of music presented in the Grande Manner — lyrics of interminable cantos — words of profound feeling — arias one might hear but once in a lifetime.

"These harmonious strains had issued from the Tower Room where he was surprised to discover a Rare Order of Musical Genius held its abode" — (By this time the students were thoroughly manifesting gay appreciation — with the exception of three blushing damsels!)

Merriment rose to a climax when the charming trio of songsters were invited to the podium to share just a few of their classical stanzas!

* * *

A deep sense of rapport existed in the college when students were numbered by a few hundred rather than by many thousand.

The entire body of students lived in big Old Main — the girls on 2nd floor; the boys on 3rd floor and attic rooms above; and on 1st floor were parlors, classrooms, and the enormous dining hall.

When Pussy lived in the Tower Room, a similar room above them was occupied by Ner Corson Hurst (whom she later married), Ernest Alanson Pattengill, and Clarence van Epps.

These boys were great friends of the Tower-Room girls below and an elaborate code of signals was prepared, by tapping on the hot water pipes that ran up through the rooms! One signal carried special importance. It announced that the "air-line" was being put into operation, and the girls eagerly dashed to open the window and receive a descending basket carefully suspended from a rope! This always held something delectable — a plate of fudge; an assortment of blue grapes and apples snitched from the college orchard; or occasionally a box of bonbons after a trip downtown. Sometimes after visits home, feasts of fried chicken and cake were "sent up," or "lowered down!" That old air-line did a happily thriving business — with many a "cooky-shine" ensuing —

The romance between Pussy Mills and Ner Corson Hurst during college days, later blossomed into their happy marriage.

Ner was a brilliant young man, an honor student, and a splendid high principled youth. His jovial nature found him in the thick of many a college prank. He had a fund of humorous college tales he told in later years with zest and hearty laughs.

The Hurst's married life was spent in the east, their last years in their much-loved California.

Ner was descended from the early French de Corson line. His Hurst ancestors were English.

These lines are described in more detail in the chapter devoted to the daughters of Pussy and Ner — the accomplished Hurst girls, Catherine (Mrs. Oakland Sechler), and Barbara (Mrs. Howard Matthai).

Speaking over a long distance of time, the spirit of this happy California family was keynoted by their dedicated devotion to a mode of worthwhile and sincere living.

Pussy's whole life was a beautiful expression of nobility. Time never dimmed the charm of her personality — age could not wither her loveliness, nor could she grow old at heart. She and her beloved Ner, long since fore-gathered to the shades, sleep through the long years in beautiful Berkeley.

* * *

IN MEMORIAM (from the home paper)

Lilian Mills Hurst

Deceased November 21, 1933.

'My memories go back and back long years
To girlhood days, when sisters kind and true
Held my hand close in theirs, and calmed my fears
As gentle loving kindly sisters do.
My sisters! They are dearer far to me
Than riches or than worldly fame or praise
In reveries so close — 'Tho far apart we be
Their love abides and brightens all my days.'

* * *

"The above thought, penciled in a recent letter to one of her sisters, is symbolic of the feeling that has united the Mills girls thru the years when distance and time have separated them.

"Today a pall of sorrow rests upon their spirits as they realize that death has taken with relentless toll, one of the circle, and the beloved sister Lilian is gone.

"Lilian Mills (Mrs. Ner Corson Hurst), the daughter of Hon. Azor R. and M. Dyle Mills, will be remembered by her friends in the Jefferson of a past day, as one of the fairest of Jefferson's daughters, known for both her inner and outer beauty, and for her cultivation of the true and worthwhile. Her girlhood was spent in Jefferson with college days at Ames where she was a member of Pi Beta Phi. Her husband was her classmate at Ames. Her two daughters, Catherine and Barbara Hurst, both graduates of the University of Berkeley, have each gained distinction through their work in art and sculpture.

"Mrs. Hurst has been active in many organizations in Berkeley — D.A.R. clubwork and serving as president of PEO and church Guild. Her loyalty to her church was always an inspiration; and in her home she was adored.

"Her days, like the flowers of summer, have passed; but her deeds, like her beautiful personality, will ever remain fresh and fragrant.

"No eulogy and no praise can possibly exaggerate the fineness of her character. She loved life. She loved her friends, and she will walk on through eternity as she walked the earth, with a singing heart."

* * *

Excerpts of wedding sketch of marriage of Lilian Mills and Ner Corson Hurst.

"At the first chord of the wedding march played by the bride's sister, Ada Mills Dewell, heralding the approach of the bridal party, there was heard from the upper hallway, the voices of six young ladies singing the joyous love message which voices the sentiment of the bridal march. The Misses Mayme Remick, Mabelle Brandon, Florence Grisier, Sibyl Anderson, Pearl Head and Edith Stillman. Following them were the four bridesmaids, Misses Marcy and Vera Mills, sisters of the bride; Jessie Hurst, sister of the groom; and Florence Baker, college classmate of the bride.

The bride appeared next upon the arm of her uncle, Captain Henry A. Mills of Wadsworth, Ohio, only brother of the bride's father, the late Hon. Azor R. Mills, Capt. Mills still resides in the old Mills homestead in Wadsworth, Ohio, which was the birthplace of the bride's father, having been in the possession of the family for over 100 years.

No fairer a bride ever trod the path to the altar than this daughter of Jefferson who has been loved from childhood for her sweet and beautiful maidenliness. As the groom pressed the ring upon her finger saying 'with this ring I thee wed' there were tears in the eyes of many loving and well wishing friends.

The bride was gowned in an exquisite creation of organdy and lace, her long bridal veil being fastened with white roses. She carried a bouquet of white roses.

Following the ceremony and congratulations, an elegant supper was served to the more than 100 guests. During the later evening hours, one of the pleasures was in viewing the roomful of beautiful wedding gifts. One interesting item was an embroidered luncheon cloth, made from linen which had been woven more than 100 years ago by the brides grandmother, from flax spun for her own wedding linens (Harriet Ruggles).

The couple left on the late evening train for their new home in the east. The groom is a young man of sterling character. He and his bride were members of the same class in college at Ames. The bride is one of Jefferson's most loved daughters, and in behalf of their many friends the Bee voices a benediction upon them as they journey to their new home."

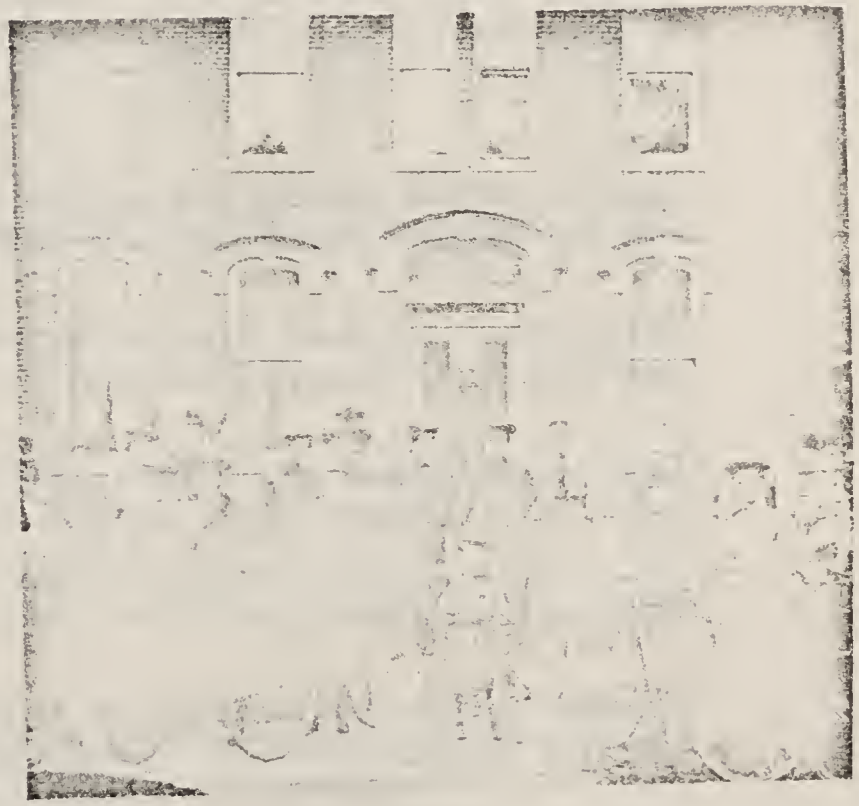
* * *

* * *

"Rary" – 1899.

Rary in center.
(Freshman girls – not chewing gum surely!!)

College dormitory.



1895.

Ninth Generation, Cont.

* * *

Ethel Ray Mills (E. Ray, Rary), b. Feb. 20, 1877, Jefferson. d. Jan. 9, 1903, Jefferson. Interred in Mills Plot, Jefferson.

* * *

(Daughter of Hon. Azor Ruggles Mills and M. Dyle Mills)

* * *

Ethel Ray Mills — "Rary" — Died at age of 25.

* * *

In her brief and simple life Rary touched heights of truth that few attain.

Her unaffected nature — gentle and smiling as May, drew people of all ages to her, to have their hearts warmed. Old and young felt she belonged particularly to them.

After her early death tributes came from countless friends — telling of her deep influence on their lives. People we thought she scarcely knew, wrote of her kindness —

Ada gave her the name "Rary," affectionately suggesting her rarely gifted personality.

Of the Mills girls Ray was the fair-haired one, with deep blue eyes, heaven-reflected like mother's.

She was tall and slender, graceful, gay with a natural vivacity. Her overflow of spirits was irresistible; her buoyant humor could change any little troubles into laughing comedy.

She was artistic, musical with a lovely voice; hands beautifully expressive; she was altogether charming.

Her religion was an artless piety, with touching little prayers full of sweet simplicity that made her hearers sense her nearness to the throne of grace.

* * *

After her graduation from college she was making happy preparations for her marriage to take place after her fiance finished his law course.

Her early death came not long after — the result of a cold taken while practicing pipe organ in an unheated church where she had become organist.

It seemed harmless at first but as days and weeks passed and doctors in that far off day were helpless, Rary slipped away from us into eternal springtime.

Grace said Rary died just as she had lived, making it beautiful for those around her.

At the last there didn't seem to be anything left of her but her beautiful big eyes and her angelic spirit. As she rested in bed she smiled and laughed and told how much she loved us.

* * *

The following obituary from the home paper gives an idea of the feeling in which she was held in the home of her girlhood:

* * *

Ethel Ray Mills — Jefferson Bee — Jan. 9, 1903.

With a mind clear to her last breath, and with kisses on her lips for the loved ones who stood about her bedside, Ray Mills bravely took leave of earth, and fared forth into eternity. Hers was a spirit so choice, so brave, so true that none could be reconciled to her going, yet none could stay her. And tho their tears fall like rain, her family and friends know that one day in the land to which she has gone, is better than a lifetime.

Ray Mills was the idol of her father and of all her family. Gifted in a marvelous way, she was lavishly generous with her talents; thinking naught but good, doing naught but good. Such in a sentence was her life.

The funeral occurred Sunday afternoon conducted by Rev. Billingsly. The remains lay in state at her home, and were viewed there by her many friends until 2:00 o'clock they were taken to the church where a great audience was assembled despite the terrible cold of the day. There was a magnificent display of flowers; the sermon was from the text 'Weep not, she is not dead but sleepeth.'

The music was beautiful. The Ingleside Club of friends from girlhood attended in a body. The pallbearers were friends come long distances to pay this last tribute to her whom they loved. They were Messrs. E. A. Pattengill of Ames; F. V. Stout of Stout, Iowa; J. P. Lund of St. Ansgar; Harry Brown of Ames; Prof. A. T. Irwin of Ames; Wesley Kendall of Jefferson.

The following tribute to this sweet girl's memory is from the pen of Hon. E. B. Stillman now in Washington, D. C., who knew and loved Ray from childhood.

'Standing this evening, as in a vision, beside the casket enshrining the beloved form of Ray Mills, there runs through both mind and heart as if set to sweetest and sublimest harmonies the words 'Fairest among women.' I see a face glorified; a soul so pure and noble and strong that it really belonged to two worlds, and having lived its days of helpfulness and sweetness here — days of wondrous comfort in the dear home and to all who knew her — this brave, loving soul as the pulse passed with night's lengthening shadows, crossed over to the Home Eternal to receive into ears newly set to the harmonies of Heaven, a greeting of welcome from both an infinite and an earthly father.

'The life of Ray Mills was to me an inspiration as it was related to her home — to a social code that embraced a countless number of friends — to a doctrine of life rooted and grounded in a gospel of charity and love. Hers was a life so sunny, cheery and bright that it made a lasting impress upon other lives that she touched in or out of the home. Hers was a master mind, and a record of this fact may be found on many a written and printed page. Her thoughts were clear as crystal and I have never seen anyone more apt in forms of happy, vigorous expression than herself. She would always find a place in the ranks of brilliant conversationalists because there was not a dull fiber in her make-up. In repartee, in badinage that had only the undercurrent of friendliness in its warp and woof, she was a word-artist; and she was easily an acknowledged leader in circles where the trend was toward hours with profit in them.

But infinitely above the wisdom of her head, were the unfailing treasures of her heart. Loving loyalty to home was one of the shining graces of her life. The purpose of obedience was entrenched in her girlish heart and none but the inner circle of the family may know of the tender loving care she gave her father as he drifted down the way to the portals of death. Beyond the daughterly instincts was a wealth of love that could only find expression in a ministry so wonderful that in its enjoyment a compensation for suffering was measured out.

'Ray Mills was a girl — may I call her so — of earnest, unquestioning faith, and this was a guiding star that led her all the journey through. Her strength of character and her strength of purpose combined in producing a truly great personality.

'I account it a pleasure, as well as a truth, to say that the life and character of Ray Mills is one of the highest types I have ever known — a beautiful spirit, the influence of whose life will live forever."

* * *

* * *

I was a teen-aged girl when Rary died, but her matchless kindness to a little sister etched indelible memories upon my youthful mind.

Ada had always said she "placed Rary on her highest pedestal," and knowing the depth of devotion she held for her, I wrote Ada once, asking her to tell me *her* mature impressions of Ray. I wanted to compare my teen-age memories with her adult discerning judgment.

This is her reply —

"You are right in saying that I have idealized Rary — I agree. I'm not making it too strong when I say that I never in all my life met anyone who could equal her. There never was anyone like her. Young as she was when she left us not another person of mature years and superior training that I have ever met, could equal her. I think it was because she endowed everyone she knew with nobility and motives as high and pure as her own, and we all wanted to live up to her belief in us.

"The power to talk well and be entertaining is an exceptional gift and I think Ray Mills was more gifted in her skill of using words than anyone I ever knew.

"She was like that — could express her thoughts with such happy turns of speech — perfectly charming of voice and manner — could talk fascinatingly with anyone from an illiterate old man to a deep student — people of all ages felt she was their own possession.

"Even with her development limited to early years, she could exert her fascination at will. She knew it, and sometimes spoke to me about the effects she could produce upon different people. She never practiced her gift of fascination merely for effect. It was because of her innate perfection. Everybody felt it and loved her accordingly.

And remember she was only a girl when she died. I sometimes wonder what she could have become if only she could have been spared."

* * *

* * *

Another letter of Ada's written long years ago, is one I came upon recently in going through a box of old letters.

This was the last she ever wrote to her beloved Rary, a short time before Ray's death — a sad heart cry.

* * *

Monday Evening
December 15, 1902

"My Dearest Precious Rary:

Your letter came tonight and I have read it over and over. I have missed your letters so.

Rary darling, I wish I could tell you how dear you are to me. 'I love you' doesn't half express it. I have just yearned for you — to see you and touch you. I think so often of the way you looked the day you wore the new blue dress. You didn't know it but I just sat and looked and looked at you. Your face was so beautiful and I loved it so. The color suited you and your eyes looked deep and blue and you didn't look at all sick. This isn't flattery — you know it is true don't you dear?

I am spending my time now getting ready to come home for Christmas — then we can sit and talk all you want to, and you won't have to repeat it to get me to listen as you did that night. My dearest Rary. I have been just sick out of pure sympathy for you, and out of homesickness to see you.

Somehow I can't get used to my vivacious sparkling Rary being sick. You are always the life and soul of any company and I can't think of your not getting well as you hinted. I never could bear it, dear. I pray – I plead – I implore God – every day and every hour to spare you to me – and us. I go to sleep every night asking for it, and I waken with the same thought first in my mind every day.

Do you remember the picture of your group of young people that was taken once at our house when they had a surprise on your birthday? I found it the other day. I used to laugh at your picture but this time I didn't. I just said 'You precious precious one.' It is so sweet – It looks as you did when you were 15 or 16. I don't like to think of your sick days sweetheart, so I go back and back, and think of the beautiful days and talks and times you and I have spent together. We have had so many haven't we? I pray for many more – I hope you are not crying. I am – and will stop tho there are ten thousand things I want to tell you.

With heart's love, dear.

Ada

* * *

Ghosts of You

In Memory of Rary (by Ada)

You often sat in this deep chair
And dreamed;
You often charmed with tunes, that echo still,
You read this book, and penciled here along
The margins.
Here is where your slim white fingers pressed
The pages open, and 'twas thrown face down
While you and I commuued and walked beneath
That tree,
— I still can see the look upon your face
So tranquil — and so sweet the arching brows
As you glanced up among the branches high
And said 'I love this tree' *And I recall*
That softly lighted night, when wistfully
We watched the moon's faint aureole
I thot you wore one too!

* * *

Halo
And Ghosts
Of you, they linger yet,
And with our goodbye tears, I've kept them all
These years.

Mr. Stillman who wrote the obituary of Ray, had recognized Ray's worth from her early teens. During her high school days he suggested one winter that she edit a column in the "Jefferson Bee" choosing any events that appealed to her interest.

This quite suited Ray's clever ability and for originality and charm of subject matter, her column was eagerly read and commented upon by the entire community.

Her high school graduating oration was entitled "Originality."

Later when Ray graduated from college Mr. Stillman wrote an item in the "Jefferson Bee" saying that when E. Ray Mills was but a girl in high school she was capable of voicing sentiments that could move her listeners to laughter or to tears. He also told of once meeting one of Ray's college professors who told him that in his many years as a professor Ray Mills was the most outstanding student he had ever known — that her college career sparkled with extra-curricular accomplishments and honors; her fluency of speech rose at times to inspired eloquence.

During her sophomore year at Ames Ray's French teacher, Miss Lizzie May Allis, an eastern woman of keen perception and refinement, became completely captivated with Rary's charms. She persuaded Ray to spend parts of her vacations with her in her lovely old home in Prattsburg, New York. Had Miss Allis been able she would have kept Ray with her constantly. She called Ray her dear "Confidante" and wrote endless notes signing herself "Candida."

Ray felt complimented to have an older woman bestow such lavish esteem. But in no way did this lessen Ray's popularity in her own large circle.

It had been during Rary's Junior year at Ames that she became engaged to Ole Henderson, a senior of no ordinary ability.

His Nordic descent was reflected in his striking blond coloring; his Viking spirit was shown in his masterful bearing.

Numerous Academic honors were merited through his skill in oratory; he became the acknowledged leader on debating teams and his ability won many honors for Ames.

This excellence was most profitable in his legal profession which culminated in many years service as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa. He was known as a counsellor of impartial and penetrating insight.

His social talents were also noteworthy. His lively mind, witty and charming, his spirited conversations were a stimulation to brilliant thinking.

His proficiency in music corresponded with Rary's musical talent, and the duets these two executed with vivid brilliance were a delight to hear.

* * *

Ray and I were the only sisters at home at that time and the confidences we shared made me feel a very fortunate teen-ager.

She read charming little excerpts from his letters; she pointed out his "excellent diction"; his "individuality"; his "choice vocabulary"; his "delicious humor"; even his characteristic chirography!

I — age 15 — absorbed it all! and subconsciously set a few high standards by which to judge any poor future beaux of my own!

* * *

Frequent week-end visits were enjoyed when Ole would come down from the University.

Their kind hearts included me many times in happy outings, and the gayety of their rare humor and sparkling wit comes back to me like a breath of springtime.

In my opinion all Romance faded before this supreme love affair.

* * *
* * *

It may be that such devotion was too perfect to be consummated on this mundane sphere. These two shining souls were not to be united on earth.

But in the far retrospect of those once happy hours, the lovely tenderness of that romance remains forever enveloped in an aura of fragrant memories.

* * *
* * *

Through later long years of Judge Henderson's distinguished career, his heart carried the wound of this crushing sorrow of his youth.

An excerpt from one of his letters to Ada, some time after Ray's death, follows:

. . . "please accept my thanks for your very great courtesy and kindness in doing this task for Rary and myself. I am sure you found it a labor of love, for Her who is gone.

"I do not know what to say about our mutual loss that will not seem weak and insipid — not to say awkward. I had almost hoped that the terrible stinging grief would wear itself out little by little as time went on — but it seems quite as keen today as it was when I last saw you. But these feelings cannot be reduced to words; they are lodged far in the innermost consciousness and each one of us has to battle with them individually.

"I should be very glad to hear from you when you may have the time and disposition to write. One of the things I have missed most of all is Rary's letters which used to bring me such fresh joy and inspiration — not to speak of the comfort and pleasure of writing Her about everything — every success and every reverse — of hopes and disappointments — of good things and bad, and receiving in turn her approval or disapproval. — Now I have no-one to confide in.

"Kindly convey my best regards to your husband, and to Lornie if she is still with you. I do not blame you for wanting to keep her. — O.J.H."

* * *

— Fifty years passed —

In reply to another imploring request to Ada to hear "news of the dear Mills girls, especially longing to hear from Lornie," I sent this note to Ole:

— "Across the years I reach my hand to clasp yours, over the span of half a century! — can it possibly be fifty years!

It gives me the feeling I used to have when looking into a field-glass — far away things loomed so close I felt I could almost touch them.

Reading your letter made things that happened fifty years ago seem like yesterday!

"In perfect focus I could see a fair haired youth of engaging personality (how handsome we all thought you were!) And I could plainly hear that infectious laugh — what a smiling world we lived in.

"I could hear Rary saying 'Ole has both wit and wits — he is witty as well as wise'," — and she said so many times I could never forget 'Ole is the *resilient* one — but it takes me to appreciate all the little shadings of his droll humor' — O that olden golden glory of those days gone by!

"Perhaps at this safe distance of fifty years, I dare divulge that so early did I begin hearing about those ultra-superior qualities with which you were endowed, that sub-consciously I began using you as a Golden Yard-Stick on all the poor men I met — of course the inferior beings couldn't measure up — that is until I met my husband. So perhaps I should pass on my belated thanks to you for saving me from several fatal steps!" . . . et cetera.

* * *

Within two days three typewritten pages came back:

— "the receipt of your letter was in itself I assure you, a thrill such as I have rarely had —.

"I so well remember you as a girl in your teens, and by adding the intervening years I can mathematically appreciate what has happened to you as it has to me. But sentimentally and emotionally I still think of you as that very attractive young lady who captured me, as you did everybody else you came in contact with. Right now I can think of nothing I should like to have so much as a real glimpse of you. You had better get ready for someone ringing your front doorbell" — etc.

* * *

During the last five years of his life, he visited in Dundee.

We held nostalgic tete'a'tetes into the past; we looked over keepsakes that had belonged to Rary; her loved books were gone through; fondly he held the dainty watch of violet-enamel he had given her long years before — memories were recalled and relived.

* * *

At the last came this touching note — "now only you. who have sat with me in moments of deep silence which was both the gold and silver of thought — can know — how I long to be with you once more, before the mists close upon me —"

* * *

* * *

— Now they have both joined the Great White Throng.

* * *

Your Finger Tips

To Rary

(Ada.)

Your fingertips once more I'd hold
Just once! I'd like to feel the old
Dear pressure of their light caress
With spirits lifted, in excess
Of joy, because your love they told.

* *

But I recall a day, when cold
They were; I could not be consoled
But held, in tears and deep distress
Your finger tips.

* *

I've kept the books that you extolled
Your letters too, I oft unfold.
But not to read! I would but press
My fingers over yours — no less!
For round these things I still behold
Your finger tips.

Ninth Generation

* * *

Marcy Octavia Mills, Marx, Marcella, b. Jan. 15, 1879, Jefferson, Iowa. Married **Walker M. Black,** Des Moines. No children.

* * *

A saga of the Mills girls cannot be told of one without connecting stories of all. A sisterly devotion was inspired by our adoring mother whose persuasive influence instilled a family loyalty in each of us.

Of all the musical Mills girls, Marcy's rich contralto voice with thrilling overtones, was most beautiful. She was the soloist of church — choir and college musicales, and her acclaim was unlimited.

Rather small of stature, of medium complexion, wide-set eyes reflecting an intensity of energies and interests, her countenance sparkled with vivacity of spirit. Her wit and humorous anecdotes prevented any dull moments in her company.

Her nickname 'Marx' was conferred by Grace, at that time lavishing her current adoration on her adored French teacher, Miss **Marx**. The nickname clung throughout her life.

Like the rest of the sisters who grew up in a day when oil-painting was an all but imperative obligation, Marcy's paint brush also contributed her quota of "Corots" to the old home, making it a veritable art gallery.

Several of these old relics, really beautiful in their day, now repose, sixty and seventy years later, in the attic, spreading the peace of olden days upon their surroundings!

Marx was the sister nearest in age to me, altho a half dozen years separated us. This however, by no means precluded me from the happy times that constantly went on, in our big picket-fenced yard, seemingly created solely for childhood's diversions.

The old orchard was unsurpassed for carefree sports. Down the grassy lanes between long rows of orchard trees we galloped on horseback, hair flying to the breeze; we climbed to the top-most branches of our big trees; swung beneath them till our toes touched their leafy boughs; slid down haystacks; mothered families of adorably soft furry kittens in the depths of the big hay-mow; sat atop the sloping roof of the corn-crib spinning air castles, romantic and sentimental.

Guileless creatures of nature, we consumed literally quarts of vitamins — tho vitamins were unheard of then — in the endless amounts of apples, plums, gooseberries, currants, grapes, pieplant — all eaten in the raw.

* * *

A more social trend later took the place of such pastimes. Croquet bouts and tennis matches brought gatherings of light-hearted young people. Or winter evenings were often spent with popcorn and apples roasted on the open fire, and taffy-pulls with games where forfeits must be paid.

One of the old family jokes we used to laugh about, concerned Marcy, a young school girl just beginning to put on airs of being grown up.

It was a day in April when the early spring world, astir with budding life, enticed everyone to come forth and behold its unfolding beauty.

And Ray, a young girl of about 15, decided she must enjoy a first horseback ride of the season.

When the bridle was finally gotten onto Fanny however, it was found that after her winter of idleness she was too frisky for feminine riders. She needed some brisk exercise.

With Ray, such a situation did not lack a solution for long. Pondering a moment, her eyes rested upon Earl McClure, a neighbor lad, always somewhere near at hand.

"O, Earl," she exclaimed. "I know just the thing! You are such a wonderful rider! We'll dress you up like a girl, and you can give Fanny her exercise, and at the same time get her used to being ridden by 'skirts' again! — Then I can have my ride! . . Please . . . please!!"

Always ready to fall in with any inspiration of Ray's Earl dutifully acquiesced.

"That red dress of Marcy's will be about right for you," Ray continued. "It may be a little tight perhaps but no one will notice!" — and in no time Earl was attired in Marcy's red, full skirted dress which she had worn to school the preceeding week.

Then! Earl looked at himself in the mirror. "Oh No!" he demurred, "he was not going to have all boys laughing at him!"

—"But Earl, I know what we'll do. I'll find a sunbonnet and no one could even guess who you are!" glibly answered Ray.

A moment later, sun-bonneted Earl dauntlessly mounted the saddle, and with a burst of speed galloped down the driveway at something less than a lady-like canter.

In those olden days everybody knew every horse in town as well as they knew its owner. And on that early spring day the courthouse square was thronging with the village populace all enjoying their first spring outing.

Sauntering leisurely along the street came demure young Marcy, with a group of school friends, when suddenly dashing around the corner at breakneck speed, she met herself charging through the village square on the well known Mills horse, in her familiar red dress — skirt billowing, arms waving — sunbonnet tied securely beneath her chin!!— What a sight for a proper miss even then considering herself a young lady! — *Unthinkable!*

Adding to her indignation everyone she passed exclaimed "Why Marcy! we saw you just now on your horse!"

With flaming cheeks she hurried home to see what that unpredictable Earl had been up to now!

But when he turned in at the drive, with "Fanny's all right now for you girls to ride! — whose turn next?" — even Marcy's offended feelings were allayed, and she saw the joke, and laughed with the others.

An earlier anecdote concerned a trip when little Marcy, age 3, accompanied Mother and Father to the then distant capital city where Father was well known in legislative circles.

That evening at the hotel dinner, dainty Marcy, in blue ribbons and white embroidery dress, made the occasion a family joke by her naive request to have her ice-cream removed — and **heated.**

* * *

All outdoor, health giving sports were favored by our parents.

We loved winter with its sleighing, bob-sledding, coasting and skating on the river down below the S-hill at the edge of town.

Skating on the river, however, had to have the approval of village authorities who thoroughly tested the ice, for this old stream had a treacherous history never to be over looked.

Here had occurred the most tragic event early Jefferson had ever known — the disastrous drowning of three beautiful young girls.

This mournful event happened several years before I was born, but the impact of its lesson was never forgotten.

Little Gracie Enfield, daughter of Dr. Enfield (who brought all our family into the world); Cornie Bartlett, an only child; and Myrta Chandler had gone one hot summer day to play with Birdie McDuffy whose home was on the lovely wooded knoll above the river.

The day was very warm, and growing tired of play, one of the girls suggested running down the hill to cool off by wading in the river.

"Oh! No!" cried Birdie — her mother told her the river was dangerous — that there were holes in it — and she had promised **never** to go wading in it.

But the day was *so hot,* and the cool ripling water so tempting. One of them said she *knew* her mother wouldn't care if she waded just a little at the edge of the river; the others heartily agreed. And soon the four laughing girls were skipping down the fern-bordered path that wound down hill to the river below.

Splashing in the water they were having a glorious time — all but Birdie watching from the river bank, probably regretting her promise.

Little by little the girls ventured daringly further and further into-mid-stream.

Suddenly a scream was heard. One of the girls disappeared from sight.

Another ran to her rescue. Again a pitiful shriek and she too sank beneath the water.

The third little girl hurried to help them.

Relentlessly the old stream flowed insensibly over the spot where a moment before three laughing girls had splashed in carefree fun.

Poor Birdie, distraught, fled screaming up the hill to find her mother.

This was the day before telephones. A horse must be hitched to drive the long mile into town before help could be summoned.

At the first alarm the news spread with lightning speed — the entire village sprang into action. Every vehicle carried helpers to the tragic spot.

Arrived there, they quickly formed a chain of 40 or 50 men, spanning the river — the strongest men and best swimmers placed in the middle where the depth was over a man's head. Steadily they moved through the water. At last the pathetic little bodies were found.

* * *

Dr. Enfield worked all the night long over the precious body of his only daughter.

— Long years have passed; the grief and anguish suffered by the entire village is now a thing of the dead past. But memory still holds the poignant cruelty of that pitiful tragedy.

* * *

A curious aftermath holds an odd significance regarding Mother.

The morning after the disaster Mrs. Remick from across the street ran in to see Mother.

She was in tears, and holding mother's hand said she must tell her she owed the life of her own Nellie to Mother.

Mrs. Remick explained that a couple of days before this tragedy she and mother had been talking together about their children.

Mrs. Remick asked Mother how she managed to have her girls always so obedient. She said her own girls always begged and sobbed and teased until she gave in to whatever they wanted.

Mother told her it was a rule in the family that when she said "NO" it was because she had a *good reason*, and her girls understood and knew that coaxing would not change her answer.

Mrs. Remick said she went home that day determined to practice that rule in her own family.

The next day when the three little girls came after Nellie to go out to Birdie McDuffy's, she had a feeling it was time to be firm. She thought it too hot for Nellie to take the long walk, and all through Nellie's storm of tears and pleadings, she remembered Mother's counsel.

"Now" she said, *"I know that I owe Nellie's life to you."*

* * *

Marcy's happy married life was spent in Des Moines. Her husband Mr. Walker Black, was a prominent business man, and altho several years her senior, their lives were most congenial among many friends in Des Moines and at their summer home at Lake Okoboji.

Mr. Black's daughter Katherine, by a former marriage, filled the place of an own daughter for Marcy, and a warmth of understanding love existed between them. Katherine's death preceeded Marcy's by several years.

Last Member of Ninth Mills Generation

* * *

Vera Elizabeth Mills, "Lornie," "Betty." (Daughter Hon. Azor Ruggles Mills and M. Dyle Mills.) b. April 16, 1884. Jefferson, Iowa. Married:

Edmund Henry Haeger, May 20, 1884, d. Sept. 13, 1954. Lived all his life in Dundee, Illinois.

* * *

Children of Edmund and Betty:

* * *

1. **Barbara Mills Haeger,** b. Nov. 7, 1914. Dundee. m. Oct. 7, 1935, **Joseph Estes,** b. Aug. 12, 1910. Children:

* * *

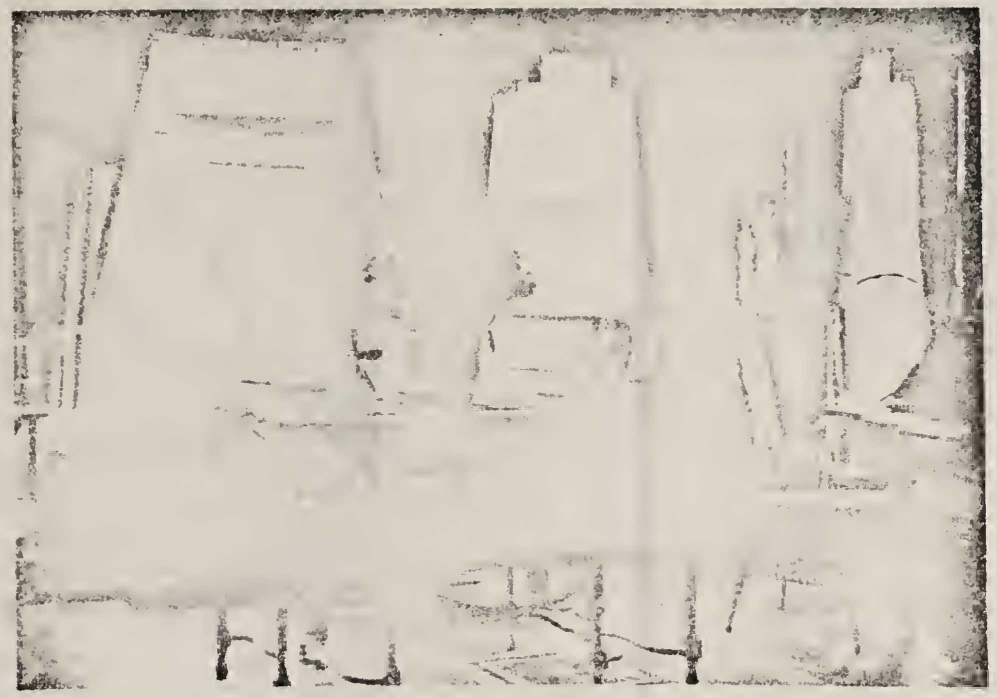
    1. **Victoria Mills Haeger Estes.** b. Aug. 11, 1940. m. July 22, 1961, **Charles Knight Heath,** b. Dec. 6, 1938.
        1. Daughter, **Alexandra Knight Heath,** b. April 9, 1963.
    2. **Nicholas Edmund Haeger Estes,** b. Nov. 2, 1944.
    3. **Alexandra Mills Haeger Estes,** b. Nov. 8, 1949.

* * *

2. **Marcy Mills Haeger,** b. July 12, 1919, Dundee. m. Apr. 16, 1949, **John Arnott McQuillan,** b. Apr. 15, 1916. Children:

* * *

    1. **John Arnott McQuillan III,** Jan. 5, 1950.
    2. **David Cyril McQuillan,** Nov. 30, 1950.
    3. **Phillip Mills McQuillan,** Mar. 10, 1952.



Marcy Mills, Mrs. Walker Black.

Her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Haeger to be.

"Lornie" (Betty) age 7, and Grace Mills.

'The day's at
the morn
— morning's
at seven!'

Betty, College Senior.

— 'the year's at the spring
— all's right with the world!'

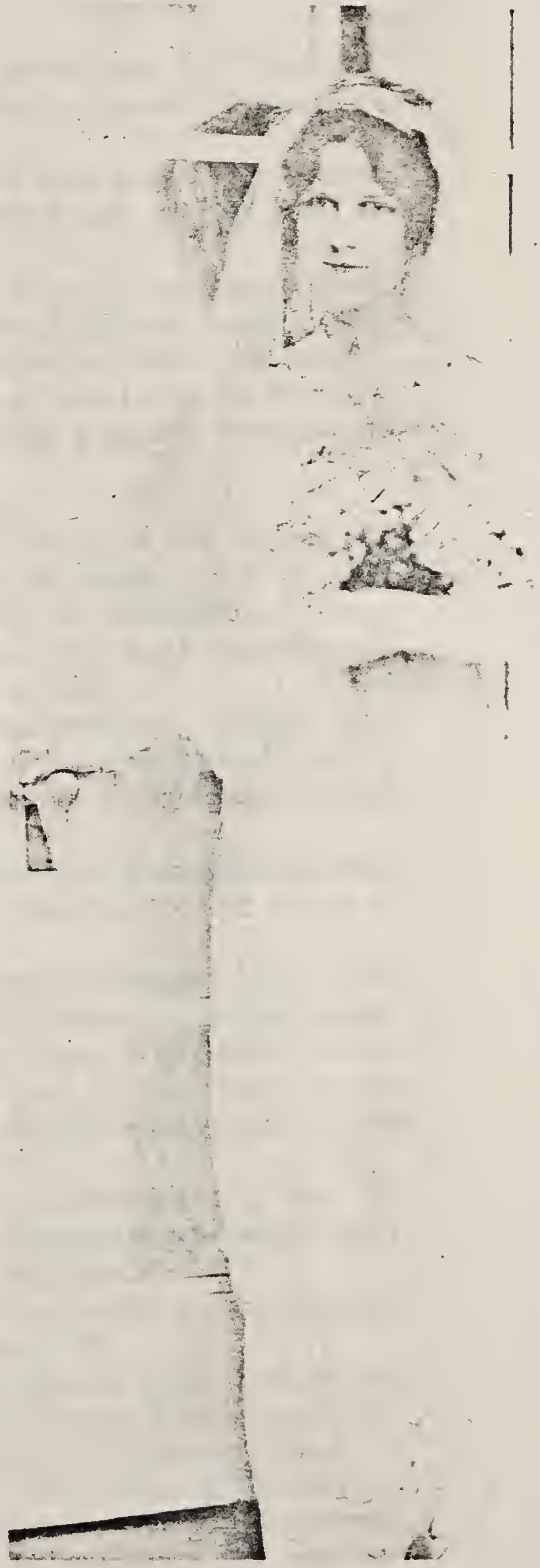
Golden years — marked by much — marred by little —

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Haeger.
Dundee, Ill.

Edmund Haeger, 1940.

Betty Mills Haeger, 1945.

Betty Mills (Mrs. Edmund Haeger).



Edmund Haeger.
(The picture with a history!)

Vera Elizabeth Mills, Mrs. Edmund Haeger

"Lornie" — "Betty"

* * *

When I unlock the long-closed door of yesteryear and step the threshold o'er, no one visible is there, but I feel an unseen Presence — a Spirit — articulate with happy greeting!

Memory she is called, and her voice is low and sweet with echoes of forgotten laughter and catches of old songs heard by my heart — not by my ear.

As time moves down that misty trail of yore, loved scenes from the past rise before me; I glimpse again our childhood home, a big old rambling house with gabled-eaves and molded cornices; its hospitable chimneys etched through leafy branches of tall trees; its friendly doorways flecked with motes of sunlight giving gracious welcome of unhurried gentility.

There life moved in calm-paced measures.

Threaded with a misty touch of age, I envision the medley of the seasons as they drifted slowly by, in this old place.

Here, summer smiled with green serenity of full-leaf and long-shadow; creating a rhapsody of rolling meadows, fresh-washed and verdant, stretching away to meet a blue-sea of sky.

Autumn's magic emblazoned trees with brilliant leafage that merged into intensified color before the run of days brought Winter's cold strength and icy breath that stripped leaves from branches and etched gray patterns against steely skies.

But when once more the tides of spring surged through flowering trees, the miracle of the May-world burst upon sight and sound — a fresh revelation each year.

Springtime filled the air with scent; apple-blossoms blew their soft breath upon the breeze; pouting pink-buds formed a scented archway over orchard-lanes whose cool depths were blue with violets growing unchecked, their delicate perfume lost in the fragrance of the wild grape-vine whose over-powering sweetness hovered on the air like incense.

That timeless fragrance epitomized the individuality of our old home. Today a mere whiff of one of those heart-stirring scents takes me speedily back to May-mornings of that long ago.

Again, chance memories picture our old orchard, song-enchanted and vibrant with the burgeoning of unfolding life.

Bird-songs caressed the air; blue-birds flashed their first signal of color; robins, wrens, orioles dwelt in undisturbed sanctuary.

With time running backward, a whimsical recollection brings to mind a spring-day (more than 70 years ago!) Our second grade teacher could tell fascinating legends not found in schoolbooks! She suggested that we place one of our winter over-shoes up in a fruit-tree and see how quickly a bird family would recognize it as an invitation to make it their home.

I could scarcely wait to get home! I knew exactly the tree where my invitation would soon array the flowering branches with new glory!

One evening soon after, as we were gathered about the supper table, Father remarked with a sly twinkle, "Lornie, what do you suppose I saw today in the old crabapple tree! Some wrens have fastened one of your little over-shoes up in the branches and have a nestful of baby-birds in it!"

Such rapture! — That little wren-nest, and its successors, exalted that old tree through several springs, always tenanted by happy "wrenters."

In point of years, Father could have been my grandfather. He was 57 when I was born. He had spent several years in Civil War service so that he was 38 when he married, and I was his youngest child. My four oldest sisters were almost like mothers to me; even the sister nearest me was several years older than I.

I sometimes feel there is a generation missing in my line! My grandmother, Harriet Ruggles Mills died 40 years before I was born!

In all my mazy climbing in geneological trees, I have not found a similar occurrence! No doubt I should be a great-great-Grandmother rather than a (proud) Great-Grandmother — honorable as I consider that lofty position.

My respect for Father was unbounded. I knew he possessed greater wisdom than any President! (And that could well hold true for a few I have since known!)

I did my best to please Father in little ways that might cause him to feel less keenly the lack of a son — not that he ever mentioned such a regret. But it was highest praise when he would say "Lornie, I'd rather have you than any boy!"

But on one occasion when I was 6 or 7, I well remember a **spanking** that held no trace of fatherly approval!

It was April-Fool Day and I had thought up an April-Fool joke (— highly original) — to play on Father.

Father had been at his desk all afternoon writing a speech — I needed two big sheets of paper and when he left the room for a few moments I quickly ran over to his desk and found two big foolscap pages — he had written on one side but that would not spoil my surprise joke!

I printed **April Fool** in big letters on the blank sides, then out to the latticed porch to glue them securely on the side door.

Shortly Father was back at his desk — searching — He looked through his papers, hunted in drawers, and finally called to Mother if she knew what had become of the last pages of his speech.

It did not take long for her to look suspiciously at me.

— "Yes," I confessed, "I had taken two sheets."

Where were they? (Now I thought will come the big April Fool.) "They're out on the side-porch" — When Father was confronted with that April Fool (his speech) glued fast to the door, it produced in no way the effect I had anticipated!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

No joke was indicated in the spanking that followed, and as I sobbed and wept I decided the April Fool was on me!

* * *

A thrilling event occurred when I was four years old. A new well was to be drilled in our big back yard, and it was exciting fun to watch the men walking over the lawn trying to locate water by holding a forked-branch (called a *witch-stick)* with one prong turned upward. If they passed over water flowing far down below, the prong would automatically turn down.

I — age 4 — decided I could do that myself — and I did! I successfully located the place where our well of deliciously pure water has flowed from that day to this — almost 75 years later!

I remember how exciting it was to feel the witch-stick turn in my hands, drawn by some mystical force! They all laughed and called me a little water-witch.

(I have heard since, this is called *"odic-power,"* the power of healing! When I try it on my grandchildren it increases at least their powers of Hilarity.)

Among my delightful pleasures when I was a tiny girl were occasional train-trips with Mother when she visited my big sisters in college. Those train rides in gorgeous red-plush seats were heavenly — watching the landscape slip by as we bumped along over the clicking rails. Even the mile-long ride out to the campus in the college bus, over dusty roads, held interest, but the climax was reached when we drove up to big Main-Building, like a great castle in its vast tree-studded park, and greeted my beautiful sisters, like princesses, awaiting our arrival.

Old Main was a majestic place with endless hallways ideal for a little girl to run from one end to the other. On another visit when I was 7 or 8, I remember walking sedately along the corridor one morning, when a lady came from one of the doorways.

"Well! Good Morning little Miss Mills" she said, "I have no need to ask your name, I would know that Mills walk any place on campus. — and I declare you even have that same haughty Mills air —"

I soon learned she was Miss Doolittle, the buxom German professoress. But the term haughty I have never understood, as it has been applied to us by others. Reserve we have; but proud arrogance has never belonged to us.

My first playmate was a little girl just my age, Dalma Young —

Every Sunday we walked together the two blocks down the shady street to Sunday School.

Each of us wore our hair in long curls, topped with big brimmed sailor hats with wide streamers. Once we had dresses made alike, mine was a cream-challis sprigged with tiny rose-buds, in old fashioned Kate-Greenaway-off-shoulder style.

People frequently said they could scarcely tell Lornie and Dalma apart. Even her grandmother called to me one day as I was walking

past their house on an errand "Dalmie! Dalmie! come back! — come right back! You know you are not allowed outside the yard!"

In a frightened tone I feebly said *"I'm not Dalma"* — and hurried on. Apparently the elderly lady did not hear, and thought Dalma was disobeying her command; she started after me with punishment plainly written upon her determined brow. I ran! By the time she reached me I was sobbing "I'm not Dalma! I'm Lornie! I'm not Dalma!"

Her profuse apologies were probably as flattering a compliment as I ever received!

Dalma had been left an orphan at the age of 3 when her father and mother died within 9 days of each other. She lived with her Grandmother Carter (who had been a Miss Clemens, a cousin of Mark Twain).

Every morning Dalma stopped for me on her way to school. I had no suspicion of her promptness — but in a letter written more than 50 years after, in recalling childhood days, Dalma said she "always hurried every morning to get over to our house before we had our *morning prayers* (!) — she never wanted to *miss that!"* She always knelt down with the family while Father prayed!

Recently I heard the well known evangelist, Dr. Billy Graham, in a television broadcast, state that statistics show there is no juvenile delinquency in homes where there is family prayer.

— An old-fashioned custom, but pause and feel your heart expand at its memory.

Memorial Day was a tradition in our village, a sacred occasion to Father who was one of the soldiers honoring his comrades who had answered their last roll-call.

Back in those days there was a long double-file of "Soldiers in Blue" leading this beautiful Memorial procession as it wended its way to the cemetery.

Up the street under the low-hanging fringes of freshly green trees, colors massed and banners fluttering, to the measured march and the dull beat of the drums, came the Decoration Day parade.

A long winding trail of school children carrying flowers, and waving flags, brought up the rear.

Nothing in the whole year was quite so stirring; nothing played so definitely on the heart-strings as the town watched the parade go by.

From the time I was first able to make the long march to the Cemetery I was always a part of the procession.

But a year came when I was in high-school, that this May-holiday spent with a book in the cool shade where a hammock idly swung, was far more to my taste than a long hot march to the Cemetery to decorate graves.

I had just discovered the fascination of my very first novel — "When Knighthood Was in Flower" — and its romance had me completely in its spell. I was looking to this holiday for undisturbed enjoyment of this charming tale.

. . . At that moment the front door opened. Father with dignified military bearing came forth.

He glanced at me lounging in the hammock, and stopped in surprise.

"Lornie you'll be late if you don't hurry" he said.

"Oh Father it's so hot I thought I wouldn't march today" I shamefacedly replied.

There was shocked silence —

Then quietly he spoke —

"Lornie, there was never a day too hot for me to march during the War."

That was all. Without another glance he walked on.

That was enough for my guilty conscience. I dropped my book, and ran the two blocks to school to join the children already forming in line.

. . . Later at the cemetery, as the file of school children passed between the double-ranks of veterans, Father's eyes met mine in an understanding glance. I shall never forget that silent message.

— Next Memorial Day it was Father's grave I decorated.

* * *

According to the Zodiac, I am an "Aries" woman (April 16), described as loving order, elegance and beauty, and as a rule enjoying large, spacious rooms with plenty of air and light — (which fortunately I have always had!) It further states that of music and dancing I am the greatest lover, for "as soon as music is heard the life forces start flowing within me"!

This description might have included being systematic, methodical, tidy, and painfully punctual!

But it would be a moot question whether the Aries influence endowed me with my love of music, since all my sisters, Aries or otherwise, were extremely musical.

Our two grandmothers had been natural born singers.

But most of all we inherited our love of music from Mother, whose lovely voice filled our home with singing. Father always said you need never expect to find a musical family where there is not a singing Mother. And no doubt emulating her, I too sang from the time I was a baby, and well remember an occasion, at the age of 3 or 4, being carried through a crowded assemblage up to the platform to sing at a concert and hear myself applauded as a future prima donna!

In my teens I spent countless hours at the piano, singing ballads sentimental and otherwise — which the whole neighborhood must have known by heart!

A few of my favorites included these:

"Last night the nightingale woke me
Last night when all was still
It sang in the golden moonlight
From yonder woodland hill –
I opened my window so gently
I gazed on the dreaming dew
And oh the bird, my darling
Was singing – was singing – of you."

(Et cetera — through several verses) — One morning while going about my morning work and warbling my usual "last night the nightingale woke me" — Mother slyly remarked "Lornie can't you do something about that bird — he seems to disturb your sleep so much!")

* * *

Excerpts from other loved favorites were:

"Down in the dewy, dewy dell
Where the perfumed violets spring
And the tender blue harebell
Bends neath the zephyr's wing . . ."

* * *

or "Sang the red-rose to the lily
Long ago – long ago
Bending down his head
Until he touched her petals
White as snow . . .
Thou art sweetest of all flowers –"

* * *

or "Hark! Hark! the lark
At heaven's gate sings
And Phoebus 'gins to rise
His steeds to water
At those springs
Where challiced flowers lie,
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden-eyes
And everything that pretty bin
My lady sweet Arise
Arise – Arise!
My lady sweet Arise!"

* * *

An aftermath of this last song was found in an old letter I came upon recently in going through a stack of letters Grace had written to Ada long years ago. This one was after Grace had visited in Dundee:

—"Do you remember that song 'Hark Hark the Lark' that Lornie used to make resound through the neighborhood in Jefferson? It is one of the loveliest songs I ever heard. When we visited Lornie last week in Dundee, I asked her to play and sing it again for me — never dreaming she would remember it all these years without hunting up the music. But she walked to the piano and played and sang it from memory, and it sounded sweeter than ever before. I could have closed my eyes and imagined we were back in the old home long years agone.

"I didn't close my eyes tho — they were too full for the lids to come down. But the feel was in the air and I could imagine Mother was somewhere near. I think that part was not all imagination either. I hardly think Lornie could sing like that and Mother not come to listen —"

My boarding-school days were spent at old Baird Seminary. There I fervently applied myself to music, and soon after my return home, the director of music at church, came to call. He urged me to become the church organist!

I had not studied organ but the idea was appealing, and with his pressing assurance, and with my own intrepid courage of youth, I, still in my teens, found sister Ray's organ-books, and with much diligent practice faithfully performed the duties of church-organist for two or three years, before I went to college!

This pipe-organ experience proved useful a few years later when I became organist in Dundee after my marriage.

No music has ever given me more pleasure than the untold hours spent at the Cassevant-Freres in our church.

That is, until my dear husband Edmund, aware of my intense love of the organ, presented me one Christmas many years ago, with an organ in our home.

I have no words to express the rapture this has given me. Even in old age I while away an occasional hour at the keyboard.

(During the passing years, a sister church in Dundee, installed a new organ. The honor of dedicating it was given to me.)

The following clipping in the Dundee Review pleased me so much I insert it here, altho I am fully aware of its exaggeration:

"The organ dedication Sunday night by Mrs. Edmund Haeger, was superb. A capacity crowd overflowed to the extent that all church parlors, Sunday School rooms, as well as the Auditorium and gallery had to be utilized. The sound of Mrs. Haeger's music was enthralling. The touch of a Master was there, producing musical splendors that entranced the audience with their flawless perfection. Artists often hold their audiences, but none with more power than Mrs. Haeger did."

At the peril of shattering whatever remmant of modesty may remain, I should like to insert another clipping because it gave me pleasure long ago.

The following caused me to gasp with surprise one morning years ago when I opened our Church Bulletin:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Appreciation Corner

(Written by Rev. H. Shelby Lee)

* * *

"One of the most versatile and accomplished women of our church is Mrs. Edmund Haeger. It would be impossible to list her talents and her contributions to the life of this fellowship.

A rare degree of modesty, plus voluminous benignity, plus nonending thoughtfulness give a meager description of this worthy woman.

She has served in innumerable offices and committees in the church. For a number of years she has been Church Historian.

Mrs. Haeger was the dynamo in the Church Centennial Celebration. Among the contributions she did for that occasion was to prepare a comprehensive history of the Church and a more memorable thing has not been done for this church.

Mrs. Haeger is an accomplished musician excelling at the organ. Under the touch of her trained fingers the organ becomes a living soul. Her music is a spiritual treat looked forward to by everyone.

The Church truly appreciates Betty Haeger."

* * *

— But how far afield have my thoughts wandered.

Let us look back once more on early days in old Jefferson.

As long as I can remember, our pleasant old home was the center of groups of merryhearted young people.

With a family of older sisters already grown into blithesome belles this was to be expected, and beaux were numerous — ''dudes'' father jokingly called them with their tall Derby hats, canes, kid-gloves, and shining boots! — Of course such attire was mostly for ceremonious occasions, New Year's teas and parties. Usually there were the pleasant informalities of tennis and croquet-matches, or picnics and casual outings that provided ample enjoyment for naive tastes. Sometimes on summer evenings a bevy of serenaders — young ladies and their escorts — would saunter along the shadow hung streets — moonglow filtering through branches overhead — young voices blended in harmony of old-time ballads.

The romances of my older sisters attracted my rather eager interest whenever I could overhear their frank appraisals of various beaux! — I have since decided this must have had a tendency to curb ''susceptibility'' on my part when I later reached the sentimental age of romance!

Of course at an early age I, too, intuitively learned that I could wield the power that is a feminine birth right! Occasionally I lost my heart for short spells — but not my head! Inwardly I knew that my head ruled my heart!

My first youthful romance budded during my junior year in high school. Darwin Enfield and I had known each other throughout our long fifteen years of life, scarcely giving a second thought to the mere existence of the other as we skated, or bicycled, or ''walked stilts'' together.

But one September when Darwin came home after a long summer vacation at the lake, suddenly I was surprised to see he had grown into a tall handsome blond!

Our school desks were directly across the aisle from each other, and this propinquity soon led to a constant interchange of notes — edifying no doubt.

After school we conned our Latin and Algebra together.

On crisp autumn days we went skating, and with the first snowfall went sleigh-riding with Darwin's big Saint Bernard dog bounding along beside the jingling cutter.

Our literary communications continued each day unabated. But suddenly in the height of February, the most dreaded disease — small pox — swept the entire country. Even Jefferson had over 30 cases, including one or two high-school students.

Immediately the entire town was quarantined — schools, churches, all public gatherings were discontinued. School children were forbidden to be seen on the streets. The village wore a forsaken air.

I had never known such utter loneliness! In the days before television or telephones this seemed an endless eternity! My sisters Ray and Marcy were away in college and being the only child at home so much of the time during my teens often gave me the feeling of being an only child.

This long compulsory quarantine was to be enforced from February through March — on into April. Six long weeks! — how could one endure it!

One lonely evening after two whole days (!) of this disspiriting quiet I was sitting in front of the fire desultorily translating Caesar, which we were supposed to decipher daily — when a soft rap sounded at the side door.

I bounded up — hopes soaring! Could it be Dalma or Nell, or Lona had dared disregard the authorities!

I ran to the door — to have my hopes dashed. There stood Tommy Locker from across the street. He quickly stepped inside — (after my Latin translations I distastefully thought!)

Tommy was searching through his pockets for something. Soon he brought forth a big thick envelope addressed to "Lornie" in Darwin's familiar hand writing!

My heart leapt as he said "Doc sent this to you Lornie, and he wants you to answer it; he is going to pay me *five cents a week* so you can write to each other" — (munificent Darwin!) — "Now don't forget to answer it. — I'll get it tomorrow night when I bring Doc's. — I'll have to run now before the night-watch catches me" — and he was gone!

—Those six weeks of quarantine didn't look too hopelessly dull after all!

Our nightly missives grew more and more lengthy, and what fun to receive them every night furtively escaping the night watch. The old "post office" under the board-sidewalk at the corner, paled in comparison; and what a dominion of authority Postman Thomas Locker held!

At long last April arrived. No new cases had appeared, the quarantine was lifted, life flowed back into normal channels, and no pleasure took precedence over our Return to School. Somewhat surprising—for school had never before been synonomous with freedom!

After the long confinement gaiety was in the air. Everybody old and young, began giving parties.

One rainy April night Darwin came to escort me to a class-party at young Mahlon Head's. We walked the three blocks in a drenching downpour—both of us under one umbrella, transported in merriment and laughter.

The gentle spring rain continued all evening and our walk home was no less mirthful.

But upon reaching the protection of our latticed side-porch, suddenly in the intimidating darkness a hitherto unknown apprehension descended upon me!

I was hurriedly reaching for the door when Darwin caught my hand and whispered "Lornie did you read the poem in our Lit book by a man named Stedman?—It told about a boy who was seeing a girl home, and as they reached her door a *cloud came over the moon*—and—and it gave him courage to kiss her goodnight"—(my heart was pounding)—"Lornie there's a cloud over the moon tonight"—and bending down his six feet of callow youth he pressed a resounding kiss—on the exact tip of my *nose!*

* * *

Of such profundity is the dawn of romance!

* * *

* * *

In those early days, one of the appealing diversions that our townspeople considered "cultural" lay in staging spring, or summer festivals of home talent—art-exhibits, music-festivals, cantatas, pageants with tableaux of living pictures, and artistic dances coached by a professional from the city.

The grace and aptitude of every age group in town was utilized, and from the time I was a small child I have rapturous memories of my older sisters, and sometimes myself, appearing in these esthetic events.

The thrill of the Grand Finale came with the entire ensemble on stage in a tableau suffused in colored lights flooding the scene in ethereal glory!

During the month of May, following the long quarantine, the town was in a propitious mood for such edifying entertainment.

Mrs. Enfield (Darwin's mother) an efficient and admirably civic-minded person, was soon at the helm, supervising one of the loveliest Art Exhibits ever held in Jefferson.

Every family qualified to exhibit, sent imposing specimens of their artistic skill. In a day when art was an essential part of a girl's education, the walls of the big opera-house were completely transformed into a museum of outstanding merit of which Jefferson was justifiably proud. (I daresay the number of Mills oils which Mother placed on exhibit, represented an inverse ratio betwixt her modest restraint, and her pride in her talented (!) daughters.)

Two days and two nights the populace thronged into this exhibit. A superb tableau each night was a sumptious spectacle filling the big stage which depicted an oriental scene of lavish splendor.

The personnel for this tableau was chosen from the comeliest belles of the village, and it happened two high-school girls were included. How proud I was to be one of them!

Mrs. Enfield cautioned me not to divulge any details to Darwin, and his unbridled curiosity remained unappeased as he plead to know what I was to do "besides looking pretty as a picture"!

During the tableau a trio sang ballads as we reclined in exotic splendor. This trio was made up of my cousin, Edith Stillman, a lovely contralto; Mrs. Blanche Howard, known to Federation of Club Women as "the sweet singer from Iowa"; and young Lornie Mills, none other than myself!

I vividly remember my gorgeous attire! — robe of crimson satin (from France loaned to me by Mrs. Enfield); full flowing sleeves revealing bare arms adorned with bracelets; my long hair fell loosely from a golden circlet. — How sophisticated I felt as they touched my cheeks with rouge and applied lip coloring — the first I had ever experienced. And how delightfully astonished I was with the results!

After the Grand Finale, Darwin was waiting to escort me home.

I had lived in an aura of enchantment all evening; but as we descended the steps leading down from the opera house — a group of young urchins looking on — Darwin, attempting mature nonchalance at escorting his lady, was prompted to trip lightly down the steps.

— Trip is the correct word but alas not lightly. Poor Darwin. His long legs became tangled, and with undignified lack of grace he landed full length on the sidewalk below.

The snickering group of adolescents enjoying the scene heightened my immature embarrassment (which I daresay was not wholly concealed by my assumed sympathy).

However, there was no kiss — even on the nose — that night.

* * *

One memory leads to another and before this hurried rush continues to flood my pen, perhaps we should view a more edifying scene, our high-school graduation, now more than sixty years ago.

Crystal clear is its memory — seventeen of us, a large class it was considered, seated in a half-circle on the big stage before the crowded assemblage.

Overhead in graceful festoons were looped our class-colors in pink and white bunting; big cardboard letters tufted with greens and embellished with pink roses, bore our noble motto:

"Excellence or Nothing"

How very grave and stern the young-men looked in their stiff high collars, and Sunday suits!

But they were merely a background for us maidens, slim priestesses in white, roses in bodice and low coiled hair, elegantly swaying our fans of lace, with a brave simulation of poise.

What mighty problems were solved that night!

(Shall we preserve the opening sentiments of grandiloquence by one 17-year-old orator:

"Music is the highest of all the arts. There is no art that so universally unites people. Nature is full of music, harmony is found everywhere — the songs of birds — the musical roar of the cataract, its gentler strains caught on the wings of the wind, and whispered through tossing pines. In all this there is music. It is as natural for us to sing when our hearts are happy as it is to breathe" . . . (and on and on, extolling Richard Wagner).

* * *

A musical number concluded the "orations," as the girlish voices of the class-trio were heard, sung by Stella Glover, Iza Church and Lornie Mills —

"Welcome little daisy
Spring's first modest flower
Bloom thou void of danger
On thy sunny bower
My daisy sweet . . . my dai . . . sy sweet."

* * *

Then with great solemnity rose old Professor Carlilse who from our early childhood had piloted our class. With deep pathos he gravely presented our white-rolled diplomas voicing intimate words of counsel to each of us. (My college sheep-skin never meant half so much!)

* * *

It all comes back to me — the glamour, the charm, the deep significance of that old American custom!

— Surely it requires old age to reminisce!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

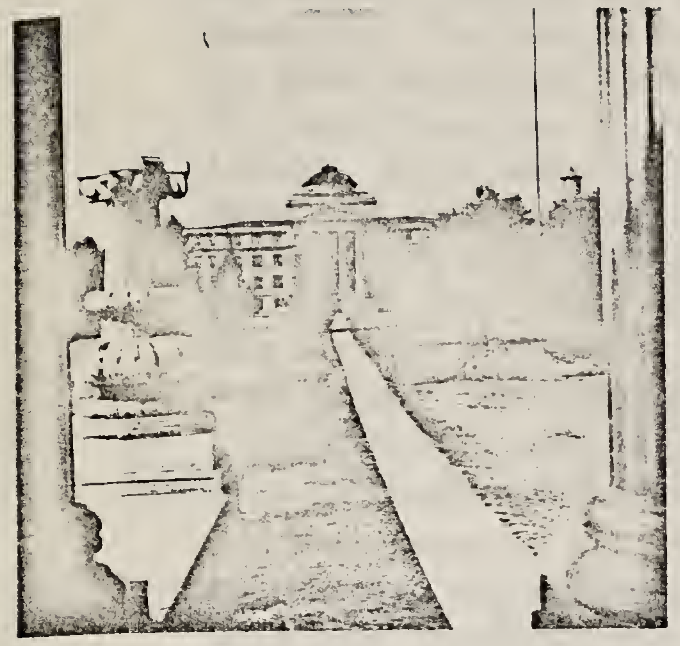
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]



Across the years
its golden tones
speak to our
souls as we come
back to commune
with the
past.

* * *

—It was my senior year at college. I was returning after my last long summer-vacation.

As the interurban-car rounded the knolls of the lovely campus, my eyes eagerly sought glimpses of scenes and halls that time and associations had made so dear.

The chimes in the tall grey Campanile, shouldering its way up through lofty pines, were pealing forth loved vesper airs—distilling the very essence of college days.

Every vista evoked memories—almost tears—as I drank in their beauty with sober reflections of the farewell soon to come.

But such sentimental sadness was soon forgotten; waiting at the station with beaming face and outstretched hand was good old Truman Manning—the dear—with his "Magic Vehicle"—the one and only auto on campus in that distant day.

Shortly we arrived at the Pi Beta Phi House, just as the girls who had come earlier in the day, were gathering in the big friendly living room before dinner.

With my appearance there was the usual rush of welcome, effusive hugs and joyful greetings.

When the effervescence had subsided, Emy, my roommate, (who had arrived that morning from *Dundee; Illinois)* and I ran up to our room.

We threw our arms about each other in an affectionate embrace—when glancing over her shoulder I saw in a conspicuous place on my writing desk, the photograph of a distinguished young man, a complete stranger to me.

"O Emy" I cried, "who is your new friend you have perched on **my** desk?"

She turned quickly and said "That is **for you** Betty! That is *Edmund Haeger* of *Dundee,* and he *would like* a *picture* of *you!*"

"**Why Emy!**" I gasped in shocked laughter. "You know I wouldn't do a thing like that!"

"Now Betty, let me explain. I've gone at it the wrong way" — and without pausing and in one breath Emy hurried on, while I began examining the picture more closely. — "Edmund Haeger is one of the finest young men I have ever known; I've known him all my life — he comes from one of the oldest — and most substantial families in Dundee. Their home is like a castle up on the hill overlooking the town. He went to Beloit College but his father died and now he is home looking after their big business. He is just the kind of person **you** would like — very musical, sings beautifully, is in the choir — they are very churchey — in fact he is a state officer in young peoples' work" — she was running out of breath.

"Well!" I said, "he surely sounds like a *paragon!* And he's most handsome! But *what* does all this have to do with *me?*"

Emy began to get really in earnest. "Now Betty, don't put on any haughty airs with me. Just let me tell you how it all started. He came over to call the other evening. We got to talking about Ames. Of course I told him about you" — ("of course" — laughed I) — "I brought out our Junior Annual and he saw your picture and read the description"

(Note: the caption had said:

"Her frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are
And then — her voice!

* * *

"The placid stream of Betty's life runs on undisturbed by earthquake, storm, or change of dynasty.
Wide awake and capable, here's a girl you can depend on in every undertaking.
The College Paris would undoubtedly award to this maid the golden apple.")

* * *

Emy was continuing: "He looked through the annual, then he went back again to your picture; he said 'I'd like to meet this Miss Betty Mills! Tell me about her?' — Well I told him he knew how to pick a popular girl — that you have more beaux than any girl on campus — he quickly said 'there's safety in numbers!' Then all at once he said 'Emy, I'd like to come out to Ames — will you permit me to come? I really feel that I *must* see that *new wall-paper!'* — I had told him the Pi Phi House was redecorated; and Betty I simply had to tell him he could come! Then next day he brought his picture over, and asked if I would introduce him to Miss Mills, and try to persuade you to send him one of your pictures."

* * *

By this time I was practically speechless!

In my mind's eye I could see good old Darb, and big Scottie, and Sandy — not to mention Truman and a few others — all good friends,

but I had my hands full keeping them in line, without bringing in an outsider.

On campus I could get by with cutting dates, and when I meekly apologized, big Scottie would say "that's all right, Betty — I don't know how you keep your dates straight anyway — I'm thankful just to get in on the rebound"; or Sandy would say "I'd really like to get sore, Betty, but I know that would only make you think more of the other fellow" — Emy was waiting expectantly for me to answer.

* * *

"Emy" I said, 'Of course I understand how you feel. He's a good friend of yours, and I know he must be a fine young man — But I just *couldn't* send him my picture — I don't have any to spare anyway!"

"Then *I'll* send him the *one* you *gave me*" Emy quickly replied.

"O please *don't!*" I begged. "I would feel simply ridiculous. And think of my wonderful friends here in school."

"Pooh!" said Emy, "Not one of them *compares* with *Edmund Haeger.*"

* * *

About that time the telephone rang — the Phi Gams were having an informal dance that first night and Sandy and Pat would call for us. (Pat was Ernest Alanson Pattengill, whom Emy married later.)

After a hurried dinner we were soon dressed for the dance, and in the pleasure of seeing old friends, no thought was given again that night to the picture of a lad from Dundee (which I had removed from my desk!)

* * *

But I had not heard the last by any means —

All fall at every propitious moment Emy spoke of Edmund Haeger. If we went to chapel and on the way back to our room I spoke of the splendid type of young-man who had delivered the address, regretting we had none like him in school, Emy would say, "Do you know whom he reminded me of all the time he was speaking? He is exactly the kind of personality that Edmund Haeger is."

After more and more of these subtle (?) remarks, I began to feel that Edmund Haeger might be worth meeting after all! He had sent a note or two to Emy. But still I demurred.

* * *

Early in the spring the Pi Beta Phi girls began planning our annual formal to be held on May Fourth.

One night I was pondering over which of my list of indebtedness should be favored with an invitation! It was quite a problem!

Emy spoke up in her usual theme —

"Betty, you're so foolish not to invite Edmund Haeger. He asked me again during spring vacation if there was a chance of coming before school closes."

At last the problem was solved!

May Fourth — What magic that date holds in memory! How light at first, but how tenacious and enduring are the ties that Destiny weaves for us.

The day began early. Soon after breakfast "Mr. Haeger" and Pat came over to see us.

Through the soft May sunshine we four strolled out across the campus, along the banks of the embowered stream, on across the stile to my favorite haunt — the Violet Patch — one great sea of blue velvet.

There we plucked our first violets together, little knowing we would commemorate this observance on every "May Fourth" the rest of our lives. [In our early married life we planted a nook across our driveway with violets. In dear Edmund's last years when it was becoming difficult for him to walk, we still remembered "May 4." With my help he would walk out to our dream-haunted nook — I would pluck a boutonniere for his lapel, and he would bestow his usual "May 4th kiss" — a part of our ritual not included in the original rites!]

* * *

On that first May Fourth the whole day was filled with heart warming episodes — humorous, tender, delicious — the kind you lay by in your heart to muse upon —

This tall, fair-haired, distinguished looking young man, whose expressive blue eyes disclosed a superior character, proved his worth in more ways than can be told.

His heart seemed always to be doing some kindness — His consideration, his inherent courtesy, his gentility, his wit and humor, all conveyed the very essence of his engaging personality.

A friendship can travel a vast distance on such a day of felicitous companionship. In its many gradations of acquaintance this one ripened fast. We soon felt we were old friends, and a shining quality enveloped us in harmonious rapport.

That evening while dressing for the dance, came his huge box of heavenly pink roses, an armful which I carried when Edmund and I had the honor of leading the grand march.

The roses matched my gown of rose-silk trimmed with overdrapes of soft rose-lace. As was the custom in that day I wore "a rose in my hair" which was done with a Mary-Mannering shoulder curl —

During the evening's dancing more than once Edmund held me at arm's length with an intent look; once he said, "Miss Betty, do you know that old song — 'The Half has Never Been Told'? My heart has been singing it all day long."

After the dance as we said goodnight he clasped my hand and said, "Miss Betty, I have no words to thank you for the most perfect day I have ever known. I have looked forward to meeting you — now the joy and wonder of it nearly overwhelm me with happiness."

Early the next morning — Sunday — began another blue-sky day, with Edmund bringing a collection of his songs — lovely old ballads now of three generations ago. Even today I sometimes sit at the piano in revery softly humming — hearing through all the years that lie between, another dear voice singing "Lass With a Delicate Air," — "I Hear You Calling Me," — "O Lovely Night," — "Bendemeer's Stream," — and all the others.

* * *

* * *

And now I hesitate, pen poised, doubtfully pondering whether to include more personal memories!

For my grandchildren alone, I do so, feeling that the manliness of their grandfather's nature, can in no way be better revealed than by his own letters.

Thus I shall include excerpts from a few of Edmund's letters of which I cherish so many — written a half century ago — read and re-read — holding the lasting enchantment of words traced by the hand of love.

Following is Edmund's first letter written after his Ames visit:

"My dear Miss Betty:

"As I sit with pen in hand I know not how to thank you for the most wonderful visit I can imagine. I have been thinking over the past days and I have only surprise at my temerity in daring to say some of the things I said to you vis a vis. Your chiding – if such kind words could be so called – I know I deserved, and I shall take with good grace anything you ever wish to say. I know I had no right to have spoken as I did, but I seemed unable to do otherwise. I feel I should ask your forbearance and a chance for another trial. I feel I have been selfish in some ways but I seemed to be lost – and I hope you have forgiven me.

"Even business – I never call it work, has seemed much pleasanter because of my 'perfect vacation' – my good mother will vouch for this.

"The Conference in Batavia went off well, tho I fear I was too much in evidence. I sang a solo that evening and did the best I could without my favorite accompanist.

"I had a splendid auto trip coming home. It took not over three hours to go almost 25 miles on strange roads. Sometimes we were running almost 30 miles an hour. It was so fast that even the big headlights gave me scarcely enough time to slow down for approaching carriages. It was quite tiring driving so fast, but it was a great ride. I thought if you will only accept Emy's invitation to come to Dundee this summer, how happy I shall be to make you acquainted with my Overland, and I know how it will love to demonstrate for you.

"Really do tell me whether you are coming – I wonder about it so much, and do want you to, more than I can tell. There is an exhibit of paintings at the Art Institute this week, and I thought how much you would enjoy seeing it. I found a calendar in water colors – of violets and a girl in a pink gown! – which with your permission I am sending to you. I believe it will speak for itself."

Another excerpt —

"My dear — Betty: There! After that formal 'Mr. Haeger' superscription I am summoning my temerity again, and suggest that we drop the Mr. and Miss. Really I felt it was too formal and I hope you will be so good as to leave out the Mr. hereafter.

"Your letter came to me on my birthday! Need I say it was the bright spot of the day for me.

"It is splendid there is a chance of your attending the Pi Beta Phi convention in Evanston — all thanks to *Miss Alice Armstrong!* — But surely with you that close to Dundee you would not forego the opportunity of visiting this wonderful town. The best we have will be brought out for you, you may be sure. Emy and I are duly appreciative as 'samples.'

"It seemed very appropriate to find that sprig in your letter for I have associated you with flowers all the time. Perhaps because of violets we picked one morning — long ago! Every violet I see now is a quick reminder.

"I am glad to hear that the violet calendar is serving so nicely. I have a duplicate in my den at home so you see the pink lady is looking after both of us. If she will only give us some days together in Dundee next month I shall think she is really a true friend — and perhaps some future violet gathering — or dare I hope for that?

"It seems such a long time since I saw you. If without intruding I can be of assistance to you — in case you do come, I should be glad to meet you in Chicago."

* * *

(From Betty)

"Home Sweet Home!"

"Dear Edmund: Agreed again! That does sound more friendly doesn't it — and really more appropriate for such an old established friendship — n'est'c'pas?

"My ears lazily awoke this morning to things mundane, before my sleep-filled eyes had even opened — to old familiar sounds — bird songs in the maple boughs outside my window — the patter of a squirrel on the roof — the hush upon everything so different from a noisy college hall. These were all heard sub-consciously, until suddenly my eyes popped open and I realized that joyous feeling to which there is none akin: **I Am Home!**

"Laughter and I ran down the stairs together!

"My sister Grace is here on a short visit on her way to their summer home in Deerfield, northern Minnesota lake region. Mother is going up with her, but not Betty. Betty has other plans. She is accepting an invitation to spend the summer in Pennsylvania with my dear sister Pussy. And what think you? My train goes through Chicago in time to dovetail Alice's Pi Phi houseparty in Wilmette; — on for an overnight stop in Dundee; — and on to Pennsylvania!

"— Dear Old Jefferson is now giving her homecomers the annual summer welcome. Half a dozen social affairs are to liven the coming week. But after that our diversions will probably consist of hunting out the old croquet set or tennis, or better yet a hammock and good book underneath the bough.

"Last night the youth of the village informally arranged a dance, the incentive being a 'strolling' orchestra in town.

"I was informed of the affair at about 8:30, and in another fifteen minutes my escort arrived in person! We never mind little informalities of that sort however, and hied ourselves forth merrily to greet the Musicians. You should have seen the three of them! I thought of Dicken's description — 'rather onsartin of themselves, and when it came to the tune even more so!' But their spirits were willing and they made up in exertion what they lacked in repertory. They sawed the air — and we cut pigeon wings that must have been forgotten a good quarter of a century!

"— I think there was no draw back to the merriment of the occasion!"

(From Edmund)

"My dear Betty: Here's where I take part of my summer vacation writing to Betty. I am so excited that you are really coming to Dundee – it had all seemed too good to be true, and now I scarcely dare to believe it. But when you come for that overnight visit, please remember that when you leave will depend upon what Emy and I say. And I am hoping Emy will share some of your hours with me. It is a sort of oasis for me to look ahead to – I hope it is not a mirage.

"I do not want to intrude Betty, but I am so eager for you to allow me to be of assistance, I am frequently in Chicago and will be so glad to be of help. Pat is to be here at the same time you are, and we can have a continuation of that May picnic in June! – O speed the day!

"I wonder if you remembered that today is the anniversary of the violet patch? Do you remember how many weeks?

"Friday evening some of us fellows got up a little dance. I had the pleasure of taking Emy. She asked me during the party if I had had my dance with Betty. I did not tell her that all evening I had been dancing in memory with a brown-eyed girl in pink, with pink roses. The moon was up, and Emy asked if ever I thought that someone else saw the same old moon – an old question – answered by yes! – I wish Betty – but what's the use . . ."

* * *
* * *

— When I stepped from the train that morning in June and found the little group waiting — Alice and her mother, Emy and Edmund — there began a succession of enchanted days — their memories haunt my heart.

After a beautiful drive along the lake, we reached Alice's home; and settling ourselves in an upper room with balcony overlooking the lake, a first happy surprise came when a box of magnificent long-stemmed roses was brought up to me with Edmund's card.

Pink roses again — the forerunners of many, many such during the long years to come, forming a mosaic of our own symbol of love.

Several days later came that thrilling and unforgettable moment — my first glimpse of a village in a valley, Dundee, nestled in low-lying hills, river encircling it, with vistas of winding stream and superb sweep of countryside, before time had changed it, or the village-life of long ago had faded.

High up on the bluff commanding a view of the entire valley, stood the Haeger castle — grey and sedate — feudal in austere beauty — but on closer acquaintance how beautiful its faded brick beneath the vine traceries that mantled its old wall-nooks — how inviting its open balconies and hospitable verandas.

Emy's old fashioned green-shuttered house was down below in the valley with the placid river, deep and dreamy, flowing at the very border of her back yard.

Canoes paddled lazily by — hammocks swung in the shade of every garden, a quaint charm threw a veil of romance over this old storybook town.

* * *
* * *

Edmund's mother, one of the unforgettable personalities one could ever know, soon came with Edmund to call. To know her was to love her — She took me into the inner circle of her great-souled warmth, and left nothing undone to further the joy of my visit.

We dined "up on the hill;" we wandered through the endless rooms of the palatial old home; we filled baskets with roses cut from the old rose garden; we carved our names on the ancient wooden fence at the top of the bluff — those initials remained there through the next half century!

Edmund's mother invited us to attend church with her, and we sat in the Haeger pew — the same seat I have since occupied for over half a century — now with my own third and fourth generations.

We took long auto drives through the beautiful valley-side with its natural charm of woodland and sun-lit landscape; we had long heart to heart talks proving this new friend to be uncommonly worth knowing.

Frequent hampers were packed and with Emy and Pat we picnicked in a wooded glen on the bank of the river where amid laughter and singing, that intangible thing of the spirit — mutual understanding and kindred attraction — rapidly developed.

* * *
* * *

Then came the last night of my Dundee visit. Edmund had swung a hammock between two tall elms on the river bank.

Together we watched the last fading rays of sunset. Now the silver sheen of a pale moon was reflected in the quiet water.

An all embracing overtone of farewell pervaded our spirits — the sudden realization of parting friends. Our conversation had taken on a restraint, holding muted, meditative silences.

Edmund was softly humming "Bendemeer's Stream"; turning to me he said "Betty, you haven't told me your favorite song. Will you sing it for me?"

I said I had so many favorites but one I especially liked was a lovely old ballad by Sir Thomas Moore — and I softly sang these words, which from that moment became "our" favorite" — it wove itself into our romance in many ways and Edmund sang it the night of our wedding:

"O believe me if all those endearing young charms
Which so fondly I gaze on today.
Were to fade by tomorrow and flee from my arms
Like fairy gifts fading away —
Thou would still be adored
As this moment thou art
Let thy loveliness fade as it will
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

> [illegible]

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own
And thy cheek unprofaned by a tear
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known
To which Time will but make thee more dear.
O the heart that has truly loved
Never forgets — but as truly loves on to the close
As the sunflower turns to her God when he sets
The same look which she gave when he rose."

* * *

I finished the song; Edmund was silent. I glanced up at him. His eyes were shining with tears.

Leaning toward me, his voice filled with emotion, he spoke words that could be answered only by my heart.

— That moment our budding love flowered into timeless bloom.

Death's grasp alone could pluck the blossom — half a century later.

* * *

* * *

Next evening, with more than usual kindness, Edmund placed me safely on my train for Pennsylvania.

Before the train pulled out, the porter with understanding smile, brought a big box of roses — again pink roses. Lying on top of them was a "Train-letter," the first of his many future train-letters.

After the train pulled out, and I was settled in my berth for the night (with a pink rose pinned on the inner curtain) I opened and read this missive:

"My dear Betty: After leaving you last night I hurried home and went up to my room where I could be alone with my thoughts. For two hours I thought over our talk of last evening and all the wonderful days leading up to it. I have decided I must make out a plan for my life for everything has changed now. Business, pleasure, and all must take a secondary place in my life. I have told you why, and written words could never make it more sincere or heartfelt.

"Ever since I have known you, Betty, I have felt that for sweetness of character and purity of heart, I must look to you. As closely as I have watched you, unknown to yourself, I have never found any trait the least unlikeable in your character or disposition. As I have told you, you are my ideal girl in very reality. My every thought and wish shall be for you, and I hope to keep you as happy as I plan. I never dared allow myself to imagine that this could come to pass. Now I am the most fortunate man in the world because of you — richer than any king, dear Betty.

"If you belong to me it is as a queen belongs to her subjects. You are mine to love, to serve and to keep happy. If I had a thousand hearts they should all be yours."

* * *

* * *

— Just so do the greatest things that can befall one, come silently and almost unaware.

* * *

Then, many letters later, his last one, before that blue and gold October day when Edmund and I stood before the altar and pledged our troth 'till death should us part:

—"If ever letters seemed futile and ineffective it is now. I can only think in terms of the future because my heart knows only that and my great love for you. I derive so much pleasure in thinking that soon I shall be doing for you. I can assure you I'll spare no efforts in anything that includes more happiness or comfort for you sweetheart. I cannot tell you how dear you are. I want always to be thoughtful, attentive and considerate of my own dear one.

"Always before when I left, after one of my visits with you, there was the sorrow of leaving you. Now that will be removed for you will be coming with me dearest. I am counting the hours. Soon we'll not need to reckon time.

"For our last 'quiet hour' I have selected our first reading together, and it will be our last apart. We shall soon add our first together as husband and wife.

"For yourself dear one, all that my heart holds dearest. May God keep my own Betty safely until I can add my own watchful care to His all powerful love — **My Own Dear!** . . ."

* * *

* * *

Haeger-Mills Wedding

(By Paul Stillman)

(Excerpt from Jefferson Bee.)

"A beautiful and happy wedding was solemnized last evening at the home of Mrs. Azor Ruggles Mills, when Miss Vera Elizabeth, her youngest daughter, and Mr. Edmund Henry Haeger of Dundee, Illinois, were joined in holy wedlock.

"No vestal virgin ever looked more comely and innocent as she met her affianced at the altar. From girlhood she has stood as a type of all that is sweet and lovely and maidenly. Her literary and musical gifts so often and so generously bestowed, have won her place in all our hearts. Happy indeed is the bridegroom who has won this flower of womankind."

* * *

* * *

The hourglass of Time reveals a mercurial quality in the swiftness of those fleeting years.

To speak casually of the passing of a half-century seems a subtle counterfeit of reality, until I look back over the long Life-Road that Edmund and I together traveled, with full sunshine of home and children — joys and sorrows shared with grace of laughter and of tears — with every happy care and sweet-sorrow that Life gives.

Golden years, marked by much, and marred by little.

* * *

Mere words cannot describe my husband, Edmund. Only the language of the heart, expressed in living memories, can do him justice.

Edmund was a man of honor, a man of integrity, a man of intelligence blessed with a multitude of virtues — tenderness, sincerity, generosity, consideration, kindness.

He was a tower of strength.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Soon the house of our dreams materialized in brick and mortar and plaster.

Together we planned its every detail; brick by brick we built our hearts into its walls of sturdy strength. It was our sanctuary constructed of wishes fulfilled — of ideas and ideals laid upon a foundation of love, with a rooftree of loyal protection.

A dignified Colonial entrance of graceful proportions beautified the broad frontage; shadows played upon the warm tones of the brick.

A little of our hearts we planted in the shrubs and trees and flowers of our garden.

In later years it warmed our hearts when visitors remarked "you can feel this is a place where love has long dwelt."

In this home the lives and spirits of our two precious daughters unfolded and matured; here were spoken their marriage vows; here lie memories too deep for words.

* * *
* * *

This sketch cannot be complete without telling of the outside activities of a man so beloved by his fellow townsmen as Edmund Haeger.

As a successful business man he was a stimulating force in many phases of community life. Industrious and persevering, with keen executive talent, he brought his newly founded Pottery Industry through the First World War, and the following disastrous depression, the worst in history; all during those desperate days he kept his factory running — paying all to his workmen; the men in the Bank often told him they did not know how the town could have survived without the Haeger pay-checks.

He lived to see this business expand into the world's largest Art Pottery with a second branch in Macomb.

Edmund had a sense of purpose, a standard to be met, never compromising with mediocrity or dishonorable dealings. His honesty was proverbial.

He was naturally serious minded but this did not conceal his vein of droll humor — one of his most loveable characteristics.

Edmund's counsel was often sought in civic affairs, in business, in church and religious matters. As president of Dundee's two school boards his untiring services saw to its completion the beautiful Dundee High School of 40 years ago.

He served on the Board of Directors of the Elgin Academy from which he had been graduated Magna Cum Laude.

Beloit College, his Alma Mater, gave him a Citation of Honor for his outstanding contribution to Ceramics.

He was made an honored Life Member of the Chicago Art Institute.

He served on the War Labor Board during World War II, representing management.

Many laudable benevolences he gave to Dundee and Elgin. Dundee has profited abundantly from the Edmund Haeger Community Swimming Pool; and Sherman Hospital in Elgin benefitted from his generous donations.

Liberal gifts were made to his Sigma Chi Fraternity in which he was known as a "Significant Sig." He served for 15 years on the National Executive Board. The Fraternity honored him by conferring upon him one of its few prized memberships in the memorable historic Constantine Order.

The Plaza of 120 acres along the Illinois Tollway was recently named in his honor "The Edmund Haeger Parkway;" and landscaped by his widow and children.

Among his gifts to the church was an addition containing the pastor's study, and much needed work rooms.

At a church meeting in his honor, on his retirement from the Board of Trustees in which he had served for more than 30 years, most of the time as chairman, he was named Trustee Emeritus.

The following report was written by the Historian:

"Being fully aware that Edmund Haeger would be the last person to expect, or wish for a word of thanks, yet, as Historian I feel it a privileged duty to express a word of appreciation to any member who has given a lifetime of service to his church as he has done.

"Because he is my husband I hesitate somewhat to do this; but because I am his wife no one knows as I do, of the devoted loyalty, the untold detail of service that has been his life long contribution to the welfare of this church.

"His years of untiring dependability merit this word of appreciation.

"Through the years his deep love for his church has been a heritage from his mother, one of the unforgettable personalities this church once knew.

"I count it an honor to be the one to pronounce the benediction of gratitude which his mother would have given to him.

— To Edmund Haeger, the well earned title, Trustee Emeritus."

* * *

The last gift Edmund made to the church was the Carillonic Chimes given shortly before his death.

These bells ringing from out the church belfry each Sunday morning "bring prayers to our hearts, harmony to our lives, and music to our souls."

— That morning in early fall these chimes were being tested for the first time, when Edmund and I with his nurse were driving past the church on our way to the hospital, never dreaming it was our last ride together.

As we neared the church the chimes pealed forth for the first time — the last time for dear Edmund.

"Lead kindly light . . . Lead Thou me on . . . Lead Thou me on."

* * *

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

HAEGER FAMILY

On a warm summer day last July my daughter, Barbara Haeger (Mrs. Estes), was bidding farewell to the 50 members of the Barrington Garden Club, who had attended the meeting in her home, when coming up the drive were a young man and his wife whom we did not recognize.

It was with great interest that we learned that this personable young man was Neil Haeger from California, and I began recognizing family-features somewhat vaguely reminiscent of my husband, Edmund Haeger!

My geneological ears — ever on the alert for pedigrees that might further my favorite hobby — were soon rewarded when Neil produced a "Haeger Chart," and we were soon deep in the pursuit of antecedants, touring Haeger-trails far back into ancient Germany.

After his return to California, Neil most generously sent a copy of this chart to me, which I include in this sketch.

Neil's father, Mr. Fred Haeger, also very thoughtfully sent me pictures of the 500-year old church where his grandfather's portrait hangs as an early pastor; and the ancient parish-dwelling-house where several generations had lived. He also sent notes from the "Memoirs" of his father who had been born in Germany. These Haegers possessed a veritable storehouse of Haeger-lore — of pastors, surgeons, merchants, sheep-raisers, and cattle-breeders.

This family came from Mechlinburg from whence, in 1853, came the David Haeger line we know so well.

From Seedorf, Schwandt, Slate, all neighboring parishes in Mechlinburg, these cousins came.

No one is left now who could unravel their relationship, but certainly it was closely knit, and in the large families of those days, spreading out into neighboring vicinities, we well know that they went back to a common ancestor; these generations on the chart may well be the lineal ancestors of our Dundee Haegers.

Picturesque Mechlinburg, where all the Haegers of whom we know, lived for many generations, is the northern most Province of Germany, bordered on the west by the great Elbe River, with historic Brandenburg lying just to the south.

A scenic locality, it teems with outpouring rivers and hundreds of beautiful lakes — 400 it is claimed, formed by prehistoric glaciers. Its sylvan forests once abounded in red-deer and wild life. The climate is delightful.

Slate (pronounced Sla-tay) is a Parish of some 3,500 acres, part of the rich heart-land of Mechlinburg. Romantic tales concerning this place are well-worth repeating.

Here stands the ancient church more than 500 years old, seen in the cut. In this church hangs a life-size portrait of Pastor Friedrich Wilhelm Heinrich Haeger, who for a period of nearly 40 years presided over this Parish.

With his father, Pastor Jacob Friedrich Haeger (1763-1840), who preceded him for a period of 35 years, these two Haeger Pastors were the spiritual-guides of this Parish for almost 75 years.

Prior to these two Haeger generations, were three generations of Weber Pastors, who also are lineal Haeger ancestors, since the Weber daughter married the first Haeger pastor. Thus, five generations of these related families ruled this Parish for nearly 200 years (1680-1873).

Those were feudal days in Germany, and pastors were regarded as members of Gentility, and it was considered degrading for gentlefolk to do any work — A gentleman *did not work.*

In the "Memoirs" written by Friedrich Haeger (Fred I), (son of the last Pastor Haeger, whose portrait hangs in the church), he tells that when these pastors were young men attending college, it was out of the question for them to do any work.

In order to maintain their status of gentility, they must keep a "gentlemen's gentleman," no matter how difficult this became at times! In their home, they never kept less than two men-servants and at least two maids. (By that time, wages for help had *risen* to $30 a year for men, and $15 a year for women! Perhaps, more retainers had been on hand before this inflation in prices!)

Near the ancient church stands the old parish-house, now upwards of 400 years of age, where those family generations lived in that long-gone day.

The Memoirs recount a stirring tale that occurred about 1632 at the time the 30-year war between France and Germany was sweeping through the countryside of Slate.

At that time, an elderly pastor by name of Simon Muchow (or Muchoir) was presiding over this Parish. To keep his money safe from the soldiers, this old man buried a "pot of gold" in the courtyard in front of this ancient parish house. In some way, the soldiers heard rumors that the old pastor had hidden his gold. They searched his house, of course, with no success.

Then, to force him to reveal the hiding place, they began torturing the poor old man. More and more cruel became their inhuman barbarity, but the old pastor's resistance became only the more steadfast. But at last he could no longer endure the brutality, and the poor old gentleman died.

The secret of the hiding place which he alone knew, lay buried with the "pot of gold" for the next 300 years!

At long long last, during the regime of Pastor Fredreich Haeger, the pot of gold was found!

The old courtyard in front of the parish home had for centuries been paved with cobblestones. In a certain section, it seemed some of the stones were loosening, and it became necessary to replace them.

Lo and Behold! the 300-year secret came to light! The pot of gold was unearthed! Excitement was intense!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The workmen claimed, as "finders," it belonged to them, and refused to give it up. But Pastor Haeger prevailed upon them to seek government advice. The decision allowed the finders to keep half the sum; the Parish to receive the other half.

The value was estimated at only a few hundred dollars. (Of course, we should not have misgivings that the sum dwindled while in the hands of the finders!)

At any rate, even the amount left was an exciting find, back in those days.

* * *

Back during the 30 year war the soldiers laid waste the land until the place was deserted for the next 20 years.

Not until 1654 did the old church again have a minister. Then in 1680, the Weber Pastors began, father, son, and grandson for 122 years!

Joachim Weber, 1680-1710, his son, Johan Adolph Weber, 1710-1747, the grandson, David Heinrich Weber, 1747-1802. It was David's daughter who married the next Pastor, Jacob Friedrich Haeger.

The Parish Records had been completely destroyed during the invasion back in the 1630's. Pastor Joachim Weber restored them by visiting the old families, gathering information of births, marriages, deaths, anything of importance, thus leaving valuable records for future generations.

The "Memoirs" state that "old great-grandfather David (Weber) was a very stern and righteous gentleman and ruled with an iron hand. If the 'help' did not perform their work to his satisfaction, he would 'warm' their backs in no gentle manner with his stout walking cane!"

Fred Haeger, the father of the present Fred Haeger of California, wrote these Memoirs when he was an old man of 84 years. He lived to be 93.

* * *

Let us take this up chronologically, starting with the first Haeger of whom we now have knowledge.

* * *

1st Generation

Joachim Haeger, b. 1635. A citizen of Belgard, Pomerania. His children:

* * *

2nd Generation

1. **Martin,** b. 1662, d. 1735, Merchant.
2. **Marla,** m. Peter Raddatz.
3. **Else,** 1664-1665.
4. **Esther,** 1665-.

3rd Generation

1. **Elizabeth,** 1682-.
2. **Martin II,** 1685-1754 — Surgeon.
   This family of Mechlinburg, after 4 or 5 generations, became extinct. Several surgeons.
3. **Anna Maria,** 1688-.
4. **Joachim Frederick.** His children:

* * *

4th Generation

1. **Johann Friedrich,** 1734-1808, Pastor in Cobenz.
2. **Joachim Friedrich II,** 1738-1804, Pastor in Gadesbusch.
3. **Christina,** 1740 — m. Christian Mueller.
4. **Maria Elizabeth,** m. Jacob Hildebrand.
5. **Dorothea Elizabeth,** m. Johann Hesser.

* * *

5th Generation — Children of Pastor Joachim II.

1. **Jacob Friedrich,** 1763-1840, Pastor at Slaté, Mechlinburg.
2. **Fredricha Wilhelmina,** 1765, m. Kircka Frank.
3. **Caroline,** 1767.
4. **Johann,** 1769-1776.
5. **Dorothea,** d. 1790.

* * *

6th Generation — Children of Pastor Jacob Friedrich Haeger.

1. **Johanna Caroline,** 1803-1846.
2. **Fredreich Wilhelm Heinrich Haeger,** 1804-1873. Pastor at Slaté, Mechlinburg. His portrait hangs in the old church.
3. **Hans,** 1808-1899 — His family in Germany, 3 generations included: 6 merchants, 1 surgeon, 1 music master.
4. **August,** 1810-1889 — 4 generations in Germany, Last one, Manfred, 1946.
5. **Johanna Caroline,** 1817-1901, m. Heinrich Vieth.

* * *

(I feel as though I should be writing all these Freidrichs and Heinrichs, and Wilhelms in the beautiful old German-script!)

* * *

7th Generation — Children of Pastor Friedrich.

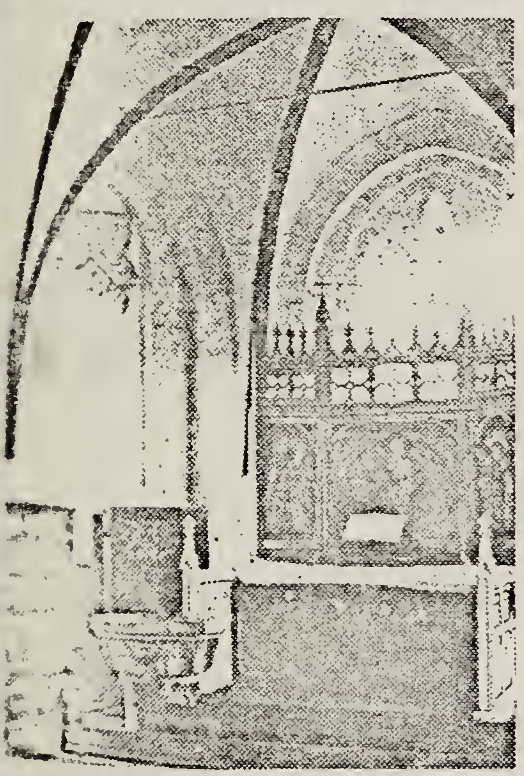
This family of girls and one brother came to America about the middle of the last century. The David Haeger line came about the same time. These were the only lines who came to America. The branches in Germany have mostly become extinct, so far as the chart shows.

All of the following family lived to be past 90, each dying in the order of their births.

1. **Emma Haeger,** m. Arthur Waltersdorf. He became a prosperous apothecary in Chicago. They visited Germany in the 1890's when he made the photographs of the old church, and parish house so dear to them.
2. **Louise Haeger,** m. Pastor Martienssen.
3. **Anna Haeger,** m. Otto Albert.
4. **Berta Haeger,** m. Pastor Schlichting.
5. **Frieda Haeger,** m. Pastor Schnaff. Her daughter, Clara, of Bellflower, California has 3 children, 2 girls and a son, who is Lieutenant in the United States Air Force.
6. **Friedrich Haeger** (Fred), 1855-1947. He was about 18 when his father died, and he came to America. His sisters were already established here. He joined Emma's husband in the pharmacy business, became very successful, and owned several stores around Chicago. He also acquired several farms. It was he who wrote the "Memoirs" of their years in Germany.

Entrance to 500 year old church.

500 year old church, Mechlinburg, Germany.
(Note the old stone fence, and grave yard, family graves.)



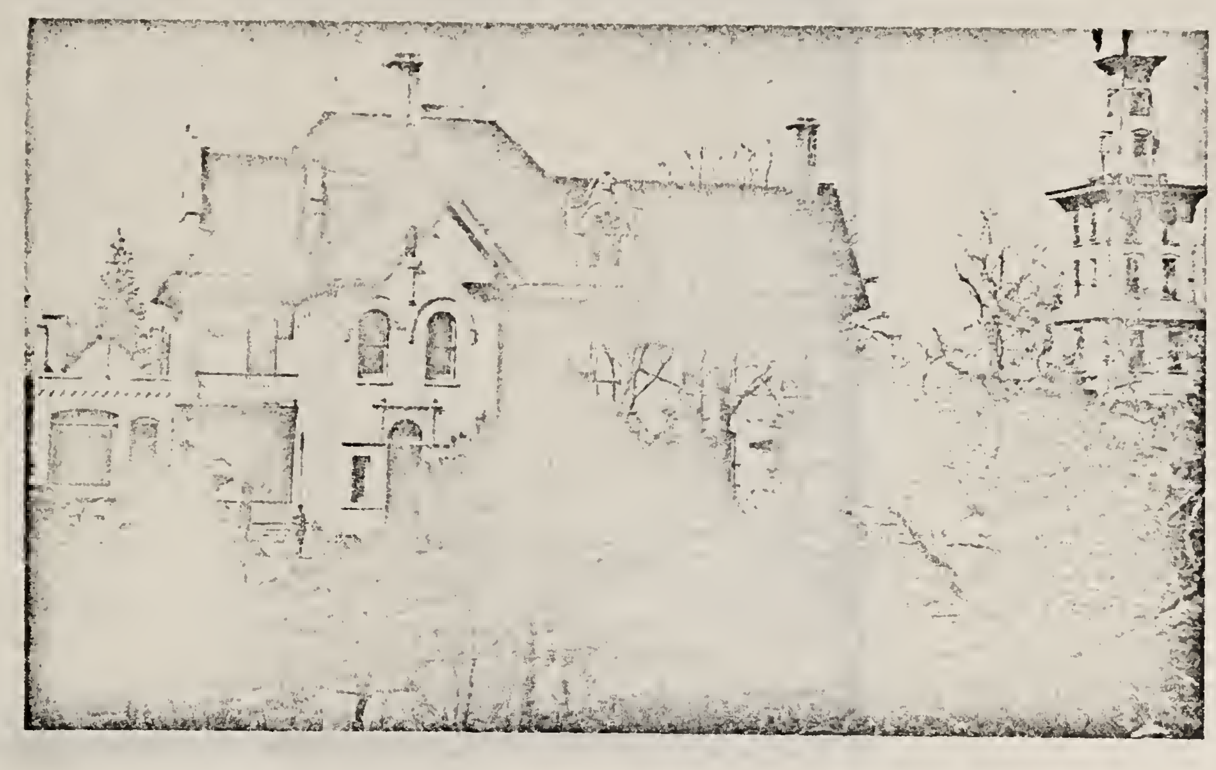
Haeger Family
Slaté Parish
Germany.

Painting of
Fredriech Haeger
(Haeger, Weber pastors
through 200 years.)

→

Mechlinburg, Germany
500 year old church.

400 year old
Parish dwelling.
Home of
early Haeger
family,
Germany.



Prospect Hall, 1870, David Haeger Family Home.
Dundee, Ill.

Grandfather built this house of yore
So many years ago
With oaken floors and heavy doors
And sturdy timbers row on row;
His brick kilns made the bricks and lime
He squared the chimney stone
He fully trusted Fate and Time
To spare it after years had flown.

Ah yes — he knew it would remain
Here on its solid sills
Long after his last spring had lain
Her fragrant mornings o'er these hills.
Though many years have come and gone
The beauty he bequeathed lives on.

Mr. and Mrs. David Haeger.

The
David Haeger
"Home on the Hill."

1889.

Grandfather and Grandmother Haeger.

Elsa Haeger.

8th Generation — Children of Fred Haeger, 1855-1947 in America.

1. **Louise,** 1883, m. J. W. Chilcutt.
2. **Else,** 1886-1956, m. Louis Schoommacher.
3. **Fred,** 1890, of Bellflower, California. It is he who sent the pictures to me. He has had a varied and interesting life; graduated from the University of Wisconsin, School of Agriculture; had success in raising pure-bred Holstein cattle, winning awards at State and National Fairs; advancing registry records; selling breeding-stock all over the United States. (While in this business, he knew Robert Haeger, the cattleman of Algonquin, Illinois.) In 1928, he removed to California, where he has established a successful Registered Contracting Business. After his retirement, his two sons have continued his business successfully.
4. **Gertrude,** m. Howard Simpson.

* * *

9th and 10th Generations — Children of Fred Haeger II.

1. **Philip,** 1916, m. Barbara Bishop, Bellflower, Cal.
    1. **Joanne,** 1943, m. Dennis Sharp.
    2. **Cheryl,** 1945.
    3. **Mark,** 1947.
    4. **Bruce,** 1949.
2. **Neil,** 1917, m. Betty Keen; Engineering, Compton, Calif.
    1. **Kenneth,** 1945.
    2. **Fred,** 1946.
    3. **Judith,** 1949.
3. **Barbara,** 1925, m. Paul Thompson.
    1. **Sharon Ruth,** 1962.

* * *

We will now look upon another Mechlinburg family; the David Haeger family of Dundee.

* * *

The Haeger Family of Dundee

More than a century ago, in the year 1853, one of the old sailing vessels of that day which had taken six weeks to cross the ocean, brought three Haeger brothers to the new world from old Seedorf, Province of Mechlinburg-Schwerein.

This stalwart German trio was composed of David Caspar Haeger, aged 43; John Haeger and Henry Haeger somewhat younger.

Tall of stature, commanding in appearance, they were men of vigorous energy, filled with determination and hope as they looked to a future in this land of overwhelming opportunity.

Today five American generations have descended from these pioneers, men and women of intelligence and enterprise, who have memorialized the Haeger name with integrity and honor.

* * *

The following notes were jotted down many years ago while engaged in casual conversation one day with Grandmother Haeger (wife of the son of David Caspar Haeger I).

This is the line we shall trace.

First however, mention will be made of the two younger brothers, John and Henry Haeger.

Henry settled in Webster City, Iowa, where his worthy descendants lived.

* * *

John Haeger settled in Missouri. During the Civil War three of his sons enlisted in the Northern Army. One brave son was killed in battle.

Later John removed to Illinois where his family was prominently known for many years in Algonquin.

John Haeger holds more than passing interest for us.

Going back to his young manhood before he left Germany, it was this John who had adopted a little 3 year old boy, Carl Weltzien, whose father, Carl I, a close friend of John's, had been drowned while teaching a nobleman's son to swim. (He was an excellent swimmer but was taken with cramps in the cold waters of a German lake.)

When this little boy grew to manhood and married, he became the father of a sunny faced little girl, Mary.

Through the years Mary had become the beloved Grandmother Haeger, who was telling this story to me.

* * *

Descendants of David Caspar Haeger

David Caspar Haeger I, b. 1810 — d. May 2, 1881.

To America 1853, the first of five generations of Davids in America. Grandmother Mary remembered a 6th generation David back in Germany. Perhaps a 7th.

David Caspar Haeger was born in Schwandt, Seedorf. He married in Germany at the age of 18 or 19, Maria Prange; their six children were born in Germany.

During his 43 years in Schwandt, David had become a thrifty husbandman, frugally saving his money, making it possible for him to purchase a farm soon after his arrival in America, beautiful Spring Lake Farm near Barrington, Illinois.

[Today a century later, this place is "Meadowhill," the home of Mrs. E. H. Hardy, one of the most beautiful estates in this country.]

The house where David and his family lived, is a big white house still standing in good repair, across the road just north of the Hardy home.

David died in this home on May 2, 1881, at the age of 71.

He was buried a short distance to the west on a portion of his land. This is an enchanting little graveyard, two ancient head stones mark the fern-grown mounds where sleep David I and his wife, Maria Prange Haeger (the great-great-grandparents of Lexy Estes).

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Children of **David Caspar Haeger I** and **Maria Prange Haeger,** all born in Germany.

* * *

1. **Fredrika,** b. 1829, m. **Adolph Buchman.** She remained in Germany. She was 24 when the family left for America — a long farewell for Fredrika who never again saw her brothers and sisters. Her father returned once to the Seedorf home. We can well imagine the happy visit with Fredrika.

* * *

2. **Mary,** b. 1831, m. **Herman Schroeder.** Was 22 when she came to America. After her marriage she removed to Nebraska.

* * *

3. **Johanna,** b. 1833, m. **Fred Reece** of Barrington. Their son Frank Reece, was President of Dundee Bank.
4. **Rudolph,** b. 1851, d. August 17, 1862, age 10. Died of Diphtheria.
5. **Robert I,** b. 1837. The founder of four generations of **Robert Haegers** in Algonquin, Illinois. His land along the river has been known for many years as beautiful Haeger's Bend.

His son Robert Haeger II was a stock-breeder of national prominence. His large pavilion with a display of blooded-stock brought buyers from all parts of the country. The wife of Robert II was Ruth Yerkes Haeger, a gracious and charming lady, active in literary club-work and church organizations. Their notable prestige made them the leading family of the Algonquin community. They had one son, Robert III. Robert II died in 1932; his wife Ruth in 1945.

* * *

Robert Haeger III, b. Nov. 26, 1912, d. 1955 was a young man of engaging personality and friendly bearing. He married the sweetheart of his schooldays, the attractive Arline Boncosky known for her efficient capability and leadership. Robert and Arlene both were generous in lending their talents in civic affairs, and musical circles, and were active in church organizations. Their attractive home "Indian Grove" was a favorite gathering place for their many friends. Robert's early death in his prime of life, brought grief to the entire community who loved and esteemed this young and trustworthy townsman. His life on earth was not long but his true existence lives on in the enterprising spirit of his son, Robert Haeger IV, b. 1940, an upright young man, amply qualified to carry on his father's honored name. After finishing his college course at Iowa Wesleyan, Robert, with worthy ambitions of a legal career, has entered upon the study of law. With his firm spirit of decision, this vocation should assure him of well deserved success.

After their graduation, Robert and Margaret Ann Morris, a college classmate, were married. Their home is now blessed with an adorable daughter, Tamara Ann, born May 17, 1963, the sixth generation of this line in America.

* * *

6. David Henry Haeger II (Sixth and last child of David Caspar Haeger I,), b. Aug. 7, 1839 — d. June 9, 1900, age 61, Dundee. Married Oct. 30, 1870, Mary Dorothea Weltzien, b. in Alten, Forwark, Mechlin-

berg-Schwerein, Sept. 4, 1850, the daughter of Carl Weltzien II, the boy adopted by John Haeger.

David Henry Haeger II was 14 when his parents came to America. He had been educated in Stefenhagen, Germany, and with the thoroughness of the German school, even at 14, he spoke French and English fluently, and was well grounded in Mathematics including Trigonometry.

An amusing incident shows how he put his mathematics to use. He had started a grain and lumber business in Barrington when about 25, and was having a grain elevator built. He noticed the workmen climbed up to hold each rafter in place in order to mark it, then took it down to cut it, before climbing up again to nail it in place.

He explained that he could save them much work if they would follow a simple rule (square of the hypotenuse, etc.) They did not believe this at first, and said he must be in league with the devil to have such knowledge. But devil or no they were glad to find it worked!

David moved to Dundee in 1869.

Good fortune attended David Haeger's ventures — a tribute to free enterprise. Although he had occasional setbacks, he was never discouraged. On one occasion his tile factory in Gilberts burned to the ground. He was called in the middle of the night and drove the 6 miles only to see the big building a mass of flames. As he stood watching it he was busily making plans to rebuild it twice the size and 4 stories high.

At the time of his death at 61 he was operating two brick and tile factories in Dundee and Gilberts, which were turning out millions of bricks every day. He furnished the brick for the large buildings of the Watch Factory in Elgin; the big Elgin State Hospital; the Dundee School Building; and countless homes and stores throughout this area. His tile drained all the farms in this vicinity in the day when tile was used to turn swampy land into fertile acres. His own farms of more than 2000 acres stretched far about the countryside, many stocked with fine herds of dairy cattle.

David II served several years as president of the Dundee School Board (a position filled several years later by his son Edmund).

Through the years David and Mary and their family have held a prominent position in literary, social and business activities of Dundee. They were pillars of the Congregational Church which benefitted by their many gifts and bequests.

Crowning Prospect Hill was the Haeger home, a hilltop mansion overlooking the valley and picturesque river below.

In this house the six Haeger children were born and grew up. Nelda, Edna, David III, Mary, Edmund and Elsa.

* * *

The huge bulk of this house was built against a sheltering hillside. Its substantial walls — some two feet thick and over — were built [as Peter Kildahl, the "Iron Count," an old time friend — ex-

pressed it:] — "like an old Baronial Hall, built to stand for a thousand years!" The old place has already seen more than a hundred drift by.

The original part of this house (when bought by David about 1869-70) contained several stone rooms that extended back inside the hill — almost like medieval dungeons! (What bomb shelters they would make today in this nuclear age!)

Above these stone rooms on second floor level, several airy bedrooms opened into a long upstairs hallway that had entrance on the hilltop!

Downstairs were parlors, high-ceilinged and spacious, a reception hall with pillars and polished woodwork, hand-carved with festoons of roses — a big library overlooking the valley, dining and breakfast rooms — and porches with balconies that gave a Romeo-Juliet effect!

A mammoth ballroom, filled part of the third floor, with interesting store rooms opening from it.

Outside a large two-storied brick building housing the stables, was a mansion in itself, with box-stalls that once held David's fine horses.

On up the hill stood another brick-house where lived old John Bruhm, the coachman, from whom the oncoming Haeger generations learned to speak German!

In the grounds back of the mansion was the old rose garden, its fence once a mass of trailing pink rose-clusters.

Nearby a grove of ancient oaks still stretch sensitive fingers skyward — as down below, a changing world goes rushing by, indifferent to the mellowed charm of the past.

* * *

* * *

On the highland across the valley lies the peaceful Dundee Cemetery. Here again, antiquity rubs shoulders with the modern hurrying world, as sheltered within the massive stone walls of the family mausoleum, repose through the long years, the bodies of David Haeger and his beloved Mary.

* * *

David Henry Haeger II and Mary Dorothea Weltzien Haeger

Third Generation

* * *

1. **Edith,** b. Feb. 12, 1872, d. same year.
2. **Thusnelda,** "Nelda," b. Aug. 31, 1875, Dundee, d. Sept., 1945, Oak Park, Illinois, m. Sept. 6, 1911, **Dr. George McCollum.**

   Hers was a brilliant intellect; Phi Beta Kappa at Northwestern University; Master's degree at Chicago University; graduate in music, specializing in organ; traveled extensively in Europe. In remarks at her funeral, Dr. Coe, an old friend of Nelda and her husband, said when he needed stimulation he knew where to find it – conversing with this woman whose brilliant mind ever kept abreast of the times, in literature, in science, and in religion. Children:

   1. **George II,** b. Aug. 17, 1912, Chicago.
   2. **Mary Elsa,** b. Feb. 2, 1918, Chicago.
3. **Edna,** b. Oct. 17, 1877, d. 1953, Los Angeles, m. Sept. 2, 1903, **Herbert Walker,** a descendant of Eaton Walker, and a connection of the presidential Taft family.

   Throughout her life Edna was known for her beautiful singing. At Wheaton College she was the leading vocalist. Later she studied in Chicago with the Italian star of Grand Opera, Signor Johnotti. Both Edna and her husband were distinguished in musical circles. Children.

   1. **Marian,** b. Oct. 19, 1910, Dundee, m. Clifford Courter, Los Angeles, no children.
   2. **Richard Eaton,** b. Nov. 26, 1913, m. Patricia Jean Johnson. Children:
      1. **Patty Jean,** b. Dec. 10, 1944.
      2. **Richard,** b. Apr. 6, 1952, Oak Park, Ill.
4. **David Carl Haeger III,** b. June 5, 1879. (Probably named after his grandfather Carl Weltzien.) David d. Mar. 14, 1944. Married twice. 1. Aug. 31, 1907 to **Mary Newhall** who d. 1919. One child.

   1. **David Haeger IV,** b. 1909, m. Mary Finerty. Children:
      1. **David Haeger V.**
      2. **John Haeger.**
      3. **Michael Haeger.**

   Second wife: m. 1922 **Jessie Ferris.**

   1. **Robert Haeger,** b. 1924, m. Natalie Daly.
   2. **Helen Haeger,** b. 1925, m. April, 1955, Thomas Angell. Children:
      1. **Patricia.**
      2. **Cheryl.**

   These families live in Aurora and Wheaton.
5. **Mary,** b. Nov. 6, 1881, Dundee, d. Aug. 28, 1961. Attended Elgin Academy. Studied pipe organ with Thomas Perkins, master musician. Was organist of Dundee Church for many years.
6. **Edmund Henry Haeger,** b. May 20, 1884, Dundee, d. Sept. 13, 1954, Dundee, m. Vera Elizabeth Mills.

   Edmund Haeger stood for everything that conspired to make our community a better place to live, enriched because of his full and useful life. He was called "Dundee's foremost benefactor." A more complete sketch of his life is given in the preceeding chapter.

   Children of Edmund and **Betty Mills Haeger.**

   1. **Barbara Mills Haeger,** b. Nov. 7, 1914, m. Oct. 7, 1935, **Joseph Freeman Estes,** Aug. 12, 1910.
      1. **Victoria Mills Haeger Estes,** Aug. 11, 1940, m. July 22, 1961. **Charles Knight Heath,** b. Dec. 6, 1937. Their daughter.
         1. **Alexandra Knight Heath,** April 9, 1963. and Teddy Heath, b. 1965.
      2. **Nicholas Edmund Haeger Estes,** b. Nov. 2, 1944, Culver Miltary Academy.
      3. **Alexandra Mills Haeger Estes,** b. Nov. 8, 1949, Emma Willard Girls School.
   2. **Marcy Mills Haeger,** b. July 12, 1919, m. **John Arnott McQuillan II,** b. Apr. 15, 1916.
      1. **John Arnott McQuillan III,** b. Jan. 5, 1950.
      2. **David Cyril McQuillan,** b. Nov. 30, 1950.
      3. **Phillip Mills McQuillan,** b. Mar. 10, 1952.

7. Elsa Ken Haeger, b. July 22, 1888. Graduate Elgin Academy and Beloit College. Member Delta Gamma. Talented in music, member of college and church musical circles. Known for her executive ability and poise; served as president of literary and welfare organizations. Gave many years working with young people. Organized Garden Club Tours — A charming personality.

* * *
* * *

"Grandmother Haeger"

* * *

Mary Dorothea Weltzien Haeger
Wife of David Henry Haeger II

* * *

Mary Dorothea Weltzien was born Sept. 4, 1850, in Alten, Forwark, Germany. She was christened in the ancient cathedral in Bodien.

When she was a child of 7 her parents and their 4 children came to America in 1857.

Their boat the "Isaac Newton," drifted most of the way. After several long weeks of this slow travel, the new world was sighted at last; to little Mary it seemed a glimpse of Heaven itself, and the billowing white sails were wings of angels bearing them onward.

Mary's father, Carl Weltzien II, at that time 37, had been the little boy adopted by John Haeger. Carl's father, Carl I, was a Russian by birth, a very fine horseman who as a young man had been a member of the famed Russian Cossacks, the cavalry that drove Napoleon out of Moscow in his notorious retreat.

After the war Carl I went into Germany, settling in Alten, Forwark, where he became a sheep breeder of very fine animals.

He married a beautiful German maiden, Mary, and they were the parents of two boys, Carl II and John.

Carl II had now grown to manhood and married in Germany Fredrika Shroeder.

No doubt Carl had wistfully said farewell to the Haeger friends as they sailed for America in 1853. Quite possibly he made a vow to his adopted father, John Haeger, that one day he too, would make the same journey.

Four years later, 1857, he and his family embarked for the same destination, where their old Haeger friends were joyfully awaiting them at Spring Lake farm in Barrington.

Carl soon acquired a fine farm near Huntley, Illinois, 15 or 20 miles from Spring Lake Farm. Through the years he became a prosperous citizen. He died in 1901 at the age of 81, well loved for his cheerful, amiable disposition. He and his wife are buried in the picturesque old cemetery in Huntley.

Children of **Carl II** and **Fredrika Shroeder Weltzien**

* * *

1. **John,** b, Dec. 4, 1847, Alton, Forwark (named after John Haeger) d. Oct. 1913. He became a well-to-do merchant in Huntley. His beautiful home is still standing on Main Street. His two daughters Minna (named after "Aunt Miny" whose home was just across the street) and Grace, were young ladies of friendly affable natures, leaders in the younger generation in Huntley. Minna married Ed Keating, an influential citizen in the community. Their two sons, Glen and John, are now Chicago businessmen.
2. **Mary Dorothea,** b. Sept. 4, 1850, in Alton, Forwark. She married Oct. 30, 1870, David Henry Haeger II. She died Oct. 3, 1932, age 82, Dundee. Grandmother Haeger was the beloved individual of unforgettable kindness; a brief sketch follows:
3. **Sophie,** b. Oct. 24, 1852, Germany, m. Chris Shroeder. A fine family of three or four generations in Huntley and later Chicago.
4. **Carl III,** died young.
5. **Fred,** b. 1855, d. 1933.
6. **Minna,** b. April 17, 1858, in Huntley, m. 1880, John Hawley. They celebrated their Golden Wedding in 1930, in the home where they went as bride and groom. In 1940 they observed their 60th Anniversary; and in 1945, their 65th. Their three daughters were born and married in this homestead. Her husband died here, and Aunt Miny's funeral was held in this home when she had reached the age of 89. This was **Home** in every sense of the word — "it takes a lot of livin' to make a home." The old place is reminiscent of Aunt Miny in every detail; she was the soul of hospitality — her bounteous feasts, her delicious cakes — and during strawberry season her generosity was endless. She was second only to Grandmother Mary, both of whom were charmingly vivacious even in old age.
    1. **Edith,** m. George Burns.
    2. **Neva,** m. Richard Van Ness.
    3. **Lillian.** Several descendants lived in Huntley.

* * *

* * *

And now to continue with Grandmother Mary. Her girlhood years were spent on the farm near Huntley. This was quite a long journey by horse and buggy from the Haeger friends at Spring Lake Farm. But their occasional visits added warmth to these old-world friendships. Mary always remembered the handsome young David; and through the years he had never forgotten little Mary.

One beautiful October morning when Mary was 19 year old, she was preparing to attend church. This morning special attention must be spent on her toilette; her fair hair was carefully arranged in a golden coil; her petite figure was becomingly gowned in a new pink gingham dress; her blue eyes sparkled expectantly.

Just the previous day her father had brought home news that young David Haeger was to be in Huntley over Sunday! That night she had a wonderful dream of seeing him in church.

She could not have been overly surprised then, when next morning the young man in person was ushered down the aisle.

After church his good friends of course invited him home with them.

Romance was ready to be sparked by a glance!

— And David wasted no time. During the week his betrothal to Mary was pledged; that same month on October 30, 1870, Mary and David repeated their wedding vows before Rev. Chapman, in the little Huntley Church.

Mary's wedding gown was a dainty lavender silk with a satin stripe of deeper purple. The bow from the sash is still in existence (worn 65 years later — 1935 — by her granddaughter, Barbara Haeger as a part of her own wedding sash, when she married Joseph Estes).

After the marriage rites of David and Mary, a bounteous feast was awaiting at the bride's home — roast ducklings, and a wedding cake made by the bride herself — her famous "marble-cake."

As the bridal pair set forth for their new home, "Flint Creek Farm," near Barrington, little Mary fondly bade her dear ones farewell. Her father clasped her to his heart whispering, "I'm giving up my best girl — my very best girl; the sunshine is going out of this home."

* * *

More than 60 years passed. Grandmother Mary had become the beloved grandmother of a host of adoring grandchildren — Barbara and Marcy, and the others.

She had become a power for good not only in the pleasant surroundings of her hilltop home but known far and wide for her kind-hearted generosity — the personification of hospitality.

Before the advent of the auto Grandmother's surrey drawn by gentle Black Ben could be seen going about town each week, on friendly ministrations, distributing baskets of food, freshly baked loaves of bread, cakes, cookies, flowers to elderly friends, or sick and needy.

Her life was devoted to benevolent services. Her cheerful disposition was welcomed by everyone — it was a burst of sunlight when her face broke into smiles.

Her loved minister, Rev. Stiles, spoke of her unforgettable smile in his tribute given at her funeral: — "it was more than the expression of her face — it was the revelation of a character motivated by benevolence — a genuine, deep seated cheerfulness that was infectious — you **had** to respond to it and smile with her. It was the glow of a character that brought sunshine into the lives of innumerable people. How many of you here today have been the recipients of her kindness! The very size of this audience more than filling this church, to do her honor, testifies that she broadcast not only smiles but deeds of kindness with a free hand. This church building, this pipe organ, the new parsonage next door, into all of which she put so much of her interest and substantial means, are monuments to her smiling character.

"Personally I can't forget how kind she was when we first came to Dundee — how cordially she received Mrs. Stiles and myself and our two little girls into the mansion on the hill, giving us lovely rooms overlooking the valley, until our parsonage was ready six or seven weeks later.

"And then the next year when one of our little girls became weakened and died, it was Mrs. Haeger who came to stay right with us those last hard days and after.

"Her smile came to mean more than the expression of a kind character. It was deeper than that. It came from a source deeper than human personality. It was the love of God shining through. It made us — in sorrow — more conscious of the kind heart of the Eternal. It opened a window toward the infinite sky, and showed God smiling through."

* * *

* * *

On a beautiful Sunday one October, Grandmother was dining with us — a special guest — a special occasion — this was the 60th anniversary of her wedding day.

After dinner we suggested a drive, asking her if there were any particular place she might like to go. She quickly replied "O yes! let us drive up to old Flint Creek Farm! How I should love to see that place again!"

What a rare pleasure was ours that October anniversary — reliving with her, those olden bridal memories of 60 years agone.

It happened that no one was living in the old place, and we were free to roam upstairs and down — through rooms alive with phantom memories — paying homage at the shrine of her youth.

Down a grassy slope at the rear of the house, old Flint Creek still sparkled over its pebbly bed.

Still growing beside the back door was an aged lilac clump where, back in other days, David would stop when coming in for supper, and listen to Mary singing at her work in the kitchen.

Coming inside he would hold her close saying "O, Mary! you must be happy to sing like that!"

* * *

It all came back to her that anniversary day.

"Some marriages are made in Heaven," she said. *"I know."*

Tenth Generation

THE ESTES FAMILY

* * *

Barbara Mills Haeger Estes, Nov. 7, 1914. (Daughter of **Edmund** and **Betty Mills Haeger**.)

Joseph Freeman Estes, Aug. 12, 1910. (Son of **Willard** and **Frances Estes**.)

Children:

1. **Victoria Haeger Estes**, b. Aug. 11, 1940. m. **Charles Knight Heath**, b. Dec. 6, 1936. Their daughter:
    1. **Alexandra Knight Heath**, b. Apr. 9, 1963.
    2. Edmund Haeger Heath, b. Feb. 6. 1965. "Teddy."

    * * *

2. **Nicholas Edmund Haeger Estes**, Nov. 2, 1944.

    * * *

3. **Alexandra Mills Haeger Estes**, Nov. 8, 1949.

* * *

Barbara Mills Haeger

* * *

A Bible entry — "Born — a Girl" —
A tiny shoe — a golden curl —
A wooly lamb — gay colored blocks
Some wee worn garments in a box
Some dog-eared books — a pair of skates —
Old photographs of all her mates
Boarding school letters full of jokes
And love to all the dear home folks
A glove — a program from a dance
A rose pressed from an old romance
A rain of rice along the hall
Tears on my cheeks — and that is all —

* * *

Love's language holds the only words to describe one's daughters; but more than a mother's devotion allows me to observe that the grace and tact I have seen in others is magnified ten-fold in Barbara Haeger Estes!

Dainty, natural poise, superior mentality, there is a stamp of elegance about her — an aura that defeats words; her command of witchery has no equal.

On entering a room, the fluid grace of her carriage is like walking to unheard music.

* * *

But these are mere surface attractions. Their source lies deep in an inner serenity — a spiritual quality — that reveals the harmony of her thinking — she does right thinking.

She thinks of everyone as her friend. She has freedom from all suspicion, and never chooses to believe evil of anyone, or talk lightly of other people's lives.

With these resources of femininity at her command she also has an extra "sense" — a vision beyond the ordinary. Her beautiful clear eyes see what others see, but also beyond. She has a subtle intuition that can take thoughts right out of my mind!

* * *

Like her father, Edmund Haeger, Barbara's shrewd faculties of deduction could have given her a career in the business world. Her sound judgment makes her a valued member on any Board of Directors.

A business executive once told her she thinks with the astute logic of a man, yet with an intuitive reasoning essentially feminine.

In the Club world Barbara's executive ability imparts a warm guiding leadership in key positions. She has a talent for making other women enjoy working with her. She understands the art of welding together a group of club women, engendering a common interest and cooperation in worthy civic projects.

No one could preside with more unstudied eloquence and tact. She produces a mental stimulation, and creates an enriching loyalty in her club members, be it the Dundee Woman's Club; the Church Guild; the Fine Arts Group; the Barrington Garden Club; or the 350 members of the Sherman Hospital Auxiliary.

* * *

But her worth is at its best in her home. Her husband and three children adore her, and her lightest word weighs more with her children than commands.

She has a natural flair for creating beauty in every form — from baking culinary triumphs — on to planning and executing charming designs for home and garden adornment. This talent extends to her choice of clothes so that whatever she wears always seems exactly right.

She has a marvelous ear for music; her techniques on piano and organ are executed with brilliant expression that stirs the heart and satisfies the ear.

She is a perfectionist!

Jefferson "DeBut" age 8 months.

Age 1½.

Barbara Mills Haeger.
(Mrs. Joseph Estes.)

Age 5.

Joseph Freeman Estes.

Barbara Mills Haeger.
Mrs. Joseph Estes.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Joseph Estes, 1948.

Joseph on mountain 'Safari,' 1963.

Barbara Estes.

Christmas, 1961.
'Chuck' and his mother Heath.
Joe's mother in foreground.

'O! to be in England now that April's there!'

Babbs, 1955.

Nicky Estes, 5.

Nicholas Estes, 18.

Cadet Nicholas Estes. (13 yrs., 11 mo.)
Culver Military Academy.

Nicky, age 7.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Lexy, 1½.

Tory, 10; Lexy, 1; Nicky, 6.

Barbara Estes and children.

Tory, 9; Lexy, 2 months; Nicky, 5.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Nicky 4; Tory, 8.

Tory, 5.

Estes children.

Tory. Age 10.
Nicky Age 6
Letty Age 1½

Estes group.

Age 3.

Age 2.

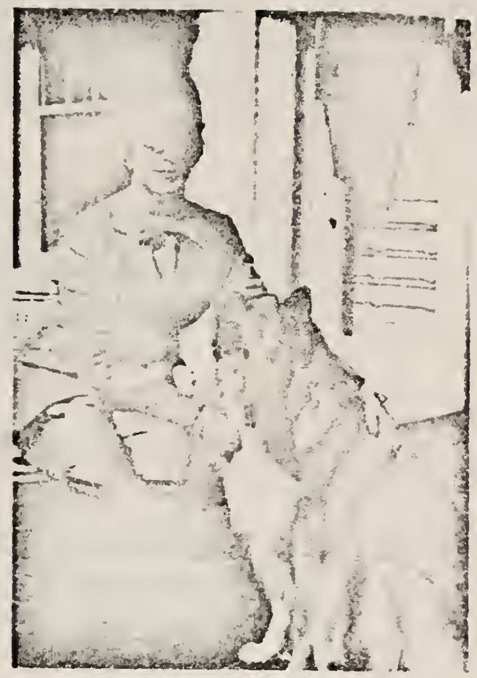
Alexandra Mills Estes.

Age 2.

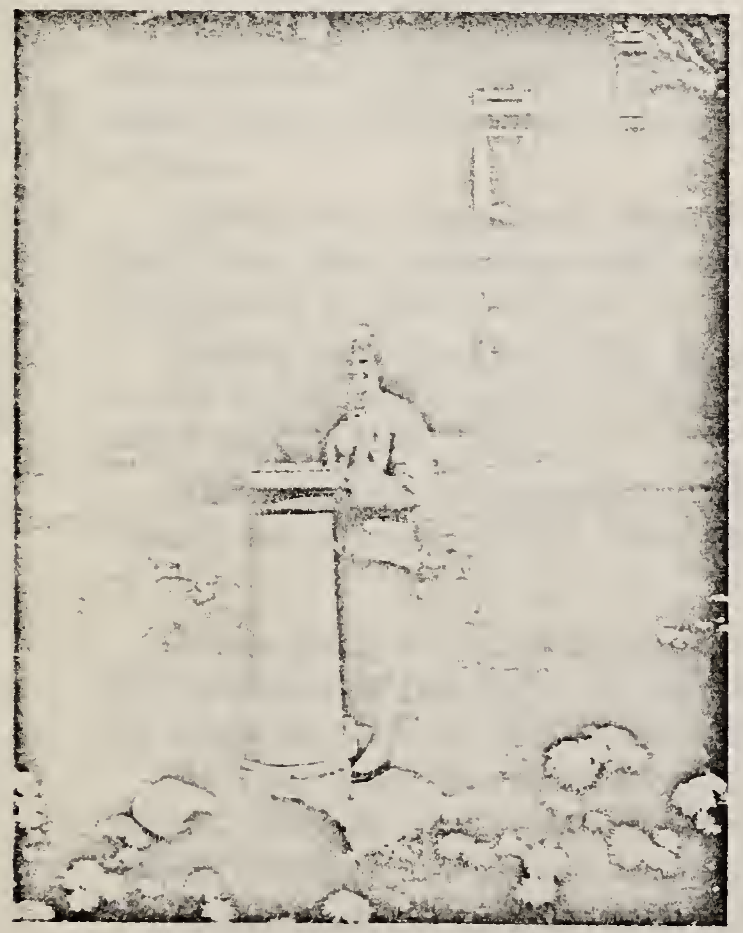
Alexandra Mills Estes
[illegible] and 3 months

Age 1½.

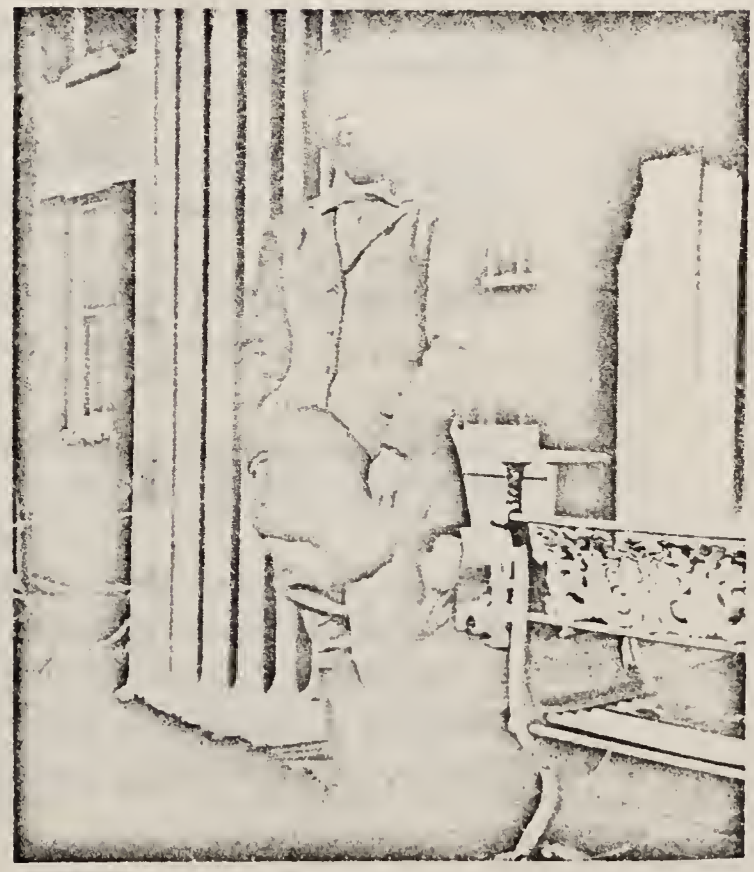
Barbara and Alexandra Estes.



Lexy, age 13.



Lexy at Emma Willard School.
Her 14th birthday.



Lexy, 13.

After finishing Boarding School at Mount Carroll and in Virginia, Barbara entered the "Mills family" college at Ames. Here she became the ninth member of Pi Beta Phi in the family. (There have since been several more.)

* * *

At Ames Barbara met Joseph Estes, a senior, a thoroughly dependable young man, self-disciplined, and hard working, having earned his way through college. He had early learned to take responsibility and he knew that to get something out of life he must first put something into it.

Emotionally stable, and guided by reason, Joe can weigh values and make decisions.

Tall, of fair complexion, with expressive blue eyes, Joseph's manner is all the more likeable for his sly wit and keen sense of humor. His nature combines a friendly personality, administrative ability, and progressive leadership.

A Dundee minister once said that in all his ministry he had never known a finer man than Joe Estes.

His college days had been filled with honors — member of the Student Council; president of his Sigma Nu fraternity; Drum Major of the College Band; and member of the Honorary Musical Phi Mu Alpha, and Honorary Psychology, Psi Chi.

After his marriage to Barbara "the young daughter of the House of Haeger," Joseph's energetic spirit of leadership lent itself to worthy community projects.

One of his first efforts in Dundee was organizing a community chorus of over 100 voices. With Barbara's musical talent as accompanist these classical concerts furnished programs of outstanding excellence.

Joseph has developed through the years several hobbies. As a book lover his education will never cease with his companionship with minds of great writers.

Riding and hunting with friends in the Fox Valley Hunt Club as well as becoming proficient in golf, have added pleasure to Barbara's and Joseph's busy lives.

Their travels, which often include their family, have taken them throughout Europe, Latin America, and our own country.

* * *

When dark war clouds hung over the world, in the second World War, patriotism ran high. Joseph enlisted in the Air Force, and gave 3½ years service in this branch, as Captain.

At that time Barbara learned to fly also, and earned a pilot's license. One of their dearest friends lost his life while flying; and neither Barbara nor Joseph have kept up their interest in piloting.

In the post-war era, a youth problem needed correction in Dundee. Joseph, as president of Recreational Activities, provided playground and equipment, with guided recreation.

Blessed with qualities that invite friendliness, Barbara and Joe number their friends in wide circles — Dundee, Barrington, Chicago, throughout the states, and of especially cultural delight are artistic friends in Italy, Switzerland and England.

Enriching friendships have been made by their memberships in the Barrington Hills Country Club; the Executives Club of Chicago; the Women's Athletic Club of Chicago; the University Club of Chicago; the Great Books Club; and as a Director of the Illinois Manufacturer's Association.

Since the death of Edmund Haeger, Joseph has been president of the Haeger Potteries in Dundee and Macomb, and President of the Royal Haeger Lamp Company. Other business affiliations include directorships in Dundee First National Bank; Great Lakes Insurance Company, President of Valley Memorial Garden; President of Township Library; Charter Member and first President of Lion's Club; Trustee of Judson College in Elgin; one of the organizers and President of Elgin Mental Health Clinic; Board Member of Elgin Sherman Hospital; Board of Trustees of the Congregational Church; and for several years a member of the choir.

A number of social clubs include the Playgroup in Barrington in which Barbara and Joe have won several "Oscars;" Bridge Clubs; Friars Club; and others.

Joseph was co-chairman of the Edmund Haeger Memorial Swimming Pool Committee, which supervised the gift of $40,000.00 given by Edmund Haeger, if an additional $40,000.00 were raised. This has provided much healthful enjoyment for the entire community.

* * *

HAEGER-ESTES WEDDING. Excerpt from Elgin Courier.

"An intermingling of the old and traditional was present in many details of the marriage of Miss Barbara Mills Haeger and Joseph Freeman Estes, which took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Haeger. The ceremony was marked by charming simplicity. The bride chose the evening of October 7 in honor of her parents' anniversary.

"The wedding party took their places before the flower-banked fireplace, in the candlelighted living room, the bride descending the stairs on the arm of her father. She was quaintly beautiful in her mother's wedding gown of ivory satin, with a bow from the sash of her Grandmother Haeger's wedding gown. She carried a sheath of calla lilies. The long wedding veil was held in place by a Juliet cap of pearls, the bride being the fifth member of the Mills family to wear this veil. She was attended by her young sister, Miss Marcy Haeger, gowned in a period-dress of blue velvet.

"The ceremony was solemnized by the bride's uncle, Dr. G. C. McCollum of Oak Park, who used the impressive Van Dyke marriage ritual.

Nuptial vows were pledged on an old family Bible dating back to Colonial days in Connecticut, and originally belonging to the great, great-grandparents of the bride."

On the southern border of Dundee lie the placid acres of Canterfield Farm, its rolling meadows spreading away to a distant silhouette of tree-clad hills.

Acquired by Edmund Haeger years ago, the place is a retreat of rural sweetness.

When Barbara and Joseph returned to Dundee after three and a half years absence with Joe serving in World War II, they bought from Barbara's father a portion of this farm for their home.

Barbara named the place with its bridle-paths along the river, "Canterfield."

Their home is the century-old mansion that stands on a commanding knoll, stately in Colonial charm and dignity.

The original part of this home was built in 1834, and through its doorway had come in calico and sunbonnets the early pioneers. Here was held the first town meeting of the settlement called Dundee.

* * *

With Barbara's matchless taste, she remodelled this old home, retaining all its gracious features — panelled woodwork, marble fireplaces, high ceilings, mellowed atmosphere.

Its quiet charm now wears an air of peaceful repose, sleeping through a new century with a glorious maturity of age.

From the rear of this old mansion, one looks down a slope of green-sward to the river slowly winding its way through fertile fields.

Across the river — not a great distance except in history — once stood an ancient Pottowatomie Indian village.

Age old footpaths hug the ledges along the stream, once trod by redskins.

One is mindful of Indian-lore, and thoughts can easily become entangled with far-off days.

In the first flush of spring comes a magical week when the whole woodland becomes an assemblage of soft colors. A turn along the river-way trail is a-foam with flowers — pink and white and ivory.

Century-old clumps of wild crabapple trees, clothe the river bank in poetry, as with a pink veil. A plum tree, translucent in white, is like a bride at Easter-tide. One drinks in fragrance from a myriad floral scents.

* * *

Cupped in the brow of the hill, secluded by oaks crowning the hill top, lies the swimming pool — its emerald expanse bordered with vines and summer flowers.

But all too soon, speeding summer days hang the poolside fence with purple coloring of thick clustered wild-grapes.

A drowse of autumn hovers over hillside and stream. Evening sounds of wood-birds become a soft muted chatter — as sweet summer waves farewell.

Then like the rising curtain of a Symphonic performance Autumn sweeps down our valley in a maze of glorious leaf coloring.

Autumn beauty blesses Peaceful Valley.

Eleventh Generation

* * *

Victoria Mills Haeger Estes, "Tory," b. August 11, 1940; married July 22, 1961. **Charles Knight Heath**, b. December 6, 1936.

Twelfth Generation:

1. **Alexandra Knight Heath**, b. April 9, 1963. Grandchild of Barbara and Joseph Estes. Great-grandchild of **Betty Mills Haeger** and **Edmund Haeger.**
2. Edmund Haeger Heath. "Teddy" b. Feb. 6. 1965.

In order to be a realist, one must first believe in miracles — and what greater miracle than grand-children and now a *great-grand-child!*

Blessings beyond expression were brought into our lives by our first grandchild, "Tory." Her precocious speech and manners were the most adorable we had ever known, and her ability to make friends easily has continued all through her life.

From earliest childhood sparkling qualities of personality enfolded Tory in an aura of fun — spontaneous fun. She is a delightful person to have around. All through her teens her room was seldom without a bevy of laughing, chattering girls — the focus of merriment centered in Tory.

How I loved to hear Tory's dancing feet running up the stairs to "Nana's" room. So many days of her babyhood and childhood were spent with me, I often felt as though she were my own, we were so close. Many weeks while her father was doing war service and her mother in Florida with him, I had the privilege of keeping Tory with me. How I loved those days.

On many later trips Tory accompanied her parents — to Camelback — Sea Island — California — Florida — New York — Wisconsin lakes — for a child Tory did extensive travelling!

Never could I forget the endless hours I have spent in the "big rocker in Nana's room," rocking this precious grandchild — singing songs that two generations had loved — telling stories that never grew old — no doubt spoiling my progeny according to modern precepts.

On one of her visits when she was still a tiny girl, she found an old velvet-robe of mine. Night after night she would wrap it voluminously around her little self after she was ready for bed, climb up on my lap, propping herself with pillows until she was comfortably settled, then say "Alright Nana, now tell me some more about God" — or "about the flood" — or "about electricity" — or about anyone of innumerable subjects. — She was never at a loss! The darling always knew how to work Nana — and still does.

Some of the old songs which I myself had sung back in a previous era, and now were being sung and loved three generations later, were "Over in the meadow in the sand in the sun" (this could be improvised into countless verses); "Out in the barnyard what a clatter"; "Perri Merri Dictum Dominee"; "Happy is the Miller boy"; "Merrily Merrily, greet the morn" (a round); numerous bird songs; and Christmas songs without end.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Tory and Mommy.
(Barbara.)

Three Candles!

Victoria Estes

Tory's

third

Birthday.

Victoria Mills Haeger Estes.
Debutante. Age 18.

[illegible]

Tory's wedding day.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight Heath.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight Heath.

Alexandra Knight Heath.
Age 4 months.
Daughter of Chuck and Tory.

Will Tory remember those songs for three quarters of a century! I dare say not!

It was a sad day for Nana — and the old rocker — when all the little ones grew too big to be rocked!

* * *

As Tory approached her teens her manner held a direct and straightforward charm. You could feel she was a girl you could trust to be loyal. Her beautiful eyes look straight at you. Her friends know she is one in whom it is safe to confide. She never betrays a confidence, and she is above petty gossip.

* * *

During these pre-teen years Tory's love of horses and dogs was upper most of her pleasures. She won several blue ribbons in horsemanship at Camelback, and at Barrington Club Horse shows.

The riding master at Onwentsia called Tory a natural born equestrienne. With her correct seat and posture, her "sensitive" hands, her inborn love of horses and riding, he said she should train for the Olympics!

The same could easily be said of her exceptional swimming, or her artistry in skating.

Tory's boarding school days were spent at Rogers Hall near Boston.

Besides the usual cultural subjects, piano, voice, art in which she showed real talent, she had the honor of being chosen from the entire school to be director of the Girls Octette, and arrange their musical scores which they produced in school concerts. Tory also accompanied them part of the time.

She was given the lead in the Senior Class Play.

She was on the hockey and basketball teams. As a member of the Student Council she said it was far more difficult to give demerits to the other girls than to herself! The same sense of fairness exists in all her relationships, studies, sports and friendships.

* * *

* * *

Tory's womanly qualities, her conscientious understanding of principles, her trust-worthiness, her unusual beauty, have developed her personality into one of superior strength, and charming companionship.

Tory at the age of 16, had several of her compositions printed in the school magazine.

The following gives a hint of her dawning maturity:

* * *

Ode to a Hill Top

Why is it that somehow, standing on the summit of a hill, you seem to feel so much at peace with yourself?

As you gaze at the world spread out below, cares drift from your shoulders. A wispy breeze brings a refreshing lift to the air around your haven.

Material things seem so far away, even as the people themselves.

Yet God and his glorious heavens are so close that you could reach out and grasp the guiding hand He holds outstretched.

The stars too, wink down their steady reassurance telling you to have no fear.

Through all this God gives His message of courage.

Why did He place that single hill on that single spot but for you and me and others like us who seek refuge in time of need?

He is the Divine force who makes the breeze to blow and the stars to shine for those on this high exalted spot.

And when you leave this place you know that you will not forget the message of faith and hope you received — God's message."

(Tory, age 16.)

* * *

After Rogers Hall, she spent two years at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin. Her junior year was transferred happily to the old Mills college, Ames University, a third generation.

The summer Tory reached the age of 18, she made her debut at a gala Tea Dance, one of the many highlights of her season.

Beyond describing were the profusions of flowers and gifts, with Tory abloom with breathtaking loveliness, revelling in the whirl of festivities that filled the summer — breakfasts, teas, dinners, dances. Ravinia concerts, swimming parties all interwoven with thoughts of her exquisite ballgowns, tea frocks, beaux, phone calls, more beaux, moonlight romances, more popularity than ten debs could hope for!

The climax came with the Christmas Ball, the Passavant Cotillion in Chicago. Each year 30 debutantes of the Chicago area are chosen to bow at this event.

The great ballroom, scene of grandeur on occasions of visiting royalty, was transformed into the medieval elegance of a Raphael-like Christmas painting. A back drop of royal blue and gold velvet was bordered all around the great balcony with fairy-like trees of white-birch twinkling with myriads of angel lights.

As Miss Tory, lovely in white lace, appeared at the head of the grand stairway to be escorted by her father down to the ballroom, to be presented to the assemblage, there was many a lump in throats of admiring friends, mother and grandmother, who felt that only her wedding could surpass this beautiful scene.

* * *

Two years later, during the summer of 1961, that happy event came to pass.

Among Tory's several suitors, one young man apparently always held the paramount place in her heart.

Charles Knight Heath is one of the finest of human kind. His fine sense of values; his superior mentality and original humor; his thoughtful consideration; his individual charm of manner, all created a rapport of spirit between these two that grew into close-knit affection.

At that time they were both in college, Charles finishing his studies at University of Wisconsin, also working at the Radio Station which had given him three years of fine experience. Several times a week long-distance phone calls gave Tory and Chuck heartwarming visits.

During spring vacation Charles, coming over from Hinsdale for his evening call, presented Tory with a magnificent diamond engagement ring, an heirloom in his family, an abiding seal of their love. With a touching feeling of romance, he tendered this lovely gift.

* * *

This was shortly before Tory was leaving on a trip abroad — a tour of Europe with her parents.

Again, across the Atlantic Tory and Chuck enjoyed a full hour's (!) phone conversation, keeping them in close accord over the intervening ocean.

Before leaving on this trip Tory's parents announced her engagement to Charles at a dinner for 40 relatives and close friends.

Charles' family is an erudite group of collegiate alumni — Harvard, Oxford University, England, University of Wisconsin, Grinnell, Hanover, Northwestern — are some of their Alma Maters.

His mother, Beatrix Knight Heath, has both Masters and PhD degrees.

She has been actively associated with gardening and State Horticultural interests in Chicago and Hinsdale. At present in addition to the Heath Memorial Foundation for her late husband, John Reardon Heath, she is carrying on several of his favorite charities — doing the things that he would do for the young boys in Lawrence Hall, and work in the Junior Art Gallery in the Art Institute.

Charles' uncle, Dr. Harold Voris, a distinguished Chicago surgeon, and wife, were sailing for Europe the same week Tory and her parents were leaving, and while abroad they met several times and enjoyed traveling together.

Charles is a graduate of Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts; his degrees in speech and journalism are from the University of Wisconsin. He is wisely interested in Radio work. His rich quality of voice, fineness of diction, fluency of extemporaneous speech, facile writing ability and understanding mind have already brought unusual advancement for a young man.

A rare opportunity that involuntarily disciplined Charles' thinking, was his close companionship with his brilliant father throughout his early life, up to the time of Mr. Heath's untimely death during Charles' senior year in college.

Charles' father, the late John Reardon Heath had been an eminent attorney in Chicago. His was a master-mind, a brilliant speaker, writer of fine sensitivity, charming conversationalist. A Tribute given at a Special Convocation held in Mr. Heath's honor, at Grinnell College, at the time of the presentation of the Heath Memorial Fund, was given by the Episcopal Bishop of Iowa, the Right Reverend Gordon V. Smith. He said in part, "John Reardon Heath was a man of many and wide ranging interests which he pursued with the full vigor of a quick inquiring mind and enthusiasm of a warm strong personality. He had served as President of the Chicago Law Club; President of the Chicago Literary Club; President of the Home for Destitute Crippled Children; President of the Chicago Episcopal Diocese; President of the Board of Grinnell College; served on several Boards of corporate directors; was a member of many professional groups; was an alumnus of Grinnell College and Harvard Law School. In his busy life he found time to pursue cultural and other interests. He and his wife and son often took hunting and fishing trips; he was especially proficient in horsemanship — riding to hounds with the Oak Brook Hunt and in England and Ireland. His warmth and humor and his skill as a raconteur enlivened the meetings of his many associations."

The John R. Heath Memorial Fund for Grinnell College will award scholarships to foreign students of exceptional ability and character, who will contribute to international feeling at Grinnell. The Heath Professorships and Lectureships will be awarded to highly qualified men and women to give lectures at Grinnell, selected for their special interest in subjects germane to liberal arts. The eminent English historian, Arnold Joseph Toynbee is the first to receive this lectureship.

* * *

* * *

On the anniversary of Charles' parents' wedding, the marriage of Charles and Victoria was solemnized on July 22, 1961.

What words are there to describe the soul-stirring beauty of that occasion — magical moments are rare in life, but this whole day was filled with treasures.

The lovely little Episcopal Church in Dundee, modelled after an old church in England where our own forebears might well have once worshipped, was the scene of Tory's and Charles' wedding. In this quiet spot in the morning previous to the ceremony, an inspirational private Eucharist was hallowed for them, officiated by the Bishop, long a close friend of the Heath family, the Right Reverend Donald H. V. Hallock.

At 4:30 that afternoon, the marriage rites were solemnized by the Bishop assisted by Father Boynton, the Dundee rector, their magnificent ecclesiastical robes adding rich color to the scene.

No Sacred Abbey of olden times could have given a greater exaltation of feeling — the altar bathed in soft lights of holy candles;

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

the vaulted ceiling; the warm tones of old brick walls; the whole interior suffused in greens of ferns and white flowers. Window boxes billowed with white petunias and trailing ivy, grown especially for this occasion; now at perfection these filled all the chapel windows.

Nor could any Cathedral have been blessed with more divinely beautiful music than Hans Wurmans' organ numbers — Bach's "O Mensch;" "Diumat;" "Toccata and Fugue;" Mendelssohn's "Second Movement of Violin Concerto;" "Air on G String;" and Tschaikowsky's "Second Movement of String Quartette."

As the organ swelled into the appropriately medieval "Trumpets," an ancient wedding march, it was a throat catching moment as the lovely bride Tory, an ethereal vision, came slowly down the long aisle robed in comely gown and veil of diaphonous ivory and rose point lace; her dainty slippers of scalloped ivory satin, crystal embroidered, designed and made for her while in Italy.

At the inner altar of the holy sanctum, as Charles and Victoria knelt before the Bishop for his nuptial blessing, a deep serenity and complete elevation of feeling pervaded the entire service.

(A romantic tradition mantled the kneeling pillow, a large satin oval covered with exquisite lace brought from Belgium by Charles' mother for her own wedding, of which this was the anniversary.)

Following the church rites the guests proceeded to Canterfield Farm, for the reception and wedding supper for 350.

An aura of quiet charm and elegance greeted guests as they entered the tree shaded driveway approaching the stately Estes home.

Surpassingly lovely decorations added beauty to the rooms.

In the reception hall the curving stairway was wound with festoons of smilax and clusters of white roses. Great silver bowls of white roses were placed throughout the parlors and dining room.

At either side of the entrance to the terrace stood white "rose trees" — large circular frames of greenery completely studded with white roses. Rose trees also stood at each end of the receiving line.

On the spacious rear lawn loomed a great marquee, green and white striped, with scalloped border of fringe, its supporting posts and wires entwined with greenery, and great sheaths of fragrant white stock decorating the interior.

Centering this great canopy stood the circular table holding the many-tiered wedding-cake adorned with swirls of white gardenias and stephanotis.

A second table enormous in length held the wedding-supper.

Another section of the marquee was occupied by the orchestra and dance floor where the bride and groom symbolically danced the first number as guests lifted their champagne glasses in well-wishing toasts.

Garden tables were spread about the lawn, these prettily flowered with yellow roses wreathing the golden table lights.

Lights glowed throughout the shrubbery with fairy like effect.

The bride was a graceful picture as she tossed her bridal bouquet from an upper balcony to her bridesmaids below. This was caught happily by her young sister Alexandra, who was a junior bridesmaid.

The handsome wedding presents — silver — crystal — china — linens — were displayed in three upper rooms.

It was all like a beautiful dream, as the bride and groom descended the stairway ready for their departure for White Sulphur Springs, a last cheer of gayety showered them with rose petals.

A spirit of love breathed through every moment. It will illuminate many a page of our happy memories.

* * *

* * *

Two years later came The Day to remember — the Day blessed with exquisite happiness that only the coming of precious little Alexandra Knight Heath could bring — a little red-haired darling whose beauty cannot be overstated — the most adorable Baby I have ever seen.

My Great-Granddaughter.

* * *

* * *

Eleventh Generation

* * *

Nicholas Edmund Haeger Estes, b. November 2, 1944, Dundee, Illinois. Son of Joseph and Barbara Haeger Estes.

* * *

Instinctively Nicky is a lad who never misses an opportunity to do some thoughtful, useful service for another, and whatever he does is performed with correct, methodical precision.

He loves to be **helpful**, and I learned early to be careful about mentioning things to be done. One warm morning in early spring he was up in my room. I thoughtlessly mentioned I would be glad when my storm windows were off.

The next I knew a ladder had been brought from the garage, and here came 10 year old Nicky carrying up screens, and taking off heavy storm windows, until his mother put a stop to the dangerous task!

But long before that, his considerate courtesy was noticeable. One Sunday evening when he was barely **two**, I went out to make a grandmotherly call on him.

He was sitting at his little blue table in the kitchen eating his supper.

His big blue eyes beamed a welcome when he saw me. I began talking with him, when almost at once he arose and toddled out of the room.

I thought I had disturbed his supper, but immediately back he came dragging a chair for me to sit down!

That little babyish act is typical of his consideration today.

He has a flair for constructing things — from hi-fi sets, and cases for his father's picture-reels, to building over the entire cleaning-closet! Last summer his orderly mind noticed the closet under the back stair off the kitchen could be improved. He removed everything from it; built in shelves that doubly increased its space, neatly painted the whole thing, and left it in ship-shape tidiness.

His meticulous perfection may be due to his mathematical mind. It was not unusual for his 8th grade teacher in school to call his parents to tell of his unusually fine work in mathematics; or to announce to the class that Nick Estes was the only member to hand in a perfect test paper!

His mechanical free hand drawings were as perfect as those in the book.

When Nick was 11 he was given for Christmas some high fidelity and radio kits to be assembled.

In his free time after school in less than four weeks he had completed *eleven sound-systems* including every bit of intricate wiring in all component parts.

He eagerly takes up new interests and becomes proficient in them, be it swimming, Scout work, camp-life, sports, or even chess and cribbage at age of 9.

In Scouting he became a first-class Scout when only 11, having to wait a year to receive the honor because of a 12 year age requirement.

That summer Nicky was one of 50,000 Scouts who attended the National Jamboree in Valley Forge.

Two years later he attended a similar Jamboree in Colorado Springs. His alert brain responds eagerly to every new thing, from historical places of interest, to contests of skill.

Nicky is a favorite with his friends. He has a sense of humor second to none. He is an even tempered, good natured, unselfish, modestly shy young lad, rapidly growing into a slender blond like his father. He has determination and patience, and a follow-through that impels him to finish something in which he is interested and in which he becomes absolutely absorbed, forgetting all else, as he brings his work to perfect completion.

When he was 12, in 8th grade, he was given the entrance aptitude tests at Culver Military Academy where he entered the next fall as a freshman.

After the tests the professor told his parents that Nicky had the mathematical ability of a High School senior!

During his first year at Culver, Nicky, barely 14, was selected with two classmates to enter the Indiana State competition in the Algebra section. It was thrilling to learn that Nicky took 1st place in his regional test.

The next test brought together the hundreds of winners from all the regions of the State.

All gathered at the University of Indiana for a day of sightseeing, honorary dinner, evening concert, and then the following morning, the Test. And that same afternoon, the glorious sound of hearing his name called as the winner of the Indiana State Algebra competition!

During Nick's Sophomore year at Culver, again a comprehensive test was given to honor students from different schools.

It was a difficult test and Nicky wondered how he came out.

When results were announced the professor said:

"Five boys received A's."

Nick's name was not among them. He was downcast. Then the professor continued:

"One boy received **A-plus!** That boy is **Cadet Nicholas Estes!**

* * *

It is a splendid sign when a youth shows such a talent for some branch of study, or work. Many growth rings were added to Nicky's stature during these days.

During Nick's summer vacation his father, Joseph, was making a business trip to Europe. He felt Nick had reached an age to appreciate such a trip.

All through Europe, week after week, Nicky and his father, in close companionship, visited historical shrines, museums, art galleries, scenic wonders. German factories, with their scientific precision, held a special interest for Nick, who had spent the earlier part of the summer doing chemical work in the Haeger factory in Dundee. Nicky was interested in everything he saw.

During his Junior year, Nicky and 16 Culver cadets flew over to Greece for three weeks of spring vacation.

Through friends of his parents, Nick was given a letter of introduction to General Alex Melas of Athens, grand-nephew of the famous Heinrich Schliemann, German archeologist who discovered the site of Troy.

The General was most generous in personally supervising two days of Nick's sightseeing in Athens. Nicky was enraptured with Greece, its beauty and history.

In his senior year Nick was made a member of the Four Gun Drill, the honor organization of the Artillery that the Cadets dream of achieving membership in from the first time they see an exhibition of Artillery manuevers.

Now all of life lies before him. The future beckons with singular promise. What will this magnificent mind, coupled with a powerful love of service and helpfulness to others, give to the world? Perhaps something as yet unknown and unimagined.

The popular adult's question to little boys, "And what are you going to be when you grow up?"—did not elicit the usual "policeman" or "fireman" from Nicky. At five years of age, his answer was modest, but authoritative: "I am going to be an inventor."

We believe him.

* * *

Alexandra Mills Haeger Estes. "Lexy." b. November 8, 1949. (Daughter of Joseph and Barbara Haeger Estes.)

* * *

Little Lexy is a daylight creature of charm and beauty; a glee maiden tripping with song and laughter, winning her way naturally into all our hearts. Nana often felt the sun had not yet risen till Lexy's gleaming sunshine came dancing into her room. The pure beautiful lines of her face, framed in a halo of burnished golden tresses is a gay witchery of winsomeness.

From the time she was a very small child Lexy loved to entertain the family—and neighbor children—with original playlets. Her stage was the deep set enclosure in the big window in Nana's library, where Nicky, 11, operated an improvised stage curtain—one of his clever inventions!

Lexy was not more than 6, when she ran into my room one day saying "Nana! I think our life is like a play that we are doing for the Lord—our whole life!" (Could it be she had been reading Shakespeare!)

Her original little songs—sweet delicious airs—were sung with arms gracefully swaying in rhythm, as she posed before the mirror draped in trailing silks and laces and jewels that Sheba might have envied!

Sometimes I jotted down her songs or stories as they tumbled from her lips. This is one: "A little girl ran out into a green meadow to say the Lord's Prayer. It was so beautiful and green out there and she looked up at the blue sky and said the Lord's Prayer to the Lord. And He clapped for it with thunder. And the rain was holy water on her head."

This song seems to be a prayer:
"The soft light of the stars
The quiet peace of the bells
O look up at the sky
You will see the biggest Star
That will be God.
I love God today"

Barbara said when Lexy was 4 her prayers were simply past recording!

Here are a few lines I jotted down when she was 5 or 6:

"——the green leaves of the night's reflection
——the star begins to grow—
——send out your prayer
that is the church bell song."

* * *

One day, age 4, she said to Barbara,

"Mommy!"

"Yes, darling."

"Mommy, I love you—and I don't want a cooky either."

* * *

One winter in Florida an aria that went on and on interminably, with tunes I wish could be inscribed

"Sea waters—blue waters—sea waters
How beautiful you are—
Foamy waves big and white
This shining morning day—
Sea waters—sea waters—blue waters
The sand on the beach is sparkly—
The shells I find are pretty—
I love to see you sea waters—
Um—m—m—m—(arias)."

* * *

Her music flows easily in unselfconscious joy, leaping like a fountain of glad sound—something she probably learned from the birds—or from angels!

* * *

A Thanksgiving prayer she gave when she was 10:

"Dear Lord, above but near, thank you for the wonderful things you have given us today and every day. Now in our Thanksgiving gathering we all have in our hearts and minds the thought of You and our blessings. Please bless each one of us in the coming years and as we think of You, Lead us to heaven and make us pure in our hearts. Lead us to the gate of happiness, thankfulness, love, and the key we have will open them then. Amen."

* * *

Lexy has now entered her teens—the flowering time of early teen-age beauty, not yet having reached the moment of fullest bloom.

Her stories these days, are lengthy serials largely concerned with horses, her present love. She knows no greater pleasure than the many hours she and her father spend, following the trails of Canterfield on "Cimmy" [Cimmarona Sunshine] and black Coal-Fox, with Desty, beautiful Collie, equally enjoying them.

Ballet dancing is a natural rhythm for Lexy, done with a welling spirit of grace, just as her skillful skating is performed with airy ease as she glides and spins over the ice.

Many summer hours are spent at the swimming pool where she capably arranges water-ballets, and with the aplomb of a master, announces them to the assembled guests.

* * *

For Lexy also, a new phase of life will open up next fall when she enters beautiful Emma Willard School for girls. May the future continue to unfold new beauties to this lovely child.

* * *

The Estes Line

A scene of grandeur that Joseph and Barbara Estes and their children love to visit in their travels in Italy is the magnificient castle built back in the 1300's, by Cardinal Hippolytus d'Estes, at Tivoli.

This is the far famed Villa d'Este — family seat for untold generations of the ancient royal d'Este family.

Wandering through its spacious massive-walled halls, descending its stone stairs to wander through multiple-terraced gardens where myriads of pluming fountains grace the landscape, gives a feeling of awed wonder and delight — especially to those named Estes! — who would like to feel that their lineage might be connected — even remotely — with this fabulous ancient line!

Gibbons, the historian, says that for a period of nearly 700 years this family was without blemish. Its court was the most splendid in Europe, both in pomp and luxury as well as in patronage of eminent artists, poets and scholars. It was members of the d'Este family that encouraged the genius of such famous artists as Raphael, Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci and numerous others.

The British Encyclopedia States that the d'Este family is one of the oldest of the former reigning houses of Italy.

In this court of unparalled splendor, Beatrice d'Este, 1475-1497, a beautiful princess was born.

Princess Beatrice did so much to encourage art and literature that she is looked upon as one of the greatest cultural influences of the Italian Renaissance.

Her sister, Princess Isabella, 1474-1539, was also known for her diplomatic and political skill. She is personified with the artistic aspirations of the Renaissance. So brilliant was her court that this period in Italy is known as the Golden Age.

* * *

The origin of the family is shrouded in mists of antiquity. They claimed Scandinavian origin, descent from the Vikings.

The family is known to have been established in northern Italy — in beautiful Lombardy — as early as 568 A.D.

The name was introduced into England in remote times; some say it came in when Caesar entered that country with his Roman Legions — but that was 97 B.C.

* * *

By the 1500's A.D. the names of many Estes families are to be found in English parish registers, with the typical spelling of early clerks: Este, Estes, Eustice, Esties.

In County Kent, England, are found many marriage dates, christenings, burials and wills.

One Estes family in Kent is known to have enjoyed great friendship with Lord Byron.

* * *

* * *

Estes in America. 1636.

In the new world, the first of the name Estes is recorded in 1636.

In that year, Jeffrey Estes settled in Salem, Massachusetts. He came from Hentlesham, Suffolk County England, where his father, another Jeffrey Estes had been born February 26, 1584. His will refers to this son Jeffrey, and grandson, John.

Jeffrey Estes of Salem had a large family, and during the next 50 years his descendants were widely distributed through the colonies.

John Estes, son of Jeffrey, (and the John mentioned in his grandfather's will) also had a son "Jeffrey Estes, baptized October 7, 1683, in Salem."

By 1790, when the first Census of the United States was taken, it shows 15 Estes families living in Virginia; 6 in North Carolina; and 6 in South Carolina. Most of them are listed as owning slaves.

These families seemed to prefer living in southern states, where many Estes still reside.

* * *

In 1704, Abraham Estes, (the progenitor of Joseph Estes of Dundee) lived in Virginia, in King and Queen County.

* * *

More than 70 years later, during the Revolution, a son, [or grandson] of Abraham, was another Abraham Estes, still living in King and Queen County, Virginia. He served as a private in the Virginia Militia — was wounded in service, having received a pension.

After the war, Abraham moved from Virginia to Lincoln County, Kentucky [where he received his pension].

A son of Abraham, was William Estes, born 1814. He was the grandfather of Willard Estes [Joe's father]. He is buried in the old Hopedale Cemetery, near Springfield, Mo. [The family had moved to Missouri by the time of his death in 1884.]

The headstones read:

"W. G. Estes, born Oct. 29, 1814; died Mar. 22, 1884."

"Malinda, wife of W. G. Estes, born Nov. 3, 1811; died Mar. 29, 1891."

In the same plot is buried Malinda's mother:

"Nora Pence, wife of Joseph Pence, born 1772; died May 28, 1876, age 104." [She was the great-great-great-grandmother of Lexy Estes, b. 1949.]

* * *

A son of William G. Estes, 1814, was William Abram Smith Estes who m. Sarah Elizabeth Haguewood, b. Apr. 22, 1860, Macon, Mo. She d. Mar. 11, 1940, in Springfield, Mo. [Her parents were Judson Haguewood, b. ca 1807, and Elizabeth Tuttle, m. July 3, 1828.]

* * *

William and Sarah Haguewood Estes lived on a farm near Springfield, Mo. He was a prosperous, enterprising citizen. His estate was quite a show place in that day. Even yet the beautiful old home, set on a knoll reached by a cobble edged driveway, bordered by tall trees, shows its attractiveness of other days.

Their children:

1. **Willard Freeman Estes,** [Father of Joseph Estes.] b. June 10, 1886, Springfield, Mo. d. May 29, 1962, Denver Col. m. December 16, 1906. **Fanny Ruth Forrester,** b. December 6, 1885.

   When a young man he attended Drury College, and took a position in a Bank in Springfield. After his marriage he became associated with the Heinz Company for 50 years, living in Des Moines.

   Both Willard and his wife, Fanny Forrester Estes, enjoyed much pleasure in their garden of beautiful flowers, specializing in roses. Frances like her son, Joe, was an avid reader; and also like him she possessed a droll wit. She could find humor in almost any situation, and often gave me merry hearted laughs by her jocose remarks.

   In 1956, these two celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary — a period of years rich in memory.

1943.

Willard Estes was a very religious man, genuinely good, dutiful in service to his church; his fine musical voice benefitted the church choir for upwards of 25 years. His minister once said of him, that he was a "Minister's minister"; that when a minister needed strengthening Willard could give the support.

Their two children:

1. **Kathryn Helene,** b. November 30, 1907, m. November 29, 1930, **John Loren Thorngren,** b. March 17, 1906. Reside in San Antonio, Texas. One child:
   1. **Sally Thorngren,** b. January 27, 1934. m. June 10, 1955, **Vaugn Mitchell,** children:
      1. **Scott Joseph Mitchell,** b. March 28, 1958.
      2. **Frances,** b. 1960.
2. **Joseph Freeman Estes,** b. August 12, 1910, Springfield, Mo. m. October 7, 1935. **Barbara Mills Haeger,** b. November 7, 1914. Children of Joseph and Barbara Haeger Estes:
   1. **Victoria Mills Haeger Estes,** b. August 11, 1940, Chicago, Ill. m. July 22, 1961, to **Charles Knight Heath,** b. December 6, 1938. Their child.
      1. **Alexandra Knight Heath,** b. April 9, 1963.
   2. **Nicholas Edmund Haeger Estes,** b. November 2, 1944, Chicago, Ill.
   3. **Alexandra Mills Haeger Estes.** b. November 8, 1949. Elgin, Ill.

* * *

2. **Forest Brown Estes,** b. November 5, 1888. (Son of William Abram Smith Estes.) m. **Effie Morgan.** Residence, Springfield, Mo.

* * *

3. **Herbert Daniel Estes,** b. January 9, 1893. m. **Lola Powell,** Springfield.

4. **Mary Victoria Estes,** b. August 25, 1895. m. **Mark Smith,** Springfield.

A unique incident was told about this Vicky when she was a little girl. We were going through the lovely old farm home near Springfield. On the wall is an old-fashioned big telephone. It reminded Joseph of this story he had heard his father tell. — One year long ago when Joe's father was a young boy, they were having this telephone installed. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and all the cousins and uncles and aunts were there. The children were playing in the kitchen. One little boy was paring an apple. Little Vicky in fun, attempted to take it from him. Accidentally the sharp knife was drawn through her hand cutting a deep gash. Excitedly they said "someone run and hitch a horse — hurry for the doctor!"

The telephone man had just finished installing the phone. He said "No need to ride to town! I'll call the doctor on the telephone!"

The marvel of the age!

The doctor arrived in about 15 minutes!

* * *

The Chestnut Family

(Great-Great-Grandparents of Lexy Estes)

* * *

William Chestnut, b. October 27, 1796. d. April 28, 1879. m. 1830, **Asenath Shepherd,** b. April 8, 1809. d. July 15, 1876. Children:

* * *

1. **Joseph B. Chestnut,** February 5, 1831.
2. **William Chestnut Jr.,** January 24, 1833. d. August 1, 1863.
3. **Rebecca Chestnut,** February 27, 1835. m. **James Williams.**
4. **James H. Chestnut,** 1836 - d. October 17, 1861.
5. **Mary Mahala Chestnut,** January 28, 1835. m. **Charles McClure.**
6. **John J. Chestnut,** February 16, 1840 - d. August 14, 1862.
7. **Elizabeth Emma Chestnut,** May 5, 1842. d. September 5, 1920. m. **Rev. W. E. Vaughn.**
8. **Frances Mildred Chestnut,** May 11, 1844. m. **James Wrightman.**
9. **George W. Chestnut,** April 27, 1847 - 1870.
10. **David Milton Chestnut,** May 15, 1852. d. in Indian Territory.
11. **Martha Ellen Chestnut,** November 29, 1844. d. November 5, 1927, age 83. m. November 14, 1867 to **Sgt. Thomas D. Forrester.** (Grandparents of Joseph Estes.)

* * *

Data concerning the Forrester and Chestnut families taken from notes compiled by "Aunt Zula," aunt of Joseph Estes, a remarkable woman of 91, at her death.

* * *

Three Chestnut brothers died during the Civil War; James, in 1861, age 25; John in 1862, age 22; and William in 1863, age 30. They probably gave their lives serving as soldiers.

They were Southerners from Tennessee and **may** have been on the Confederate side — Interesting.

The Forrester Family

(Great-Grandparents of Alexandra Mills Haeger Estes)

* * *

Sergeant Thomas Douglas Forrester, b. May 2, 1842, Sumner County, Tennessee. d. February 24, 1901, Rogersville, Missouri. m. November 14, 1867 in Christian Co., Mo., near Ozarks by Elder Ephraim Ray, to Joe has his sword. **Martha Ellen Chestnut**, b. November 29, 1849, in Taney County, Mo.

During the Civil War, Sgt. Forrester enlisted July 7, 1861. in Co. A, 8th Missouri Cavalry, with Capt. C. B. Holland. After 3 months, soldiers were discharged on October 5, 1861, at Rolla, Me. Two days later on October 7, 1861, they re-enlisted in Co. D, with Capt. John Livensky in Phelps Regiment. Discharged April 17, 1862 at Springfield, Mo. Three months later, on July 4, 1862, they re-enlisted at Springfield in original Co. A, 8th Missouri Cavalry. Discharged July 20, 1865, at end of war, at Little Rock, Ark.

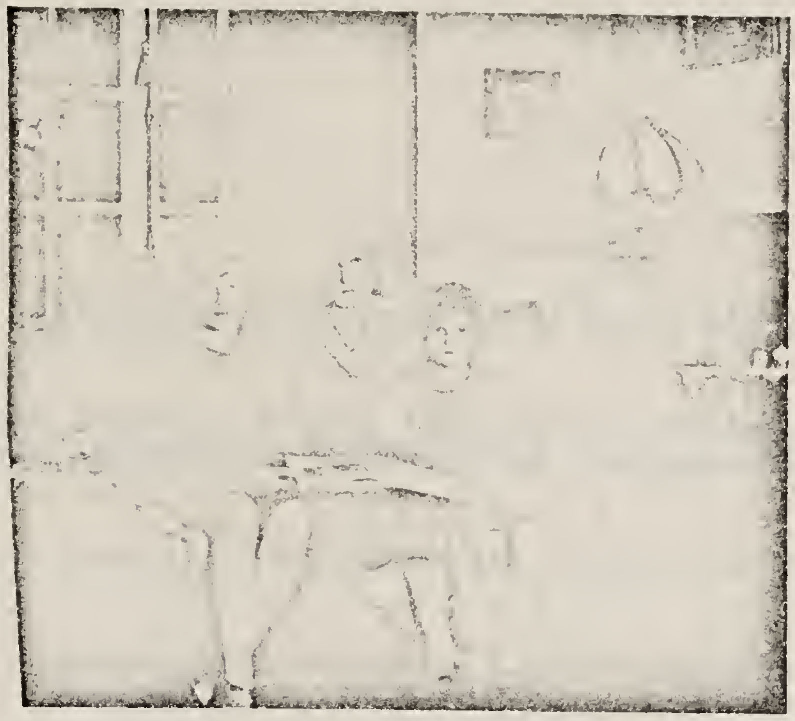
* * *

Children of Sgt. Thomas Douglas Forrester and Martha Chestnut Forrester:

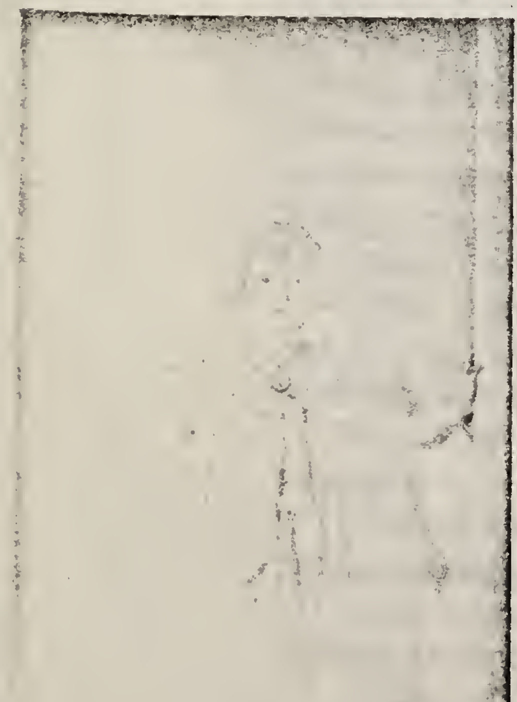
* * *

1. **Harry Forrester**, October 5, 1868. d. November 27, 1869.
2. **Zula Alice Forrester**, b. January 25, 1870. m. February 25, 1891, **Dr. Eli Trimble.** d. March 1960.
3. **Mary Edith Forester**, October 13, 1871 - November 7, 1874.
4. **George Milton Forrester**, June 16, 1874. m. June 14, 1905, **Lulu Anderson.**
5. **Bentley Ullman Forrester**, May 27, 1879. d. March 3, 1949. m. **Ruth L. Daugherty.**
6. **Ella Thomas Forrester**, January 8, 1881. d. February 24, 1911. m. **Charles Dacy.**
7. **Frank Chestnut Forrester**, October 24, 1884. d. June 22, 1888.
8. **Fanny Ruth Forrester**, December 6, 1885. (Parents of Joseph.) m. **Willard Freeman Estes**, b. 1886. d. 1962.
9. **Edna Lelia Forrester**, April 15, 1888. d. June 23, 1890.
10. **Annie Asenath Forrester**, July 24, 1890. Named after her grandmother, **Asenath Shepherd Chestnut.**
11. **Archie Lucille Forrester**, March 17, 1893. d. September 12, 1911.

* * *



I know I never did devise
two sweet girls with kind clear eyes;
This is more than life allows –
two sweet girls with smooth, fair brows.
Eager, graceful, moved to mirth
by to them a smiling earth.
With individual trait and thought
all clearly and distinctly wrought
A lovely miracle 'tis true
in the difference of these two.
– Can it be they move and breathe
with anything I could bequeathe?
I know I never did devise
in love and wisdom on this wise
Two sweet girls who unaware
waken spring in wintry air!



Age 6.

Marcy Mills Haeger.
Age 1½.

Age 11.

Tenth Generation

[Daughter of Edmund and Betty Mills Haeger]

* * *

Marcy Mills Haeger, b. July 12, 1919. Dundee, Illinois. m.
John Arnott McQuillan, b. April 15, 1916. Bridgeport, Conn. Children:

* * *

1. **John Arnott McQuillan, III.** b. January 5, 1950. Dundee, Illinois.

* * *

2. **David Cyril McQuillan.** b. November 30, 1950. Dundee.

* * *

3. **Phillip Mills McQuillan.** b. March 10, 1952. Dundee.

* * *

Residence, White Hall, Illinois.

* * *

* * *

Marcy Mills Haeger, Mrs. John Arnot McQuillan

* * *

—Her lovely profile, her exquisitely modelled face, I see; eyes clear and frank, claiming distinction; fair hair, satin sleek, in braids coiled over her ears, ribbon encircling her head; manners demure; her life carried a lighted candle into my heart which the flow of time could never quench.

People often said to me that little Marcy was "*simply angelic*—the only way to describe her." This I *never* liked to hear, especially after her serious illness in the epidemic of measles that swept Dundee. Marcy, not yet 3, became so weakened the poor little dear had to learn again to walk.

In the midst of her illness when I was fraught with distress two elderly grandmothers, overly kind, came to see me. With well meant intentions no doubt, they disclosed to me that their intent was to *prepare* me—that a child so angelic—so heavenly sweet as little Marcy, could not be long for this world—that I must prepare myself for what was to come.

Well! This solicitous counsel did little toward raising my spirits, but it did one thing. From that time I was ever after happy if Marcy occasionally displayed signs that she was quite human!

But her life has always mirrored an unpretentious spiritual devoutness—a reality with her, to be lived every day.

She seems to have felt that everyday living is an Art, that needs to be practiced as much as any other art.

And as she grew older her standards of good taste embraced unfailing kindness and unaffected sincerity.

Many times she reminded me of her gracious aunt, Pussy Mills, and it was natural to call her "Pussy."

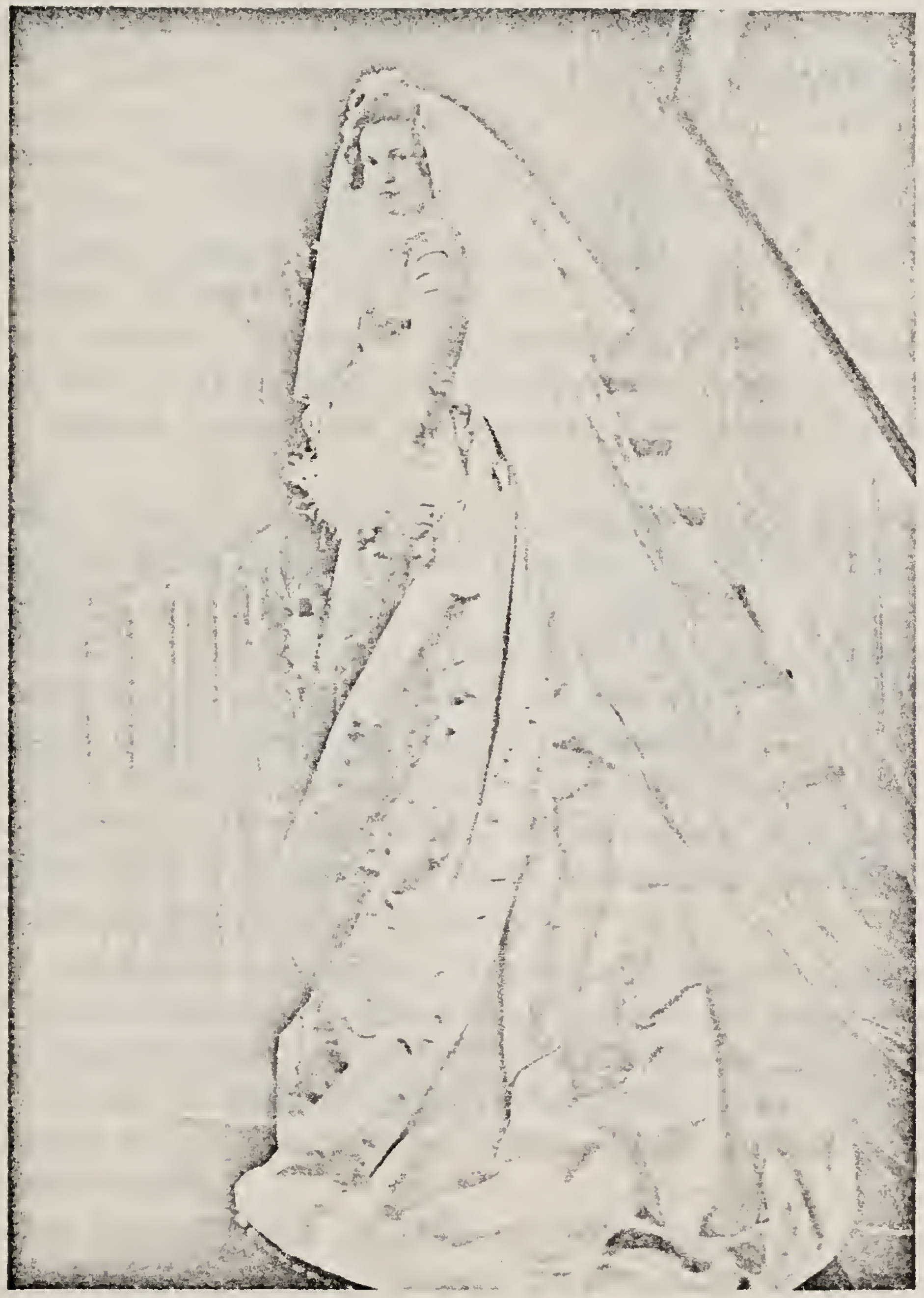
June morning on the terrace, Marcy, Mother and Desty.

College Junior.

Marcy, 16.
Boarding school days.

Marcy Mills Haeger.
(Mrs. John Arnott McQuillan.)

John Arnott McQuillan.
(Princeton U.)



Marcy Mills Haeger.
(Mrs. John Arnott McQuillan.)

[illegible]

[illegible]

She also had her father's quick, resillient humor and wit.

Her boarding school days were spent at Mount Carroll; college years at Beloit, the alma mater of the Haegers. She became a loyal member of Pi Beta Phi and attended National Conventions at Asheville, N. Carolina, Pasadena, Cal., and Washington, D.C. After her marriage she was made President of the Amy Onken Alumnae Chapter, and became a close friend of Pi Phi's renowned Amy Onken.

After Marcy's graduation from Beloit she graciously gave much time to the needs of young people in Dundee, serving as leader of Girl Scouts; director of the Junior Choir; leader of Pilgim Conference; officer in Church-School; and Counsellor of Pilgrim Camps.

One June Sunday in church Rev. Shelby Lee, just returned from Camp where Marcy was counsellor, announced before the congregation that "Marcy Haeger's leadership, her fine influence, her quiet stability, her worth while contributions to camp life had made this present session one of the most rewarding in the history of Pilgrim Camp."

Noting Marcy's proficiency, a committee soon prevailed upon her to accept the Presidency of the Dundee Woman's Club — the youngest president ever serving in this office, and giving an excellent administration in which she established the Club Scholarship Fund, which, with her generous donation, is assisting to this day, deserving high school girls to obtain higher education.

Marcy's natural understanding of club procedures gave her an easy command of formal modes of business, and her efficiency in originating ideas and carrying them to success, generated enthusiastic stimulation among all club members.

For a number of years, Marcy, her sister Barbara, and their mother Betty seemed to have the welfare of some organization at heart! — Church guild; Pi Beta Phi Alumnae of Elgin; Elgin P.E.O.; Garden Clubs of Dundee and Barrington; Fine Arts group — how many hours of pleasant — and worth while efforts were enjoyed in Civic betterment!

Marcy was popular socially as well as serving actively in church and club circles.

Her suitors included a young man of British descent, John Arnott McQuillan, a graduate of Lawrenceville Academy, and Princeton University. This friendship culminated in a beautiful wedding in the romantic Easter tradition, which also honored my April 16th birthday.

A profusion of Easter lilies and palms, and tall cathedral candles, formed an impressive background for their marriage vows, pledged on the ancestral Bible of Marcy's great-great-grand parents.

A letter from Aunt Grace, in California, speaks of this wedding:

"My dearest dear Lornie: Your letter telling of the beautiful wedding of Marcy and John was superb. I read it and read it and read it — it was all so immeasureably glorious. It seemed almost

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

inspired, and I read it with happy thoughts, knowing Marcy and John were so happy. I had sometimes wondered what kind of wedding they would have — and wasted not a little time thinking of it. I blush now at the dull, droll farce I made of it! I think I cried much of the way through your letter — every bit of it was so beautiful. How lovely to take all the lilies to church for the Easter morn service; and how wonderful to give them afterwards to all Marcy's friends, showering love and cheer to all when you and Edmund could so easily have felt lonely; but your hearts are too filled with loving and giving — forgetting yourselves.

"I especially liked the part in the ceremony when the minister asked 'Who gives this woman in marriage?' — and Edmund answered, 'Her *mother and I* do.' "

* * *
* * *

The next year when Marcy was assembling her dainty little layette for her first Baby, I unpacked from my store of once worn baby clothes, some of the little things she had once hallowed as a baby. Among them was the little christening robe which grandmother Mills (Now to be great-grandmother) and I, (to be grandmother) had embroidered with our loving thoughts several years previously.

Now, "tomorrow" would again make them, (what hands could not,) limp and warm with babyness.

* * *

John Arnott MacQuillan. b. April 15, 1916, husband of **Marcy Mills Haeger.**

* * *

John McQuillan is typically British. Though born in America of British-Scotch parentage, much of his boy-hood was spent in England, in the home of his English grandmother, and subconsciously he absorbed inbred English traits of a lineage that goes back several hundreds of years. His fluency of diction, a polished urbanity, an unbending attitude of superiority are undoubtedly a heritage from those distinguished ancestors.

Before taking up John's paternal Scotch ancestry, we will speak of his maternal English background.

John's mother, Grace Arnott, (Mrs. John McQuillan I) was the grand daughter of the Very Reverend Samuel Arnott, Bishop of London, Aukland and Darlington.

A graduate of Cambridge University, Emanual College, Class 1843, he was an Elector of Cambridge; and at one time was an authority and author on Sussex Archeology.

Bishop Arnott was a descendant (a grandson or great-grandson?) of the Earl of Ravenswood, who had been one of the wealthiest men in England, his fortune having been made in Tin, in Spain.

When he died, the title was taken by an older cousin. The Earl's son spent his fortune in an unsuccessful attempt to regain the title!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Younger sons of nobility often take offices either in the church, or in Military Affairs.

One of the Earl's grandsons became the Bishop.

Another became the famous General Arnott of Boer War fame.

John's grandfather, Hamilton Hudspith Arnott (Son of the Bishop) kept a book of clippings concerning the conquests of this General Arnott in the War.

Hamilton Hudspith Arnott became Vicar of the Church of England, in Thornley, Darlington.

When John lived with his grandmother during his early life, he attended this church twice every Sunday, and sang in the boys' choir which met for practice every day. This choir was famed as one of the finest Boys' Choirs in England. John remembers this church as an ancient stone edifice with magnificent stained glass windows. His grandfather was deceased before John went to live with his grandmother.

(A more complete Arnott lineage is given later, including references from Burkes' "Baronetcies of England and Scotland.")

* * *

John Mc Quillan I, John's father, is a native of Glasgow, Scotland. A commanding personality, quick, mentally alert, he is a man of high calibre — a graduate of Glasgow Technical College, and held for many years managerial positions in the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

A fluent speaker, he wields, also, influential authority as a writer of scientific articles for Mechanical Engineering Magazines. He is also a writer of short stories and poems.

In Northern Ireland long ago was the Principality of Mc Quillan once ruled by princes from whom he is remotely descended. However he remembers no connection with Ireland, so long has the family been of Scotland.

After the marriage of John Mc Quillan I and Grace Arnott Mc Quillan, they came to America making their home in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He was associated with Commonwealth Edison in charge of Chemical Engineering. Their three children were born in America: John Arnott Mc Quillan II; Cyril, now of Honolulu; and Grace, now married and living in England.

When John was about five, he was placed in kindergarten. Six weeks he attended — the only public school experience of his life!

At that time his mother, with three children, returned to England, where for about two years they were ensconced in Grandmother Arnott's home in Darlington.

John remembers this home — a three-story, ivy trimmed, traditionally English abode, situated in "the Crescent," a lovely area of Darlington, grounds surrounded by a high brick wall upon which

he used to climb to pick plums from the trees within — delicious prize green gage plums!

This was one of six homes owned by his grandfather.

Returning to America the boys, John and Cyril were placed in a boys' school in Suffield, Conn. But again when the boys were about 9, their mother returned to England with the three children and spent the next five years overseas.

Grandmother Arnott was quite perturbed to find her little grandsons lacking in the fine English tradition of speaking French. The services of the Darlington vicar were soon enlisted to remedy this deficiency. Each day the little boys met in his fine old panelled library to study French phrases with this erudite man.

Sometimes during evening strolls his grandmother would take the brothers to visit the palatial seat where their great grandfather, the Bishop, had lived in princely state, an imposing Hall surrounded by gardens of flowerful Elizabethan origin, in a great park where deer grazed beneath magnificent trees.

Soon the two boys were enrolled in famous old Great Ayton, where they attended the next 4 or 5 years.

One of the Spartan customs of this school was a rigorous physical training. No matter what the weather each day the boys took a cross-country run, wading through streams — sometimes icy — but developing sturdy physiques.

Occasionally field-trips were taken, with overnight expeditions into Yorkshire, the next county. John remembers one of these trips when they camped in beautiful surroundings on a large estate that contained the interesting ruins of an ancient castle built by the Normans. The owner of the place considered these ruins historically sacred; not a stone could be taken from it or used for any other purpose.

How we admire this English love of tradition. It has been said there would be no England today were it not for their great love of tradition.

One of John's masters at Great Ayton had made a study of the shape of human skulls. All English people he said were descended from one of three groups — Norman, Saxon, or Anglican. One glance at John, and he pronounced, *Norman.*

John still possesses the school-uniform of Great Ayton which he wore as a little boy. His own young son, John III, donned this quaint outfit recently, and appeared on a school program telling his classmates of the customs which little English lads enjoyed when his father was a small boy.

John was about 14 when his father brought the two boys back to America. Ten year old Grace stayed in England with her mother.

From that time their father planned, supervised and provided the boys with superior schooling second to none. Every opportunity for excellence in the finest schools in America was given them.

These two brothers, always together, developed a closeness of feeling that few brothers attain.

Irving-on-the-Hudson was their entrance to American School customs. Here John knew a son of Franklin Roosevelt, then president of the United States.

Later in preparation for Princeton, Lawrenceville Academy provided excellent training, both scholastically and socially. Here they were friends of a du Pont scion; a princeling son of the Prime Minister of Japan, Prince Fumataki Kanoyer; David Hearst who invited John to his home, the fabulous San Simeon Ranch in California; and Phillip Wilkie whose father became the candidate for the presidency.

A finishing school of intensive preparation, was a year spent at Hunn School, a famous academy in Princeton, a magnificent private estate converted into a school by Dr. Hunn, a noted educator and friend of Albert Einstein. Here John was highest honor student of his class.

During the four years John and Cyril were affiliated with great Princeton University, more distinction was merited in studies, athletic achievements and school activities. A scholarship to Heidelberg was won by John, but not accepted.

His proficiency in swimming gave John honors on the swimming team; he won the Princeton numerals as a member of the Princeton crew; he was active in cross-country; won numerals on the track squad; was advertising manager of "Nassau Lit;" gateman at all Princeton games; member of Princeton Chemical Engineers; member of Princeton Engineering Society; and won scholastic honors during his Junior and Senior years, with scholarships.

Princeton has furnished priceless inspiration for John, culminating in broadened vision, splendid mental attainments, and invaluable friendships. This background invests his personality with great capabilities; he has an aptitude for intensive study and mastery of whatever subject holds interest for him. In public speaking he has imperturbable assurance. He is a man of constructive ideas. His Scotch thrift makes him a prudent economist.

John and his wife Marcy have a family of three splendid sons, a brief sketch of each follows:

* * *

Eleventh Generation

(Sons of John II and Marcy Haeger McQuillan.)

* * *

John Arnott McQuillan III, b. Jan. 5, 1950.
David Cyril McQuillan, b. Nov. 30, 1950.
Phillip Mills McQuillan, b. Mar. 10, 1952.

John, 4 yrs., 11 mo. David, 4 yrs. Phillip, 2 yrs. 9 mo.

The McQuillan Boys.

This youthful trio of brothers, John III, David and Phillip, constitute a promising generation of masculinity. Each is possessed of individuality; each is endowed with a knowledge-hungry mind, and exceptional intelligence. Their clear vision and gift of expression reveal their heritage from a superior strain of English-Scotch ancestry.

The tie that binds is strong in this home of warm devotion, and they are a perpetual delight to their parents.

* * *

From the time John III was a baby, his winning smile revealed an inner spirit of sweet and shining goodness. His sensitive nature makes him sympathetic and gentle — and extremely prepossessing.

One of his subtle attractions is the courageous pluck he has shown during his early years when a physical affliction gave him a challenge to face, accept, and conquer; and his youthful determination reveals an emotional maturity unusual in one so young.

At the *age of 8,* his avid fondness for reading, prompted him one winter to spend *hours* poring over page after page in volumes of the Encyclopedia! He had developed — no one knows where — an intense love for the great musicians of the world, and he looked up their histories in order to write biographical sketches of each — *on his own initiative!*

He **typed** (another accomplishment he achieved by himself) the life stories of **140** famous composers, with lists of their musical compositions.

That was not enough; he **drew** a picture of each composer amazing in its likeness!

His sagacious little mind *wondered who* the *very first composer* could have been. No one knew, so he wrote to Princeton University where they knew everything! A fine answer came back, saying they hoped to see him someday enrolled in Princeton in the footsteps of his father; but they were sorry they could not tell him the answer! (Could it have been Orpheus — or Tubalcain??)

I was visiting in John's home that spring, and in view of his intense musical interest, presented him with a record-player.

He would listen entranced and say "That is Brahms, Nana" — or "That is Midsummer Night's Dream — My those composahs could write pretty songs!"

Never have I known an 8 year old to evince so many sparks of genius.

About that time John III also developed an admiration for Abraham Lincoln. His parents took the three boys to Salem to see Lincoln's cabin, and to Springfield to visit Lincoln's tomb.

After that tour, John, age 8, needed no one to suggest that he memorize the Gettysburg Address. It was marvelous to hear him recite it.

He wrote a biography of Lincoln and drew a free-hand pen and ink picture of him, so natural it is hard to believe it is the work of an 8 year old boy. I have several of John's sketches in my Scrap Book — very proud indeed of my grandson. [Not only John's, but David's and Phillip's also.]

John learned the names of all the presidents — quite a list up through Eisenhower!

His mother and John went one night to stay with a friend in the city. One of his first remarks was "I wonder if you have any books on Lincoln!" He was interested in knowing which she liked best, Lincoln or Washington, and delved into the several points of greatness each possessed. Elsa said she felt she should brush up on history before conversing with this erudite scholar!

His unfolding spirit shows a gentle consideration for the feelings of others.

One night at dinner when I was visiting them, his father was speaking in somewhat derogatory terms about the foolish practice of taking vitamin pills.

The observant little eyes of Johnie had not missed the fact that Nana herself, took vitamins! Looking across the table at me with deep concern he whispered *"father shouldn't have said that,"* Later I heard him explaining to his father who had not known I was an offender!

— How unspeakably dear the little fellow is!

* * *

* * *

Young David is another princely little chap. Robust and sturdy, with merry, sunny nature, he abounds in physical energy. There is not a lazy bone in his little body.

Interwoven into the very nature of his constitution is a replica of Edmund Haeger, his grandfather! Tory was looking at baby pictures of Edmund one day, and said 'That picture looks just like one of Marcy's boys.' I took a look, and said "Davie!" She said "That's right — I always knew he reminded me of someone."

Many other remarked about it when he was a baby.

David is not only active in outdoor pastimes — he is outstanding in school work. He has a keenness for study, and an intelligent grasp for all his subjects. Everything about him is well integrated. His report cards are filled with A's and he is easily the leader of his grade.

Sometimes David applies a little of Tom Sawyer's tactics. Under a big tree overhanging the back fence, he decided to dig a hole for a swimming pool! With pick-ax and spade he was soon at work and just as soon the neighboring youth assembled. Interest was at high pitch. Long hours they worked; bigger and deeper grew the hole. What muscles were developed! What blisters calloused their little hands! But what sport that digging gave — no swimming could have equalled. Anticipation they say is usually greater than realization.

That backyard offered other delights to David. He laid out a vegetable garden, spaded it, planted it, weeded it, and furnished the family with radishes, onions, peas, beans and corn! — David age 7: a Real Boy!

On the banks of a stream on some wooded land belonging to his father, stands a young Oak tree that David calls his own. With squirrel like agility his sprightly little figure scales its top most branches. Up and down he flies, building a board-seat to rest in his leisure (?) Then off he goes, gathering mushrooms for supper. Never still a minute!

But there is yet another facet to this little Kaleidoscope. David too has a flair for art that is astounding. Some distant ancestor over in England or Scotland must have had rare artistic ability.

One night when I was looking over John's drawings, David was standing near. Suddenly he disappeared but was back in no time, and handed me a picture he had just drawn — a free hand sketch of "Donald-Duck" so accurate it was astounding.

When I praised it he said — "oh, I did that in 5 minutes!" Such talent in a 7 year old would indicate a future career as an artist. But already his analytical mind inclines toward becoming a lawyer.

It is safe to predict that whatever goal he sets for himself will be successfully achieved.

* * *

And now a word about Phillip age 6 — a tall blonde, a paragon of uprightness, eager to equal his brothers in precocious learning.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

He is a personable little fellow, very lovable, and winsome. Like his brother he has high rating in school work, "Out-standing" is written after most of his work. His teachers say they can always count on this little man.

Phillip has quite a mechanical knack for mending electrical toys. When broken he can make them "work" — or he can take them all apart and put them together again — age 6.

On Mothers Day I was visiting in their home, and the boys invited me to attend Sunday School. All the classes met together that day, and as a surprise the superintendent announced she would call the name of each child, and see how many could come down front and recite a Bible verse.

I knew no special preparation had been given the boys, and was a little uneasy!

— How could I have been!

John and David of course did themselves proud.

At last little Phillip's name was called. Fearlessly he stepped forward and in resolute tones gave the matchless performance of the entire school! It was a proud moment for Nana!

When Phillip was 7, in 2nd grade, his teacher told the class that when a pupil had read ten books he could be an Indian Chief for a whole day, and sit at her desk and call on children to recite!

— Who was the first to earn this privilege? — Of course! — Master Phillip! — He was ready to start to school that morning before 7 o'clock!

Phillip has had an ambition since he was six, to become a doctor. He has plans for a hospital, and for his ambulance he knows he can convert a "dump-twuck" that big Bennie has promised to give him, when he is through with it!

* * *

May life grant these adorable grandsons their full measure of success.

John Arnot McQuillan, III.
(11 yrs., 11 mos.)

David Cyril McQuillan.
(11 yrs.)

Phillip Mills McQuillan.
(9 yrs., 9 mos.)

The Arnot Family

A brief sketch of Arnot-lineage will one day be of interest to John, David and Phillip. These notes were found in Newberry Library.

* * *

The ancient name **Arnot** was spelled with one "T". Later records show another "T" was added.

The Arnot is of ancient renown. Of French origin the name was brought to Great Brittain by Norman invaders in the time of William the Conqueror, 1066.

One branch of the family descended through the Earl of Ravenswood in Great Brittain.

The French and English origin of the family has been lost sight of, for during at least six or eight centuries the Arnots have been conspicuously identified with Scotland. Branches of the family have been distributed in Ayrshire, Perthshire, and Fifeshire.

From the beginning of their history they have been people of substantial class, receiving grants of arms, and in many instances bearing titles and handing down chartered lands from generation to generation.

The remains of the ancient seat of the Barons of Arnot are still standing (1911) in Kinross. It is a picturesque old ruin bearing the coat of arms on an entablature over the great entrance. It is locally known as the Arnot Tower.

"Concerning this structure its name and original derivation are said by an English authority to mean: "Arnot — **arn** plus **cnoc** means "high hill." The high ground near Arnot Tower is still termed "Knock of Arnot."

"The noted authority, Burke's History of Baronetcies of England, Scotland and Ireland (1844) says of this family:

Sir Michael Arnot of Arnot, in Country of Perth, the descendant of a very ancient Fifeshire family, designated of that Ilk so early as the 12th century, was created a Baronet by Charles I, July 27, 1629.

"His son and heir, Sir David Arnot, second Baronet, was a member of Parliament for Kinross in 1689.

"He was the father of Sir John Arnot, third Baronet, who having devoted himself early to a military life, was appointed in 1727 Adjutant General of Scotland. In 1735 he rose to rank of Brigadier General; in 1739 to Major General. He died 1750, a Lieutenant General and Adjutant General of North Brittain.

"His eldest son, Sir John Arnot fourth Baronet, was succeeded by his son, Sir William Arnot, fifth Baronet. He became Lieutenant Colonel of the Queen's Regiment of Dragoon Guards. He died in 1782.

"His son and heir, Sir William Arnot, was the sixth and last Baronet. It appears therefore that for nearly 600 years these armor-bearing Arnots were established in their ancestral home.

"In the main line, and in many of its branches, the family was one of the most distinguished in the country. The cadets of the

house were mainly located nearby, naturally grouped about the historic home of the main stem. There they constituted a very considerable and influential part of the various communities in which they lived.

"Two of the Baronets of the main line of descent were named Sir John Arnot and that Christian name persisted in general use in the family in successive generations. It was a common inheritance of all the Arnots."

* * *

Arms: "Argent (silver) a Chevron V Sable between two mullets in chief and a crescent (qu.etoile) in base gules."

"The house at Lochrig is a goodly old mansion still in excellent repair. It has initials of the founder in the front, Alexander de Arnot, 1636.

Well sheltered, with large plantations, it stands on rising ground a mile south of village Stewarton."

From the book "Bishops of the Church of England," in Newberry Library, is found the following concerning

Samuel Arnot. — Bishop.

* * *

Scholar of **Emanuel College.**
Cambridge University, England.
Elector of University.
Received **B.A. degree**, 1843.
Received **Masters degree**, 1846.

* * *

1844-1845, London-Priest.
Vicarage, Gunnersbury West.
Vicar of Turnham Green, West Gunnersbury.
Curate of Brentford; Romford.
Perpetual Curate of St. Luke.
Berwick St. 1854-58.
Vicar of Chatham, 1858-1866.
Royal Vicar, Hollington Sussex, 1867-70.
Bishop of London, 1870.
  Ecclesiastical Commission.
  Diocese of London.
  Income: £200; other sources £185.
  Gross Income: £385 and House.
  Author: "Sussex Archeological Collections."
Bishop of Darlington and **Aukland.**
  With seat at Darlington to time of his death.

* * *

* * *

I. **Hamilton Hudspith Arnott**, son of **Bishop Samuel Arnott**. Thornley, Darlington, England. University of Durham, 1881-1885. L. Theology.

II. Father of **Grace Arnott**, who married **John McQuillan I.**

III. Parents of **John McQuillan**, 1916 — who married **Marcy Mills Haeger.**

IV. Parents of
John Arnott McQuillan III, 1950.
David Cyril McQuillan, 1950.
Phillip Mills McQuillan, 1952.

Tenth Generation
from
Simon Mills I

* * *

[Children of Wm. Creswell and Ada Mills Dewell.]

1. **Philip Mills Dewell,** b. May 13, 1895. d. July 10, 1896. Buried, Magnolia, Iowa.
2. **Frances Dewell,** b. March 30, 1898, Magnolia. m. June 18, 1924, **Marion George Bailey,** 1897. Reside in Miami, Florida. Children, Eleventh Generation:
    1. **Barbara Jean Bailey,** b. Jan. 28, 1928. Germany.
    2. **Richard Dewell Bailey,** b. Feb. 26, 1930. Attorney in Miami, Florida.
3. **Marcy Dewell** (Marcella), b. Feb. 21, 1900. Magnolia. m. **Walter Jason Hunt,** St. Paul, Minn. **Children, Eleventh Generation:**
    1. **Walter Jason Hunt II,** b. Aug. 27, 1929. Mount Kisco, New York. m. **Cathryn Turnbull.** Children, Twelfth Generation:
        1. **Elizabeth Young Hunt,** b. Oct. 28, 1957.
        2. **Cathryn Mills Hunt,** b. Aug. 12, 1958.
        3. **Andrew McClung Hunt,** b. Aug. 10, 1962.
    2. **Charles Hunt,** b. 1933. d. 1941.
4. **Barbara Mills Dewell,** b. Feb. 2, 1905. Magnolia. m. **Ashford Miller Wood,** b. Nov. 7, 1903. Arcadia, Calif.
    1. **Ashford Dewell Wood,** b. Dec. 17, 1933.
    2. **Phelps Mills Wood,** b. Mar. 21, 1936.
5. **Azor Mills Dewell,** b. May 9, 1907. m. **Elizabeth Hawk, b. May 14, 1910.** Children:
    1. **Jacqueline Mills Dewell,** b. May 2, 1939. m. April, 1961. m. **Dr. Eric Gustav Walter** Gieré, Frieburg, Germany. Children:
        1. **André Gregory Giere,** b. Feb. 24, 1962.
        2. **Caritas Jacqueline Gieré,** b. April 12, 1963.
    2. **Thomas William Dewell,** b. Feb. 5, 1947.

* * *

* * *

The Dewell Family

* * *

Tenth Generation

* * *

The **First Mills Grandchildren.**

(Children of William and Ada Mills Dewell.)

* * *

Since **Simon Mills I,** in 1630, introduced the Mills Name into American annals, Nine generations of our line, who have borne this honorable name, have passed into eternity — with one exception: I, Betty Mills Haeger alone remain!

Aye! witness am I to the finale of our branch of Mills Nomenclature!

But **not** indeed, to the end of our good Mills blood which still runs coursing full-strength under worthy new cognomens — casting not the slightest reflection upon our **Ninth** feminine generation of lovely Mills daughters!

Now comes the Tenth Generation, the first to bear a new name; the first Mills Grandchildren; and in all the recorded history of mankind, we could only feel there had never been such adorable grandchildren!

With the coming of precious little Philip Mills Dewell in that long-gone May, I remember so distinctly the happiness brought to the bevy of young Mills aunts in the old home 'neath the Maple when its buds were astir with new life, and the world was such a nice youthful place to welcome a first grandchild.

I was but a child myself, when elevated to the exalted title of *Aunt,* and allowed the privilege of holding The Baby for *"just one minute."* Those 60 seconds (by the clock) ticked off more rapture than I had hitherto dreamed of.

* * *

In his second summer, alas, our angel Philip, wreathed in flowers, lay in his tiny white velvet casket, sleeping his age-long sleep — Part of our hearts lay with him.

* * *

But fortune is kind, and as the years passed this home was again blessed with three bonny daughters and a second fine son. Her "little Quartette" Ada called them.

Little Frances Dewell was a beauty, her velvety brown eyes fringed with a fine penciling of long lashes. Modesty was innate in her sweet disposition.

Marcy Dewell was a petite, patrician, self-willed little being, filled with a gay sparkle of fun. Auburn curls framed her animated countenance that has never lost its changeful beauty.

Barbara Dewell's upright little figure, alert, eager, overflowing with genial responsibility, foretold her coming strength of character and beauty of personality.

And Ada's second son, Azor Mills Dewell, softened memories of the other loved one — Azor's frank and engaging manner, and his high sense of duty fulfilled his mother's fondest hopes.

Memories of those days, now a half century in the past, still shine with the delightful pleasures when those favored children came to visit. One of their special diversions was ransacking old stores of trumpery in the attic. I still see little Marcy attired in a trailing velvet-gown, low-cut over her soft white shoulders, fichu of lace cascading the bodice, her auburn curls piled high, as she moved with elegance and assurance (aged 9 or 10)!

Today as Mrs. Walter Hunt, she still exercises this talent for the dramatic, loving color and gayety and radiance as she plans worth while affairs for gay social benefits.

* * *

It would indeed be gratifying to attribute all the beauty and brains of these Dewell grandchildren to our Mills Patrimony. But I am aware a just share must be consigned to their Dewell forefathers! — a worthy line, indeed which follows.

Three **de Uelle** brothers came from Brittany, France, to America with General LaFayette during the Revolution.

After the War two brothers remained in this country, and through them the American families of Dewell and Deuelle are descended.

In the century and a half since the Revolution, several Dewells have been recorded — men of fine character and scholarly attainments — military commanders; judges; legislative executives; financiers; writers; a Lieutenant Governor.

(A few of these are named here in.)

* * *

One of the original brothers had a son, Solomon Dewell, born about 1790.

During the years when he reached adulthood, the great migration to Ohio was taking place, with the opening up of the "Connecticut Western Reserve."

Solomon, a young man of vision, journeyed to the new frontier where he became a successful and prosperous pioneer. He married and raised a family of seven fine sons. The Dewells were known for their families of sturdy masculinity.

Solomon's *seventh son,* (the grandfather of Frances, Marcy, Barbara and Azor) was John Dewell, b. May 10, 1838 in Ohio; he died July 27, 1921, at the age of 83, in Magnolia, Iowa. His final years were spent in the home of his son William, and Ada Mills Dewell. During his long successful life he had become a man of eminent leadership, a guiding spirit in western Iowa.

At the time of the Civil War, John Dewell, in his early 20's, enlisted as a Cavalryman in the 9th Iowa Cavalry, Troop "M". He was mustered out in November, 1863, at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

Before the war John had lived for a time in Harlan, in the western part of Iowa.

After the war he returned to Harlan, and there married a beautiful Scotch-lassie of 19, Emma MacGinnis, born Jan., 1844. She was pure old-world Scotch, her father, Rev. William MacGinnis and his wife Mary Yahre MacGinnis had been born in Scotland, where the families had lived for long generations.

The MacGinnis were people of fine character, upright, and strong principled. The father, Rev. William MacGinnis, was an early preacher, an old-fashioned "circuit-rider," riding horseback to his scattered parishes along the river-roads in western Iowa, founding pioneer churches and blazing new trails. His kindly wisdom and homespun ways assured him of a warm welcome always.

An early daguerreotype of Emma MacGinnis, taken about the time of her marriage to John Dewell, portrays her marked beauty. Her lovely eyes, long lashed, are to be seen again in her granddaughter, Frances.

John and Emma Dewell settled after their marriage in Magnolia, Iowa, the thriving county seat of Harrison County. John opened

a big "general-store," the fore runner of future department stores! This was the first store established in Harrison County. It carried everything from farm implements, dry goods, groceries, meat, to hats and hair pins! It drew a large patronage from all surrounding settlements. John did an enormous business, also acquiring a thousand acres of land. His executive ability was of high order, and he became a leader among the finest, a man of well deserved prestige.

Four sons were born to John and Emma; William Creswell Dewell named after his Scotch grandfather; Earnest Dewell; Dr. Wells Dewell; and Robert; all college bred men whose lives were marked by many worthy pusuits. All are now deceased.

William Creswell Dewell, 1868-1930, married Ada Mills, parents of Frances, Marcy, Barbara and Azor.

William had been a little boy of 9 years of age when his beautiful mother died in 1877, in her early 30's. She had not survived the birth of her fourth son Robert.

A pathetic letter written by William, age 9, to his grandmother MacGinnis, soon after he had lost his beloved mother, is in the possession of Barbara Dewell Wood. He beseeches his grandmother to come and visit them. He tells about the baby Robbie, and says the hired girl is taking care of them. (How could she take the place of his loving mother.) Poor little William was a lonesome, lost little boy.

Sixteen years later William married Ada Mills, his college sweetheart. When he took her to Magnolia all the old friends remarked about Ada's great resemblance to Emma, whose loveliness of face and character were still a living memory.

* * *

Before continuing with the line of this John Dewell, 1838-1921, it is of interest to insert here, mention of another John Dewell, 1795-1872 (43 years older than the above John.) This will give additional data concerning the fine type of men characterized by the Dewells.

This John was probably a brother of Solomon Dewell, who may have named his seventh son after him.

It was interesting to find this John Dewell, living in **Norfolk**, Conn., the village so familiar in Mills history of 1758, when it was settled by our ancestors from Simsbury — the Mills, Pettibone, Lawrence, Phelps, Adams, Dudley, Humphrey — lineal Forebears!

When John Dewell, at the age of 29, came to Norfolk in 1824, the village was 75 years old, flourishing and prosperous. He came from Pine Plains, New York, and liking Norfolk, he spent the rest of his life there, becoming a prosperous business man, a judge, and a Senator, and raising two sons who became eminent in the state.

In Norfolk, John Dewell married Mary Humphrey, daughter of Dudley Humphrey, (descendants of our previously mentioned Gov. Dudley.)

Later in life, John Dewell when in his 50's, served as Captain in the Civil War. He was Judge of Probate for many years, and elected State Senator from the 17th Senatorial District of Connecticut.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Quoting from the Norfolk History: "When asked why he left the fine farming country of Dutchess County in New York, he replied he liked the kind of people, the moral atmosphere, the society of Norfolk better.

"Captain Dewell was an exemplary Christian man, patriotic, kind hearted and generous.

"He built a large factory of stone for the manufacture of scythes and did a large and successful business for many years. His home was a stone mansion, both his home and factory still stand in fine condition (1890), a lasting monument to his enterprise.

"In part of his factory he operated a grocery store, and repeatedly gave aid to families of soldiers during the Civil War. A soldier's wife had contracted a large debt for food and necessities at his store. She was much distressed at her inability to pay. Learning of her needy condition, Captain Dewell freely forgave the whole debt. The woman survived him by many years and often said she never ceased to thank and pray for Captain Dewell.

His eldest son, John Humphrey Dewell, was also a Captain in the Civil War. He was one of the founders of the Norfolk Bank.

"Another son, James Dudley Dewell, became Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut. He was prominent in New Haven, where he was made President of the Board of Trade, and held many positions of importance and influence.

"Capt. John Dewell was in all matters affecting the town and community, a rarely public spirited man. The later years of his life he was very active and efficient in pushing forward the project for a Railroad to come over the Norfolk hills. This was almost the last work of his life, the exposure which brought on his fatal illness being his efforts to advance the interests of the Railroad."

* * *
* * *
* * *

Returning to the Dewells in Iowa, three generations — four counting the MacGinnis grandparents — lived in Harrison County, the picturesque hilly section of western Iowa.

Magnolia was a quaint village said to be the oldest settlement in Harrison County. It was the early home of several fine old eastern families — the Manns, the Dr. Charles Cutlers, the Henry Cutlers, the two Lawrence families, Silas and Henry, undoubtedly stemming from the same eastern Lawrence source to whom we trace.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the renowned New York clergyman and author, was born and grew up in Magnolia; in later years he returned often for visits with his aging mother. At her death he carried out her wish, and preached her funeral sermon. I was visiting Ada at the time and we had the privilege of hearing this touchingly tender tribute.

The Dewells ranked as one of the leading families of Magnolia, esteemed for their many contributions to the civic, church and social obligations of the community.

William Dewell spent most of his life in this town. He possessed initiative and perseverance that dignified his pursuits. In college his quick intelligence accredited him as one of the foremost students, and after graduation from Ames he was offered a professorship at the University at Lincoln, Nebraska, not far from Magnolia.

At that time his father had suffered a partial stroke, and at his request, William remained in Magnolia, operating the big store and looking after the farms.

His abilities were enlisted by the townspeople in many offices, president of the school board, superintendent of church school, and working with young people. His youthful enthusiasm engendered stimulation for both young and old to participate in whatever he and Ada expended their efforts upon — improving church music — lifting church and Sunday School services to a more inspirational plane — correcting some of the recreations of the neighborhood.

Ada organized a Study Club for women, with a literary department and a sewing circle. She was proficient in each, and her contributions, both in needlework, as well as her occasional poems, and literary discussions probably outranked humanities in many a larger organization.

Those years carried a vision, and the moral tone of the entire countryside was enriched.

* * *

Today in the changing pattern of life, such a background, (of several family-generations in one community) is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, stolen from our midst by the challenge of modern times.

With its passing something intangible is lost; we are witnessing the end of an era — nothing less — when a community says farewell to the last of a long family-line such as the Dewells, with no one to fill their place.

* * *

The present Dewell generation — now dispersed in widely distant sections of our far-flung nation, can look in retrospect upon those happy years and the advantages bestowed.

The hills and dales of that old home-place are pervaded with endearing memories.

* * *

Following sketches of "Ada's Quartette" give but a meager hint of the leadership they have achieved in many fields, rearing splendid families of distinction and a future lineage of brilliance.

* * *

* * *

Tenth Generation

* * *

Frances Dewell, Mrs. Marion George Bailey. Miami, Florida.

* * *

(Daughter of Ada Mills Dewell and William Creswell Dewell.)

* * *

Throughout her life Frances has found time in her busy days for various activities — intellectual, artistic, cultural, social; and through it all her affectionate disposition shines in innumerable acts of kindness.

This goodness of heart was recently expressed by an exceptionally lovely work of art that required many, many months to complete, in its entirety, for her brother, Azor Mills Dewell, her two sisters, Marcy Hunt, and Barbara Wood, and a copy for herself.

It comprised a collection of all the Poems, written by their mother Ada Mills Dewell, artistically printed by hand (as only Frances can print) in India-ink on parchment paper, bound in red-leather, artistically embossed in gold.

The frontispiece is charmingly ornamented by an original etching (done by Frances' daughter Barbara Bailey) of the inviting old homestead where these Dewell children, ''Ada's Quartette'', grew up.

A lovely foreword, by Frances, gratefully expressed their deep family loyalty for all that Past holds dear. The consummate skill with which she has created this volume makes it priceless indeed — a work of love.

Frances' talents lie in many fields, but perhaps her real ability is in the domestic arts.

In college days she had specialized in Home Economics course for which Ames is internationally famous.

When the shortage of Economics teachers became a serious problem at the close of World War I, Frances joined the faculty of Miami High School in Homemaking Educational Courses.

Her unusual ability has filled this position with utmost success. The warm radiance of her personality lights up her classrooms, and she has become a popular favorite with her students.

Frances' husband, Marion George Bailey, an estimable gentleman, is of English parentage. His father, George Richard Bailey was born and educated in England. He was the son of Richard Bailey, a typical, old-school, Englishman — tall, slender, very erect, always immaculate in dress and appearance.

In the old days, this grandfather travelled extensively, accompanied by his family on visits to places of interest in the British Empire — Africa, India, and remote Australia where he acquired a large sheep ranch, operating it in connection with the one he owned in England.

Marion's father, George Richard, recalled with pleasure, these trips to many sections of the British commonwealth.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Marion's mother was also English, Elizabeth Osborn, who as a young lady became proficient in music and poetry.

They later came to America and lived to celebrate their Golden Wedding on December 25, 1939. She died the following year, 1940; her husband in 1941.

For many years Marion Bailey was connected with the Pan American and National Air Lines in Florida. His interests now include an executive position with the Florida Metal Corporation.

Barbara Jean Bailey

Richard Dewell Bailey

Barbara Jean Bailey, of the 11th generation, is a charming young lady of high-scholastic standards, being valedictorian of her Miami High School Class.

This proficiency continued during her attendance at Goucher Woman's College in Baltimore. Here she was initiated into Pi Beta Phi, making a third generation for this family — her grandmother Ada Mills Dewell, and her mother Frances also being ''wearers of the Arrow''.

While in Goucher her artistic ability, which had been apparent since her early teens, developed rich maturity. If skill in art is inherited, Barbara was plentifully endowed by her talented mother and grandmother. Her oils show imagination and skill; she has the true artist's eye for color and form, and ability to capture the spirit of her subject, which also includes a flair for abstract impressionism.

Her artistic proficiency is also shown in interior decorating. In the charming Florida home of her parents, complete with spacious patio and swimming pool, its genial, liveable atmosphere again expresses her open hearted warmth.

Her paintings add beauty not only to their home, but to the attractiveness of the law office of her brother Richard.

* * *

Barbara received her B.A. in English from Miami University. Her Master's degree in Library Science was earned at Florida State University, recognized as one of the finest courses in this science in the United States. She has put this knowledge to excellent use, serving as the efficient librarian of Edison Junior High in Miami for the past several years.

Now she is leaving soon for Germany, where two interesting years lie ahead for her, as Librarian in European schools.

She received some intriguing offers, one from Morocco, but decided she preferred living in Germany, learning the language and feeling the real spirit of the country.

* * *

Barbara's nature, rich in talented accomplishments — literary, artistic, love of travel, and friendliness — will assuredly profit from these new broadening experiences.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Eleventh Generation

* * *

Richard Dewell Bailey

Richard Dewell Bailey, son of Marion and Frances Dewell Bailey, was named for his English great-grandfather, Richard Bailey.

Like his Dewell forebears, he is in height a counterpart of the men of the Dewell family known for their stature — his great-great-grandfather, Solomon Dewell; his great-grandfather John Dewell; his grandfather William Creswell Dewell; several great uncles, and his father's cousin Judge Jim Dewell. Tradition has handed down tales of their splendid physiques.

Dick merited a distinguished record all through his school years. During high school days he was one of four boys chosen for Youth Congress at the Capitol, where they debated, passed bills, performed the duties of real Congressmen!

This might be an indication of his future interests, as already he has engaged in active experience in politics, working in campaigns, delivering vigorous speeches. He is definitely the type this country needs in our civic affairs and legislative halls.

Both Dick and his sister Barbara early developed a habit of bringing home "straight A" report cards, awards, medals, honors and diplomas.

A little story is told about Dick when he was a toddler of 2. His sister Barbara, 4, was in private kindergarten, and her mother Frances as president of the Mother's Group, was asked to hand out the "diplomas".

As tiny Barbara stepped forward to receive her "diploma" from her mother's hand, brother Dickie seated with his daddy in the audience, called out "Mommy! Mommy! *Where's my dipoma!"*

In truth, education and schooling — (and diplomas!) — have held an important place in this family of four — father, mother, son and daughter, who have totalled altogether well over **100 years** spent in class rooms earning degrees — still continuing to pursue advanced courses in Law, Art, English, Domestic courses — whatever subjects appeal to their erudite tastes.

Richard earned his degree majoring in Speech at the University of Miami. Later his law degree was acquired at this University. Inspirited with animation, Dick is a natural orator. He has a persuasive power with language. He speaks his analytical decisions with clarity, fluency, and often humor.

The Army took 22 months of Richard's life, the last year in the office of the Judge Advocate General stationed at headquarters in Jacksonville, Florida.

After army service he began legal practice in Sarasota. Here he acted as legal adviser to an export-import corporation in British Honduras.

During his frequent trips for this firm he became so interested in Central America he invested in an importing business of his own in Belize. This was developing into a growing concern when a terrific tropical storm in 1957 — the worst in recorded history — swept over the entire area of Belize. Tidal waves more than 11 feet high surged inland, carrying buildings — everything — out to sea. Dick's warehouses and stocks were literally swept away.

Now with dauntless spirit Richard has opened law offices in Miami — his enterprising vigor recouping victory from loss, rebuilding success anew.

Physically Dick's height is the complement of his mental stature in character, intelligence,and resourcefulness.

* * *

* * *

Tenth Generation

* * *

Marcy Ray Dewell, Mrs. Walter Hunt.

The pre-college years of the four Dewell children were spent in the old Logan school where their budding talents were quickly recognized.

Marcy Dewell, a captivating teenager, then as always, a colorful personality, soon became a favorite not only among her school friends, but her quick enthusiasm and lively mind won the faculty as well; and her honors, there, were but the forerunners of similar distinctions during her coming college years.

In Marcy's class was a young leader of outstanding ability, Walter Hunt, who came from a family, like Marcy's that had several Ames Alumni. Walter's father, Judge Charles Hunt, was a member of Ames class of 1888, and his cousin Maria Roberts 1890, had been a roommate and sorority sister of Ada Mills Dewell.

Judge Hunt had served many years in Washington, D. C., on the Federal Trade Commission, first under President Calvin Coolidge, and again, a seven year term under President Hoover. During the First World War he had been a member, with Herbert Hoover, of the famous War-time Food Commission that became so essential in helping win the war through its help in feeding starving nations.

* * *

Their background of Ames interests perhaps first attracted Marcy and Walter. During four years as pre-college classmates, their congenial friendship matured until it was only natural that these two brilliant young people seemed destined for one another.

After their graduation from Ames, came their beautiful wedding, which from that day to this has filled their lives with enriching devotion.

Walter has attained eminence during many years as Vice President of the great Northern Pacific Railroad which, combined with the

Burlington Line, creates a vast network of resources — oil, lumber, mining, and agricultural interests, forming one of the largest railway systems in the world.

The Company's publication, "Northwest," of which Walter is Editor in chief, covers these extensive holdings. These also make it necessary for him to do active lobbying in Washington concerning bills that come before Congress affecting these interests.

Through the years Marcy Hunt has devoted much energy as President of the Board of the Children's Hospital of St. Paul. Her original ideas and artistic contributions to the annual Charity Ball, engender an enthusiasm that makes it the highlight of the season in financial benefits for the Hospital, as well as a social event.

Marcy's musical talent finds expression on the Board of Directors of the Shubert Club.

And as a member of the Board of the St. Paul Civic Opera, Marcy enjoys a vicarious pleasure in attending operatic rehearsals and becoming personally acquainted with Metropolitan stars.

Both Walter and Marcy participate in all these interests, not the least of which is their circle of close friends with whom many hours are shared in the inner warmth of their hospitable home.

Above all these friendly activities towers the summit of their life's hopes — which is of course their unusually talented son, Walter Hunt, Junior, a young man of character, of earnestness, and of literary ability, who is even now scaling the ladder of success.

The brief sketch of Walter which follows, fails completely to convey the scope of his resourceful capability.

* * *

* * *

Eleventh Generation

Walter Jason Hunt II, b. August 27, 1929. (Son of Walter and Marcy Dewell Hunt.) m. Cathryn Turnbull. (Daughter of the Leland McClung Turnbulls.)

Twelfth Generation: first members of our last generation:

1. **Elizabeth Young Hunt.** b. Oct. 28, 1957.
2. **Cathryn Mills Hunt,** b. Aug. 12, 1958.
3. **Andrew McClung Hunt,** b. Aug. 10, 1962.

* * *

Mount Kisco, New York.

* * *

* * *

We build on what we have inherited and Walter Jason Hunt II is endowed with so much natural leadership that honors have sought him out from earliest teens. His modesty has kept him charmingly unspoiled.

Blessed with wisdom, wit, and insight, Walter combines an energetic nature, a magnetic personality, and an astute judgement not often found in so young a person.

From a boy his ability to forge ahead and take responsibility marked his progress. With eager enthusiasm he found new avenues continually opening up, which he delighted in pursuing, even testing his wings in flights of poetry at a pre-teen age!

He often sent these poetical attempts to his grandmother Ada, knowing a mutual interest in verse would assure them a welcome! When classical magazines were not quite so sympathetic, Walter's irrepressible humor decorated a little space above his desk with "rejection" slips!

When he entered the St. Paul Academy, age 13 or 14, a first literary opportunity came when he was made Editor of "Now and Then" the Academy publication.

He also rated top-man in his Form, and at graduation won a thousand dollar scholarship to Yale University.

Walter's graduation from Yale in 1951, came during the great celebration of Yale's 250th Anniversary — a stirring farewell for the Seniors' golden hour of remembrance.

As the resounding bells in Harkness Tower pealed forth their parting tones — somberly echoing a last adieu, the dignified procession fell into solemn step moving through the soft June sunshine — a time for subdued rejoicing and future hopes — a perpetual challenge to their precepts of guidance.

* * *

Walter could justifiably look back with pride upon his well-spent years at Yale. Mentioning but a few of the honors he merited: Through his Junior and Senior years, he was Editor of the Yale Record. His Senior year he also was Editor of the Yale Daily News.

His erudition and resilient wit named him one of six students, the "Yale Pundits, the Campus Wits."

He was elected to "Yale Literary Honor Society" eligible to students who had contributed most literary improvement on Yale campus.

A top achievement was election to Bergelius, Yale Senior Honorary, representing four years of Leadership, Achievement, Scholarship and Service. Enriching years!

* * *

Dr. Samuel Hemingway, the renowned head of the Yale English Department, became one of Walter's esteemed friends.

One weekend, the Provost of Oxford University, England, was a guest of Dr. Hemingway, and he invited Walter and a few classmates to dinner, to meet this eminent house guest.

At dinner the boys out did themselves discussing erudite subjects — possibly a little beyond their depth — but hoping to impress the learned Provost!

That is, all but modest Wally! He had no intention of uttering opinions before this deeply versed man, that could easily disclose an immature attempt to impress!

(We may be assured Walter's ready intelligence and quick repartee were not lacking however, in conversant topics.)

But afterwards back in his room Wally was somewhat downhearted at the poor appearance he felt he made beside the other boys.

The next day or so, Dr. Hemingway hailed Walter in the hall. He said "Walter I want to tell you what the Provost said about you! We were discussing you boys after you had gone and the Provost said — 'that modest young chap — *he* is the *brilliant* one amongst those boys!' "

* * *

After graduation, Walter's blazing inner fires materialized in writing a book. This effort was interrupted by the Korean War.

At the termination of his armed service in Korea, Walter was one of ten soldiers, out of 2,500 men, selected to receive decorations for meritorious service.

The General pinned medals on the ten boys and the 2,500 soldiers passed in review before them.

* * *

A half a dozen years have passed since that time.

Walter Hunt has attained the signal honor of becoming one of the five Book Editors of the Reader's Digest Staff.

In the headquarters of this famous magazine, in Pleasantville, New York — a place adorned with priceless works of art, a rare museum visited by tourists from all over the world, Walter Hunt is engaged in a writing-career so wholly to his liking it is as though Destiny had carved this fortune especially for him.

Destiny has conferred other favors.

With his lovely wife, Cathryn Turnbull Hunt, a beautiful, altogether delightful young woman whose literary talents further their congeniality, they live in Mount Kisco, New York, a short distance from Pleasantville, in a charming home ideal for rearing their adorable family of three children — Elizabeth, Cathryn and Andrew Hunt.

These children have the distinction of being the first members of the Twelfth Generation. May this family continue to be blest with all Heaven can send — long life, long health, long pleasure and a long career.

Mrs. Walter Hunt (seated).

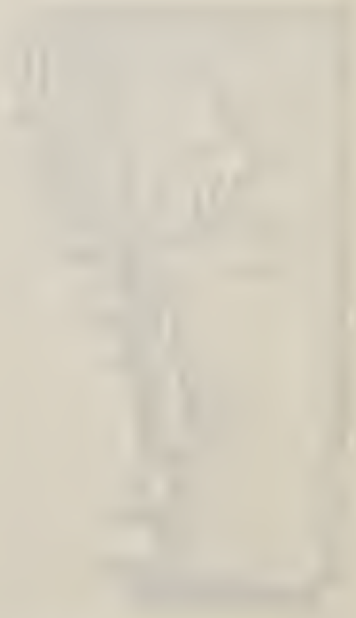
Walter Jr., age 18.

Mr. and Mrs.
Walter Hunt, Jr.

Cathryn Turnbull.
Mrs. Walter Hunt, Jr.

[illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. Ashford Wood I. (Barbara Dewell Wood.)
1962.

Ashford and Son Phelps Mills Wood.
1962.

Barbara, Mrs. Ashford Wood.

Ashford Wood I, and sons.
Ashford II, and
Phelps Mills Wood.
1949.

Six cousins in California: Ashford and Phelps Wood, Malcolm and Dougald Macdonald, Tory and Nicky Estes.
1949.

California.

First members of a New Generation.

* * *

Twelth Generation

* * *

Awake the voice!
Awake the string!
What sweeter music
Can we bring!

* * *

* * *

The Little New Comers

1. Elizabeth Young Hunt. b. 1957.
2. Cathryn Mills Hunt, b. 1958.
3. Andrew McClung Hunt. b. 1962.

* * *

Children of Walter and Cathryn Turnbull Hunt.
Grandchildren of Walter and Marcy Dewell Hunt.
Great-Grandchildren of William and Ada Mills Dewell.
Great-Great-Grandchilden of Azor and M. Dyle Mills.

* * *

* * *

Tenth Generation

* * *

Barbara Mills Dewell, Mrs. Ashford Miller Wood.
Arcadia, California.

* * *

(Daughter of William and Ada Mills Dewell.)

* * *

The farther I write concerning these Dewells, the more I feel I must restrain my pen! — I know however that no praise exaggerates the high standards to which their lives conform.

For Barbara Wood my admiration has been undiminished as long as I have known her. Each year enriches her beauty of character; her disciplined good sense embraces wisdom, integrity and taste.

She makes an art of her homemaking. In her daily routine she is a priestess in her "temple," capably giving loving ministrations to her family; instilling her sons with a sense of moral values for the needs of courageous young manhood. Her personality is a magnet that attracts and holds her family in an atmosphere of confidence.

Sharing whole heartedly with his wife, is Ashford Miller Wood. "Bud" — a genial, outgiving individual devoted and generous with the interests of his family.

A clearheaded business executive, Ashford is President of the California Electronics Industry dealing in electronic components and laboratory equipment. Under his skillful management this is a flourishing and highly successful business.

Bud's resourceful ability is ingrained; business talent is natural to the Wood family. The Woods were the prominent banking family of Logan, while one of his brothers is a gifted writer; his sisters being members of Pi Beta Phi, form a friendly link with Barbara's sorority.

The most interesting connection however comes to light in tracing family geneologies.

Ashford's mother was the lovely May Phelps Wood, who back through the centuries descended from William Phelps of Tewkesbury, Devonshire, England, who in 1630 sailed for America on the "Mary and John."

Another passenger on this same ship of three centuries ago, was our own Simon Mills I.

These young Pilgrims knew each other well. They were members of the little band that settled in Dorchester, Mass., and five years later, 1635, were founders of Windsor, Conn.

The second generation of these men, in 1667, founded Simsbury, Conn.; and in 1758, a fourth generation founded Norfolk.

Intermarriages in these small early villages, make Barbara Wood a descendant through two or more lines, of the Phelps ancestor to whom her husband Ashford Wood is descended 300 years ago!

By the same procedure Ashford may trace to Simon Mills I of 1630! (see chart) — a long alliance!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

This hospitable Wood home in California is one in which pleasures, studies, duties have always been enjoyed as a family unit.

The ties that have bound husband, wife and sons, have woven a pattern of sincere, affectionate living — creating a potent strength in rearing sons who have been a constant joy and tonic to their parents throughout their lives.

Much travelling here and abroad, has taken this family throughout the western hemisphere and Europe.

One of their pleasures at home is an evening spent in their open box at Hollywood Bowl, sitting beneath the stars, enjoying great artists of the world -- almost like being transported to an enchanted world.

* * *
* * *

The home of the Wood family is beautiful as California homes especially can be — with sunny lawns and flowering borders peering out from cool shadows cast by tall trees.

It was in this delightful place that the four aging Mills sisters held their last reunion back in 1945.

Nearly twenty of us were gathered from far and near: Ada Mills Dewell, Grace Mills Haugeberg, Marcy Mills Black, Edmund and Betty Mills Haeger; Pussy (Mrs. Hurst) was no longer with us, but her two dear daughters, Catherine and Barbara, were there with their husbands Oakland Sechler and Howard Matthai. Barbara Haeger Estes and Marcy Haeger McQuillan were present; Margaret Haugeberg Macdonald and husband Dougald Macdonald, and two adorable sons, Dougald III and Malcolm; and the hosts, Ashford and Barbara Dewell Wood and their splendid sons, Ashford II and Phelps Mills Wood, formed a never to be forgotten reunion of uncles, aunts, cousins and grandparents!

Beneath towering Sycamore trees, seated around a banquet table placed in the patio overlooking the mirror-like pool, that cast its shimmering reflections of silver against dark patterns of trees — this joyous group shared memories that stretched across the half century.

There was laughter — joy — tears — in a glad spiritual sense.

Our imaginations had been captured by the prospect of this happy reunion. The reality — of ineffable tenderness — was beyond description. The long years dropped by the way; echoes of youth hearkened from the past; we breathed the essence of timelessness.

* * *
* * *

Dedicated to Barbara

(By her mother, Ada Mills Dewell, 1926)

* * *

Last night I suddenly awoke
When dreaming happy dreams of you.
I felt so certain that you spoke
And called me, as you used to do.

Your voice was like it used to be
I've never yet heard such another.
It sounded oh, so sweet to me,
You called out clear and softly, 'Mother.'

I rose and with my candle dim
I hurried down the hallway chill
To your old room. A foolish whim
To think that you could be there still!

I oped the door. My flickering light
Showed windows closed, your mirror tall.
Your chair, your bed all smooth and white
—But oh! I thought I heard you call.

Eleventh Generation

* * *

Ashford Dewell Wood, December 17, 1933.

Phelps Mills Wood, March 21, 1936.

Throughout their youthful days these two young brothers gave evidence of their determination to excel. A respect for work dominated their efforts, and they seldom settled for anything less than perfection.

They won every honor available during High School.

Ash, the older, blazed the trail, and Phelps forged his own equally successful course.

Ashford finished high school at Christmas, affording him six rare months in Mexico, at the Universidad Nacional del Suresta in Merida Yucatan. He adored every phase of this broadening experience, making many friends, and becoming quite fluent in Spanish.

Both Ashford and Phelps spent their collegiate years in Oxford, Ohio, with graduate work in Columbia University.

On the lovely campus in old Oxford town, stands Miami University brooding serenely in the permanence of a century and a half of proud history; renowned for superior scholastic triumphs.

June days bring the pomp of age-old Commencement traditions; professors and graduates in cap and gown move in robed solemnity along the tree-lined streets and campus, in ceremonies befitting one of the deepest events in a boy's life.

These are memories their hearts will ever keep green.

Imbued with industrious habits and ability to accept responsibility, exacting duties were given them.

Able to discipline themselves Ashford and Phelps were called upon to be leaders in setting the moral and intellectual tone of the campus. They became criterions to be measured up to.

At the beginning of Ashford's Sophomore year, he was given the signal honor of becoming Counsellor for Freshman men.

This required him to appear before the College-Board, and be examined personally as to moral stability and conduct; as well as maintaining high scholastic grades.

Honors conferred upon both Ash and Phelps show a wide scope of activities.

The highest honor on campus, Omicron Delta Kappa, given for outstanding collegiate activities and high-ranking scholarship, was achieved by both Ashford and Phelps; as was Alpha Phi Omega, honorary service-fraternity.

Phelps was elected president of three honoraries, Sigma Delta Pi, honorary Spanish; Delta Phi Alpha, honorary German; and the Cosmopolitan Club. He was business manager of "Dimensions," the college Literary Magazine.

Ash was business manager of M-Book; and of college Chest-Drive. He was made a member of Tribe-Miami. He was Cheerleader for two years — his senior year, head cheerleader which entailed speechmaking before mass-meetings and entire college assemblies, exercising his flair for public speaking.

Both Ash and Phelps joined Beta Theta Pi, their father's fraternity. The Oxford chapter is the original Mother chapter.

Innumerable minor honors came to both boys.

After their collegiate years Ashford and Phelps earned their Masters Degrees at Columbia University in Business Administration specializing in Finance.

Ashford is now engaged in his first business experience as Financial Analyst with the great firm of Blythe and Company in San Francisco.

Phelps is giving his usual enthusiastic best in the Electronic Business of his father. So reliable and efficient is he, his parents are able to take frequent vacations.

Both boys have given their required Service to the Government.

* * *

Now from their threshhold of youth, the vision of the future unfolds before them.

Through their youthful contacts with rich cultural beauty their interests are sparked to an awareness of the power and challenge of life.

Doors will always open readily to Ashford and Phelps Wood.

Ashford Dewell Wood. Phelps Mills Wood.

(Sons of Ashford I and Barbara Wood.)

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Azor Mills Dewell

* * *

Tenth Generation

* * *

The name **Azor** has been in the family for 200 years. It is taken from the Bible, where Azor was a Prince of the House of Israel.

Azor Mills Dewell is the fifth Azor in five generations; the grandson of Azor Ruggles Mills; the great-great-grandson of Azor Ruggles; and in a preceeding century lived the Hon. Azor Ruggles Hunt, Pittsburg capitalist, grandson of Azor Ruggles; and Charles Azor Mills, son of Uncle Henry Mills and great-grandson of the first Azor Ruggles.

Azor is such an unusual name I was intrigued in coming across another Azor not in our family — the only one of that name I have encountered. This one lived back during Revolutionary days. Azor Orne, b. 1713 in Marble Head, was an influential man in the colonies. When War broke out and money was needed, he loaned the Government a "barrel of silver dollars" (which I believe was long in being repaid! if ever!)

Azor Orne lived at the same period as Capt. Joseph Ruggles, 1729-1802. Capt. Joseph, also, was active in the patriotic cause, raising and training the first military company formed in that section of Connecticut. Throughout the war his inspection of troops and furnishing quotas of soldiers gave him weight of influence. This Captain Joseph Ruggles named his son, Azor Ruggles; possibly this may have a bearing upon his friendship with Azor Orne.

Azor Mills Dewell (often called Mills) possessed from youth, an inquiring mind, open and discriminating, always alert mentally to the finer things of life. During his college years at Ames, he won eminence in oratorical circles and debating. And later in life, after his marriage there was need for a layman to fill the pulpit of a small country church near his home. Azor volunteered to do this, and his friendly personality, and ability in speaking before an audience won for him much confidence. In every respect Azor is a man of sterling worth and high resolves.

In college he was a leader in his Beta Theta Pi fraternity, serving as president. Two of his summer vacations were spent in European travel.

His service in World War II, gave him an interest in the army which he has since retained.

Azor's ability to command respect, his candor and sincerity, his high sense of duty have made his army career a most successful one at the Artillery Headquarters at Fort Winfield Scott in Hayward, California.

With his discerning insight Azor was chosen to do intensive training in the work of the Hercules Nike Missile, in which he became a Missile expert. Parts of his work are top secret.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Azor's wife, Elizabeth Hawk Dewell, a woman of much beauty and geniality, is an exceptionally competent person of superior intellect, excelling in Medical Technology.

She is a graduate of the University of Minnesota where she was a member of Alpha Gamma Delta. Her devoted and warmly generous nature accepts willingly the many exacting responsibilities of an army wife, even a prolonged sojourn in distant Alaska, where an army post in Anchorage proved to be one of their most interesting and rewarding experiences. Later came a sojourn in Okinawa.

Azor and Bessie have two fine children of whom they can well be proud. Their daughter Jacqueline is spoken of in the following sketch. Their son Tommy is a typical boy, Cub Scout, Little League baseball, and in school is accepting scholastically the exceptional challenge of his sister Jacqueline.

* * *

Rondeau
To Azor

November, 1927.

The tunes you sang before you went
Away, were like a sacrament
To me; and still their echoes clear
Are singing softly in my ear
And with my own mute songs are blent.

Sometimes it seems as if you'd sent
A message — for my heart's content
And peace; that often I may hear
The tunes you sang.

So may your song's accomplishment
Be always happier than you meant;
Be always tender and sincere.
And may they keep you near
To me. I hold them — tho' I've lent
The tunes you sang.

Azor and his sister
Barbara Wood.

Eleventh Generation

* * *

Jacqueline Mills Dewell, daughter of Azor Mills and Bessie Hawk Dewell is a young woman of unquestioned scholastic superiority.

At the age of 17 she was graduated as valedictorian of her class of 716 members, in Hayward, California.

The awards she received at that early age were simply astonishing. She received more honors than she could accept.

She was given not only the coveted "Honors at Entrance" to Leland Stanford University, but also their scholarship of $1,150.00 with all tuition paid, renewable each of the four years her high grades were maintained.

She was winner of a $600.00 scholarship given by the California Legislature.

She won 1st place in South Alameda County for her essay on "The Most Valuable Citizen," and awarded $100.00.

She won 1st place in the Bank of America Contest.

She won 2nd place out of 12, in the Seymour award in California. And there were other smaller awards.

(Distinctive honors she did not accept, were Honors at Entrance with all tuition paid, to the University of California at Berkeley; and a $795.00 scholarship at Northwestern University in Evanston.)

When we consider the difficulty experienced today by many young students in being even accepted — we realize the prestige attendant upon Honor at Entrance!

Jacqueline is almost exotic in appearance: Her clear, olive skin, luxuriant dark hair, beautiful eyes, finely penciled brows, classic features, and graceful figure, capture the eye as well as attract interest in her gay charm.

She has always been popular; she sings and plays; is cordial and friendly; sweet and affectionate; unassuming and unspoiled.

For her Junior year at Leland-Stanford, she was one of 60 students chosen, who were given the opportunity of going to Stuttgart, Germany, to study in Stanford University abroad.

There she entered upon a thrilling regime.

Classes were attended four days a week, leaving a 3-day weekend for trips.

Their three weeks of spring vacation gave a week each in Berlin, Rome and Luxembourg. All summer was spent in touring.

When September came, Jacqueline had become so enchanted with Germany she decided to spend her senior year at the University of Frieburg, the 500 year old school at the edge of the Black Forest. Here all the courses were taught in German, and here Jacqueline received A's in all her studies!

A glance at a few topics this brilliant young lady was studying discloses the modernistic trend of mind she was developing: — "The European State-World;" "Modern German Poetry;" "The new

old-world concept of man, as seen in Don Juan, Don Quixote, Hamlet and Faust."

During this time she sang in the German Choir, became proficient in German, Italian, and Russian! She made many German friends and during this time it was that she became more than a beguiling maiden to a certain young German Doctor of Philosophy, Herr Eric Gustav Walter Giere of Hamburg, Germany.

His brilliance is a match for Jacqueline's — as she says only smart people are accepted in German colleges, and only the smartest of the smart receive doctor's degrees!

The young man is most personable — he was born during the Hitler regime, when his father, a college professor, was conscripted as a soldier, and killed in battle when Walter was but a small child.

Walter's work is in political Science, and during college he helped earn his way, by giving talks to German people, calling meetings and instructing them as to their privileges and duties. Many of these people raised under the Kaiser, and more recently under Hitler, do not realize they could have a voice in the government if they wanted it.

Doctor Walter and Jacqueline were married in April, 1961.

Their adorable son, Andre Gregory Giere, was born February 24, 1962. Many reports from visiting relatives name him a "perfectly beautiful baby."

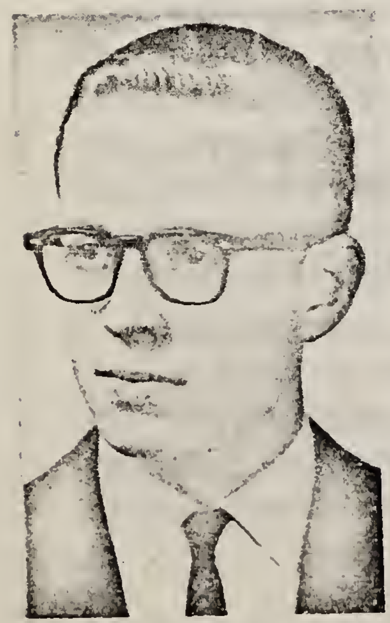
Jacqueline has received several visits from "home-folks." Her Aunt Barbara and Bud Wood visited them while overseas; and her cousin Phelps Wood stopped during his summer trip. Now that her cousin Barbara Bailey plans to be in West Germany during the next two years, these two cousins will have many a happy hour together far from home!

On April 12, 1963, a second child, a beautiful daughter, Caritas Jacqueline Giere, was born. She is named after Walter's favorite aunt, Caritas, and will be called Cari (as in Car).

This young "German" family may later come to America. Wherever they are, any conjectures of ours would probably be a pale shadow of their happiness!

Margaret Haugeberg.
(Mrs. Dougald Macdonald.)
(The ringbearer was Ashford Wood II, age 5.)

Sons of
Mr. and Mrs. Dougald Macdonald.



Dougald III, age 18.
College Freshman.

Malcolm, age 16.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Tenth Generation

* * *

Margaret Haugeberg, b. Nov. 17, 1911. m. **Dougald Macdonald**, b. Dec. 29, 1910. Residence, Arcadia, California. Children:

1. **Dougald Mills Macdonald.** b. April 11, 1942.
2. **Malcolm Macdonald.** b. April 4, 1944.

* * *

Tenth Generation

* * *

Margaret Haugeberg, Mrs. Dougald Macdonald.

* * *

(Daughter of Grace Mills and Draymond Haugeberg.)

* * *

With an ever widening horizon Margaret Haugeberg Macdonald finds her buoyant energy engaged each day in a wide range of interests. She leads a colorful life, and as she says, one lifetime will not begin to suffice for all she wants to accomplish!

In college days, music and singing were important to her soul-culture. Now her avocations include literary pursuits — writing, reading, foreign languages, studying; numerous activities — scouting, swimming, gardening in her little greenhouse, exercising her green thumb with exotic orchids and roses; these form a sort of distillation of her sprightly vigor!

Recently she has instituted and conducted classes for children in plant-life at the California Arborteum near her home. This gave her the incentive to take up the Study of Horticulture. She had not majored in this line in college, but in a class of three women and several men experienced in horticulture as a business, the final test rated Margaret head of the entire class!

It is sheer joy to her to reveal to her class of young children a new world of beauty and wonder. They take walks together through the beautiful grounds that cover 44 acres planted with trees and flowers from all over the world. Two small lakes abound in flora and fauna — frogs, waterfowl, dragon-flies, that disclose a new life to these city children who rush through their days at a 60 mile per hour pace. It is a unique revelation to them, having their senses tuned to an entirely new world of nature.

But towering above other interests Margaret early learned at Life's Altar, a way of life dedicated to ideals of everlasting value in her Christian-Science beliefs which she and her mother so devotedly followed, and now with her husband and two sons the deep mutual love of this family is sustained.

Moreover gay moods are stimulated in this happy household by their animated personalities and Margaret's delightful wit.

Margaret says good fortune has always followed her, but the grandest destiny that Fate could possibly bestow upon her, came when she and Dougald Macdonald were married.

Dougald merits every word of her praise. With his cordial friendliness and his highly successful business ability, he is an enthusiastic counterpart of all these varied interests of this happy family.

— But let Margaret tell it:

— "My family? — I am a perennial Pollyana looking through rose colored glasses when I attempt to describe them.

"Let's look at Dougald, my husband. He's *Special!* He could get to be fat and bald (the opposite now) — and I'd never notice. He will always be my Prince-Charming.

"He was born in Avonmouth, Bristol, England. His family always lived in port-towns because his father, Dougald I, was a ship's captain — the youngest in the entire Standard Oil Line. His father was born in Scotland where the family had long lived. He had such bright red-hair that they used to tell him they could see him at sea when they could no longer see his ship! (My older son, Dougald III, is the only one of his grandchildren who inherited his red hair — and is the only one, interestingly enough, named after him.

"Captain Dougald (the First) took his sons as cabin-boys, on some of his trips to distant ports around the world, so they became widely travelled at an early age.

"The family came to the new world when the Captain was given the run between San Francisco and the Orient.

"My husband, Dougald II, arrived in this country at the age of fourteen, an English schoolboy in short pants. He had gone to a fine boy's school in England; this school was over 500 years old and had Masters who wore caps and gowns and carried stout canes for disciplinary measures.

"This venerable school literally came to America also, during World War II. The Germans bombed the school building to rubble, and the stones were used as ballast on empty ships returning to America for more war supplies. Beneath the East River Drive in New York lie stones and rubble that were once English schools and homes. So long as men love freedom, they will never forget the fortitude and bravery of the people of Britain who saw these buildings struck down without warning. It was British valor that helped keep the world free.

"Dougald graduated from Lowell High School in San Francisco, when he was about 15. Lowell was given the **highest** scholastic rating of any public school in the United States this past year.

"Dougald's Alma Mater is the University of California, U.C.L.A., which rated **5th** in Universities when Dougald and I graduated there.

"Dougald did his graduate work at Harvard University in Business Administration. He's a real Brain.

"He is a very successful business man, also. You see along with being a business man he practices his Christianity. People recognize this and turn to him for advice. His friendly manners create confidence and what he says carries conviction.

"Along with his Box and Pallet factory, he has a Lumber business and his customers know they can depend on his honesty in the count, grade and price of the lumber he sells.

"He takes time to help people. One of the most dramatic instances of this happened about five years ago, when one of his customers came into his office and told him that his doctor had advised him to wind up his affairs since he was dying from an inoperable cancer of the bladder.

"Dougald saw this man's desperate need, and talked with him about God's healing power, turning his fearful thoughts to hope.

"The next morning early, before we were up, this man phoned to say that he had slept all night for the first time in many months — He thanked Dougald for the treatment he had given him.

"Dougald had not thought of it being a treatment. He had just extended a loving hand to his fellow man who was in need. A week later this man came back and had another long talk with Dougald. Shortly after this he had a medical examination. The cancer was gone. It had disappeared. The man was later given life insurance once more. He was restored to his family. He claims that all this change came about when Dougald helped him to understand God and how he heals and cares for man. Yes, I would say my husband is a good business man. He is doing His Father's business.

"Now for such trivia as the fraternities we belong to! Neither of us could care less! Mine is Sigma Alpha Iota, and Dougald belongs to Alpha Delta Pi, an "oldie" founded in 1832. You probably would not like the Alpha Delts — Franklin Roosevelt belonged to it!

"As to the matter of dates! Who cares when anyone was born! I'm sure I don't — especially since I plan to live forever! — if not on this globe then somewhere else. I never want to be strapped to time! I want to be timeless and to fully enjoy the power and mystery of life!

"Birthdays are fun however. My two boys and Grandmother (Grace Mills) were all born in April, the 4th, 8th and 11th; we have a bonfire of a cake when we celebrate — those three dates at once!

"Speaking of Mother, (Grace Mills) I could write a whole book about her. If I'd looked over the whole world I couldn't have chosen a better mother. She made other mothers look ordinary from my viewpoint! I have never known anyone who was so completely good, without an unkind thought. There was not a trace of narrowness in her make up. She walked in an aura of spirituality uncommon in this world. It gave her calmness, strength and poise in every situation she ever met. Even in her last months, when she was slipping away, the nurses who knew nothing about her early life, would say 'This has been an unusually fine woman, we can tell.'

"And think of Father too, (Draymond) what an unusual man he was, living to the ripe old age of 95, and being as clear as a bell to the very end. He never stopped learning. His bookcases were crammed with books, three sets of encyclopedias and reference books that he bought during the last five years of his life. He had given his other books away when he moved to our home. One day when he was almost 94 he announced that he would need a Rhyming Dictionary for some work he was doing! He loved to keep abreast of the times. While he lived with us we subscribed to seven daily newspapers — five for 'Grandfather!' He read them all. If the boys got stuck in their homework, math or history, they would ask Grandfather. He knew! He stayed alive all of his life.

"I will not start on my two sons, Dougald and Mackie, except to say they are interested in every extra-curricular activity in highschool from Bands to Swimming Meets.

"Dougald III has already begun to exhibit Scotch thrift — At the age of 16 he has earned and *banked* One Thousand Dollars! I am sure no future riches will ever appear quite so fabulous.

The boys have a large swimming pool in our backyard -- a popular place.

But instead of **my** bragging just think of all the wonderful things about **your** children; then add a few more adjectives and different names and you have ours. It is funny how partial parents are. To anyone else, children are just children. But to their **parents** no words can describe how wonderful they are!"

(When Dougald was 18 he toured Europe with the group of musicians who had made a name for themselves during their four years together in High School.)

In another letter Margaret offers heartening encouragement! She says "it is wonderful you enjoy writing about some of the experiences of your life and others. Don't let anyone discourage you. The desire to write — to communicate — is a strange thing — a person either **has** it, or he *doesn't!* This much I know. Without communication, Society would soon break down and fall apart at the seams, and wars would take place. Don't think that what you write is unimportant. It expresses **you** — just like a sunbeam expresses the sun, or a song expresses joy. Someday your writings which you may consider unimportant, might be the basis for a fine novel. So keep on writing your pageant of the generations! You never know how widening a circle you may start when you dip your pen into your ink well! I have had several of my little articles published in the Christian Science Monitor, and have received letters from as far as England and Australia. One article was radio-cast by a station that beams its programs to overseas forces. Someone had clipped the article and sent it in to be read! I didn't hear it on the air but some of my friends did, so that was fun. How far afield little words can travel!"

* * *

Margaret's and Dougald's trip to faraway places gave them an incentive to study Spanish. Margaret writes — "Dougald and I have just enrolled in another Spanish class. We do love these gentle people with their inborn courtesy so symbolic of their speech that has not a harsh sound. Our professor can scarcely speak a word of English — I can't even understand my name when he pronounces it! For two hours we focus our attention on a tongue different from our own. We come out feeling as though we had been brain washed! But we try to talk only Spanish, and have such fun talking with the natives. The other day we came upon some friends from Pasadena — we almost stripped gears getting back into English!"

* * *

One more letter from Margaret while on another vacation trip:

"I was sitting in the shade of a Brazilian pepper-tree beside the hotel swimming pool where Dougie and Mackie were splashing and enjoying the warm sun and water — when a woman came over to me and said, 'I've been watching you, and I don't see how you can just sit so calmly doing nothing! — I feel that I have to be doing something all the time!'

"How could I tell such a busy person that *I was doing something* — something quite important to me!

"I daresay I was enjoying my moments of regenerating the battery of my soul-senses as much as she who felt she had to rush smartly around to accomplish this!

"Also I had covered about eight pages with writing my impressions of this delightful spot so satisfying to my instinct for beauty. I wanted to be sure I wouldn't forget its beauty — fragrance — and old world charm.

"Here in the patio of this big rambling Spanish hostel built long years ago, I could look out upon the aquamarine bay with its almost circular outline of jagged pink mountains. The air was full of sea birds — the bay with colorful boats — the patio was dripping with exotic flowers and vines — the walks and walls were covered with quaint hand-made tiles. The fresh clean air and the warm bright sun made everything stand out with such vivid color and clarity that five senses were not enough to take it all in.

"I have learned to enjoy moments of solitude in a crowd by sharpening my senses to what is around me. It can be most relaxing too! Silence sometimes speaks with the gift of tongues!"

* * *

* * *

[— Carl Sandburg agrees with you Maggie dear! He says — "to be a writer you must make friends with solitude!"]

* * *

* * *

The Hurst Daughters

* * *

Tenth Generation

1. **Catherine Mills Hurst,** b. June 29, 1908, m. **Oakland Milo Sechler.** Residence, Houston, Texas.

* * *

2. **Barbara Dyle Hurst,** b. Jan. 16, 1912, m. **Howard Frederick Matthai.** Residence, Denver, Colorado. Children:
    1. **Lorna Jean Matthai,** Mar. 9, 1947.
    2. **Marcy Ray Matthai,** Sept. 10, 1947.
    3. **Bruce Matthai,** Mar. 29, 1952.

Half a continent lay between the home of these loveable nieces, and that of their grandparents and aunts in Jefferson. In infancy their eastern home was in Aspinwal on the Allegheny River in Pennsylvania. Later their western home was even more distant — Berkeley, California.

But distance only deepened our affection when infrequent visits impressed us, with our sense of loss in not being privileged to watch the unfolding of their precocious natures.

Little Catherine was all energy and decision; a Titian beauty with auburn curls, and her sparkling eyes held a clear perception of her childhood purposes, a foreshowing of her future practical sense in setting goals and efficiently attaining them.

Barbara, soft voiced and gentle, indicated a nature like her mother's, lovely Pussy Mills. The measure of little Barbara's friendliness was not bounded by ordinary dimensions, but by the capacity of her generous little soul. She saw beauty in all things, and love lay uppermost in her heart.

The individuality of these two young sisters, developed into charming personalities, gifted in art and music — wit and ingenuity — feminine ease and grace that revealed culture at its best.

Through several generations of the de Corson family, in Southern France, a decided musical talent, amounting to genius, was apparent.

* * *

Ner Corson Hurst, father of Catherine and Barbara, had several members in his generation endowed with marked propensities in both art and music. Besides his sister, there was a cousin, Bertha Corson Smiley, who studied in Paris with the famous LeVinne, and concertized both France and America with distinguished success. Later she became head of the music department at Carleton College.

Since Catherine and Barbara showed much talent in both music and arts, it was only natural for them to specialize in these lines in Berkeley graduating with honors. Barbara won exceptional merit with her sculptoring.

Age 5.

Catherine Mills Hurst. (Mrs. Oakland Sechler.)

Catherine.
Margaret.

But sometime after her graduation at Berkeley, Catherine with her liberal insight in modern trends, was prompted to take an aptitude test.

To her surprise she discovered her real ability lay in the field of **medicine!** — either as a physician, or medical technologist.

With her usual determination she instigated meaningful steps to attain this new goal.

This meant long hours of study in chemistry and laboratory work, hitherto unknown to her.

She disciplined her thinking anew, and with steady perseverance she re-trained her artistic tastes and successfully won her degree as a medical technologist. Now that she had mastered innumerable elusive tests in administration, Catherine has medical skill that equals her artistic ability.

* * *

The most happy marriage of Catherine and Oakland Sechler was a culmination of their college days at Berkeley University.

Oak is a self-made young man, strong, virile, with splendid ability and a determination comparable to Catherine's. His mother had died and he lived with his father in a cabin far up in the Colorado Rockies. These growing up years developed fortitude and stamina as inherent qualities in Oak's naturally straight forward nature.

Oak's father, a fine strong capable person, was interested in gold mining. He instilled in his growing son a priceless knowledge not learned in books, a deep love of the wilderness and treasures of nature.

As Oak grew older it was his own decision to obtain a college education.

With firm resolution and pluck he earned every penny to attain this ambition, while attending college at the same time.

During these years in Berkeley he met Catherine Hurst. Her home was near the campus and as the days and weeks passed Oak became a frequent visitor there.

Poring over lessons together around the big study table; or whiling away a dinner hour enjoying astute discussions with Catherine's father and mother, Oak had glimpses of home life he had never known before.

Not only did romance deepen between the two young people, but Catherine's parents came to admire his manhood and resolute nature; especially they approved his unfailing honesty reminding them of a young Lincoln.

His diploma from Berkeley University represented a victory to Oakland far ahead of that which an average student knows. It was a shining triumph, an honor won by his own courage and mettle, a possession that nothing could ever take from him.

* * *

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Through the years Oakland has again fulfilled all the hopes of his early promise. Today he holds an important position with the great chemical company of Shell Oil in Houston, Texas.

The marriage of Catherine and Oakland was solemnized not long after their graduation. The range of their mutual interests, scientific, artistic, musical, a love for the lore of the wild, broadens their lives and enhances their happiness.

* * *

At the time of Catherine's wedding she received a letter from Aunt Grace Mills (Mrs. Draymond Haugeberg) that expresses all our feelings as only Grace could:

". . . it seems more like the time our angel Pussy was stepping into the ranks of wedlock, instead of our little Catherine. I shall never forget the day of your mother's wedding, nor how beautifully her radiance enveloped her and shone in her face. I can still see the expression of the groom as he watched his bride coming to him — his gaze never wavered from her. The whole atmosphere was aglow with beauty and love and happiness as they stood at the altar of June roses; while in the background chimed out the voices of her dear girl friends singing the words to the glorious strains of the wedding march.

"Then two years later You came as the culmination of love and happiness of that union — such a marvelous event it brought worlds of joy to the proud father and mother.

"Every morning I wakened with the thought — 'dear Pussy has her baby' — and every night I went to sleep thinking of the bonnie little red-haired baby — the ray straight from heaven. What a wondrous halo of glory was brought with you.

"I am always moved to happy memories when I think of the first time I saw you — not yet two! Puss had left you at Mother's while she attended her Class Reunion at Ames. I was on my way to Ames also, but I stopped off purposely to see the Baby. I would far rather have stayed with the little darling with red curls who walked like a little Colonel!

—"Neither shall I forget the last time I saw you — the day your precious mother died. After my anxious all day trip to Berkeley you stood waiting for me at the station — It was such a relaxation for me when I saw your smile. You gave me such a dear greeting — with a smile of love that if your angel mother hovering above saw those smiles she must have rejoiced.

"When we started on our way you calmly told me of your mother's passing an hour before. Calmly and bravely you cited instances — no word of complaint — no mention of self, or of a great loss. I knew she was almost your God, as well as your closest friend. It has been a satisfying memory to think of the wonderful control, you, a young girl, showed.

"Now you occupy a place in life looking forward.

"You and Oak share the ecstasy of youth — of beauty and springtime of which you are a part. Youth means so much — life at its fullest, health, ambition, supreme joy, a looking ahead, interest in everything.

"And so much to make you happy — your beloved Oak, he to whom your mother so fondly gave her approval. You have that beautiful memory as a benediction to your marriage. You are deservedly happy, and Oak is a happy man for he has you.

"— God keep you both."

* * *

* * *

Tenth Generation

* * *

Barbara Dyle Hurst, Mrs. Howard Matthai

* * *

Barbara Hurst, a replica of her lovely mother, Lilian Mills Hurst, has God-given talent in art equalled by few.

This was first noticed when she was a mere child — not more than three or four years of age.

Her drawings on a large blackboard in her nursery revealed such imagination, such cleverness, that at times her mother stood in amazement before them, realizing they were not mere indistinguishable scrawls of childhood, but sketches showing discrimination and talent.

At the age of eleven Barbara astonished her teacher in grade school by doing a free hand drawing of George Washington.

Her teacher phoned Barbara's mother to come and see this exceptional likeness.

Her mother (Pussy Mills), quite an artist herself, was a little doubtful as to her 11 year old daughter doing portrait work! But arriving at school, again she could only marvel at the perfection of little Barbara's work.

Later Barbara was inspired to do a similar praiseworthy likeness of Abraham Lincoln. To this day these two pictures hang in the Erlimart School, a milestone in Barbara's early talent.

During Grammar School years Barbara excelled not only in art, but stood at the head of her class scholastically.

One day in High School, Perry Dilly, the internationally famous puppeteer gave one of his performances.

Barbara was quite captivated by this, to her, new form of art. She decided she could do that herself, and together with Catherine the sisters concocted whole troupes of dramatic puppets, writing playlets, and painting scenes.

Their creative genius, in this line, combined with their vocal expressiveness, and their own personal charm, completely fascinated their audiences.

A few years later when Barbara was attending Berkeley University, Perry Dilly gave his unique puppet performance at the campus. Barbara was privileged to assist him, and he became so impressed with her gifted genius he asked her to join forces with him. This she enjoyed doing during vacation. She displayed exceptional skill in painting fanciful scenes, creating adroit puppets, and impersonating imaginative characters. She enjoyed meeting many celebrities in this field.

During college Barbara's artistic genius shone forth in many ways, especially her sculptoring. I prize a smiling Buddha carved by her at that time.

The National Art Sorority, Delta Upsilon, made Barbara an honored member.

After college when World War II burst upon the world, Barbara looked for an occupation in which she could give war service, and discovered she could use her artistic skill in practical purposes by contributing valuable service as draftsman in electronics. In this her dexterity far surpassed that of the men — to their surprise!

* * *

During their college days at Berkeley, had begun the romance between Barbara and Howard Frederick Matthai, a splendid young man, of character and earnestness.

Howard is a member of an old California family of San Francisco. His forebears originally came from Alsace-Lorraine the little principality between France and Germany where tradition and spirit remained intact throughout long years of conflict. His paternal grandfather was French, his grandmother German. His maternal grandparents were both German.

After Howard's graduation from Berkeley, he did advanced work in Radiological monotoring receiving a second diploma in this line. He is a young man of unquestioned leadership. His energy, his ambition and purpose, his thorough training in hydraulic fields characterize him as an acknowledged authority on Flood Control and Geological Survey work for the government. He has widely deserved recognition.

The beautiful wedding of Howard and Barbara, was in part a duplication of the nuptials of Barbara's parents, Ner and Lilian Mills Hurst.

The bride was gowned in the same exquisite creation worn by her mother, and a group of six bridesmaids sang the same joyous words to the wedding march that had heralded her parents.

Howard and Barbara live in Denver, their charming home now replete with happiness created by three beautiful children.

The natural poise of their two little girls, Lorna Jean and Marcy Ray, is seen in their graceful ballet dancing.

Little Bruce is just at an age when he enjoys "fixing things." He is an affectionate and kind-hearted little brother.

The girls have already shown much musical talent and enjoy learning piano numbers from yellowed music used by their mother and grandmother a half century before! Their proficiency in school work is pronounced, while their reading includes books with a trend toward the philosophical!

These loving sisters and brother are among the most beautifully trained and obedient children I have ever known. They exemplify the highest type of home guidance. Their home is a shrine of devotion, and their lives convey the very heart of kindness and love.

* * *

How happy Pussy would be could she know of this abiding love — perhaps in the deep mysterious accord of the Unknown — she does know —

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Matthai

Marcy and Lorna.

Eleventh Generation

* * *

To You — the Youth of Today
Are passed on these Deeds, Thoughts, Dreams
Of the Youth of the many Yesterdays
Built up by the Centuries.
They are Your Birthright.

Upon the magic Wings of these Words
May your own Deeds, Thoughts, Dreams
Soar into the Unguessed Star Spaces
Of the Future.

* * *

Every beautiful painting has three-fourths of its canvas covered with background. Take away the background and the painting loses its perspective.

On this geneological canvas Nine Generations have completed painting the strokes of their brief Day, now all but faded into the misty background of the long Yesterday.

Here-upon, we may see the mellow lights and shadows left by lives that were deep and strong; we note bold sweeping strokes of forceful personalities; here are graceful touches that add their individual stamp of character.

* * *

How trustfully we behold Three Living Generations — the Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth, oncoming young members unveiling their Canvas of the Present with a new genre! Even now it is enriched with colors of their minds and hearts and spirits, shading in deep tones of their work and wisdom, their honor and courage, their faith and love.

Each moment of their lives is a brush-stroke upon this panorama of the ages!

* * *

* * *

Now the hour awaits while I [last member of **nine** generations] add a few lingering touches, ere this portion fades completely into dim background on this great canvas of time.

* * *

May Nine times Nine glorious generations follow!

Members of the Eleventh Generation

* * *

[Children of Marion and Frances Dewell Bailey.]

1. **Barbara Mills Bailey**, b. Jan. 28, 1928. Frankfort, Germany.
2. **Richard Dewell Bailey**, b. Feb. 26, 1930. Miami, Florida.

* * *

[Children of **Marcy Dewell Hunt** and **Walter Jason Hunt I.**]

1. **Walter Jason Hunt II**, b. Aug. 27, 1929, and wife, **Cathryn Turnbull Hunt**, Mount Kisco, New York. Their children:
   Twelfth Generation:
   1. **Elizabeth Young Hunt**, b. Oct. 28, 1957.
   2. **Cathryn Mills Hunt**, b. Aug. 12, 1958.
   3. **Andrew McClung Hunt**, b. Aug. 10, 1962.

* * *

[Children of **Barbara Dewell Wood** and **Ashford Miller Wood.**]

1. **Ashford Dewell Wood**, b. Dec. 17, 1933. San Francisco. m. 1964. Marilyn Wright.
2. **Phelps Mills Wood**, b. Mar. 21, 1936. Arcadia, California.

* * *

[Children of **Azor Mills Dewell** and **Bessie Hawk Dewell.**]

1. **Jacqueline Mills Dewell Gieré**, b. May 2, 1939, and husband, **Dr. Eric Gustav Walter Gieré**, b. 1928. Frieburg, Germany.
   Twelfth Generation:
   1. **André Gregory Gieré**, b. Feb. 24, 1962.
   2. **Caritas Jacqueline Gieré**, b. April 12, 1963.
2. **Thomas William Dewell**, b. Feb. 5, 1947.

* * *

[Children of **Margaret Haugeberg Macdonald** and **Dougald Macdonald II.**]
Arcadia, California. Their sons:

1. **Dougald Mills Macdonald III**, b. April 11, 1942.
2. **Malcolm Macdonald**, b. April 4, 1944.

* * *

Tenth Generation:
Catherine Hurst Sechler and **Oakland Sechler**. Houston, Texas.

* * *

[Children of **Barbara Hurst Matthai** and **Howard Fredrick Matthai.**]
Denver, Colorado. Their children:

1. **Lorna Jean Matthai**, b. Mar. 9, 1947.
2. **Marcy Ray Matthai**, b. Sept. 10, 1947.
3. **Bruce Matthai**, b. Mar. 29, 1952.

* * *

[Children of **Barbara Mills Haeger Estes** and **Joseph Freeman Estes.**]
Canterfield Farm, Dundee, Illinois.

1. **Victoria Estes Heath**, b. August 11, 1940, and husband **Charles Knight Heath**, b. Dec. 6, 1937. 540 Woodland Lane, Northfield, Illinois. Their daughter:
   Twelfth Generation:
   1. **Alexandra Knight Heath**, b. April 9, 1963. and Edmund Haeger Heath, 1965
2. **Nicholas Edmund Haeger Estes**, b. Nov. 2, 1944.
3. **Alexandra Mills Estes**, b. Nov. 8, 1949.

* * *

[Children of **Marcy Mills Haeger McQuillan** and **John Arnot McQuillan II.**]
White Hall, Illinois. Children:

1. **John Arnot McQuillan III**, b. Jan. 5, 1950.
2. **David Cyril McQuillan**, b. Nov. 30, 1950.
3. **Phillip Mills McQuillan**, b. Mar. 10, 1952.

Twelfth Generation

* * *

Dear Lord! Kind Lord! Gracious Lord
I pray
Thou wilt bless these little ones tenderly
today!
Fill their hearts with happiness; brush away
each care
With a touch of angel-wings floating in
the air.
Take from them all sorrow, release them from
all pain
Let the lips of laughter overflow again.
With these dear ones that I love, O divide
I pray
The rich treasure of content that is mine
today.

* * *

Elizabeth Young Hunt, b. Oct. 28, 1957.
Cathryn Mills Hunt, b. Aug. 12, 1958.
Andrew McClung Hunt, b. Aug. 10, 1962.
Mount Kisco, New York.

* * *

Children of Walter II and Cathryn Turnbull Hunt
Grandchildren of Walter I and Marcy Dewell Hunt
Great-Grandchildren of William and Ada Mills Dewell
Great-Great-Grandchildren of Azor Ruggles Mills and M. Dyle Mills

* * *

Andreé Gregory Gieré, b. Feb. 24, 1962.
Caritas Jacqueline Gieré, b. April 12, 1963.
Frieburg, Germany.
Children of Jacqueline Mills Dewell Gieré and husband Dr. Eric Gustav Walter Gieré
Grandchildren of Azor Mills Dewell and Bessie Hawk Dewell
Great-Grandchildren of Ada Mills Dewell and Wm. Creswell Dewell
Great-Great-Grandchildren of Azor Ruggles Mills and M. Dyle Mills

* * *

Alexandra Knight Heath, b. April 9, 1963. 540 Woodland Lane, Northfield, Ill.
Edmund Haeger Heath, b. Feb. 6 · 1965 · "Teddy."

* * *

Daughter of Victoria Estes Heath and Charles Knight Heath
Granddaughter of Barbara Haeger Estes and Joseph F. Estes
Great-Granddaughter of Betty Mills Haeger and Edmund H. Haeger
Great-Great-Granddaughter of Azor Ruggles Mills and M. Dyle Mills

An afterglow from the Past illumines the beauty of the Present.

* * *

Twelth Generation

Elizabeth Young Hunt, 2 months.
And her mother.
(Not shown – Sorry.)
Cathryn Mills Hunt.
Andrew McClung Hunt.

André Gregory Gieré, 10 months.
And his mother.
(Again sorry – no picture.)
Caritas Jacqueline Gieré.

Alexandra Knight Heath.
2 days!
Edmund Haeger Heath.

* * *

L'envoi

Oh God, whose high, eternal love is our blue sky of protection, clear Thou the Life Road that lies ahead of these precious lives.

As the generations rise and pass away before Thee, may age after age find in Thy eternal goodness there is no end.

So may it ever be unto these.

THE RUGGLES FAMILY

* * *

(**Azor Ruggles**, 1768-1842, father of **Harriet Ruggles Mills**, 1799-1844, my grandmother, mother of **Azor Ruggles Mills**, 1827-1901, my father.)

* * *

The Doomsday Book, or Domesday, compiled in England in A.D. 1085-86, by order of William the Conqueror, soon after his Conquest of A.D. 1066, records the survey of families living in England at that time.

At that remote time family names were only beginning to be established, and some families had adopted as a surname the name of the place in which the family had lived for generations.

The Doomsday Book gives the name Rugelie and Rugehala; it occurs also as Rogyll and Ruggelay.

In the year 1200 A.D. an English place, Ruggelay or Ruggeley, meaning "Rough-lea" or possibly "meadow of Ruga," had been the ancient seat of the family in Staffordshire.

The coat of arms of this ancient family is identical with the Ruggles family of today.

* * *

The first mention of the family in Shaw's "Antiquities of Staffordshire" states that Robert de Ruggele lived in 1220, during the reign of Henry III; and later that Humphrey de Rugeley was owner of Hawksbeard Hall, Staffordshire.

In the "Antiquities of Warwickshire" Sir Wm. Dugdale speaks of the families as follows: "They were gentlemen of very good note for so early as the twenty-sixth year of the reign of King Edward I — vis. A.D. 1298. I find William de Ruggele de comitatu Staffordiae, recorded with an encomium for having performed faithful service to King Edward I during battle, then in Flanders. And in the tenth. thirteenth and fourteenth years of Edward III mention is made of Simon de Ruggeley who was then of Counties Staffordshire and Salopshire. He also states that Nicholas Ruggeley of Hawksbeard Hall was appointed to the rangership of Sutton Chase, Warwickshire, in the second year of Henry the IV, continuing until the tenth year of Henry the VI.

About **1423**, Nicholas Ruggeley of Hawksbeard Hall, bought the manor of Claptham in Dunton, later called Downton Ruggeley, Warwickshire. In 1428 he was of Warwickshire and Leicester.

In the 13th and 14th centuries the family of de Ruggele was still resident in Staffordshire.

In the next century the name is recorded as Ruggeley and Ruggelay or Ruggley-Hala, in Staffordshire and Warwickshire.

The ancient manor of Hawksbeard Hall in Staffordshire was for many generations the principle residence of the senior branch.

A branch of the family moved to Holton Holgate, Lincolnshire; later to Suffolk and to **Essex**, where our Ruggles ancestors lived in Waltham Half-Hundred, Nazing, Essex.

In a **History of Essex** (Wright) the name **Ruggles** is given as derived from Rugelay, a very ancient family in Staffordshire.

* * *

The Ruggles coat of arms:

Argent (silver) a chevron, between three Roses gules (red), seeded Or (gold), barbed Vert (green). Motto: Struggle.

Crest: A Tower, Or (gold), flames rising from top proper, behind the tower four arrows in saltire argent.

* * *

* * *

A Few Heraldry Terms

Argent (silver) denoted peace and sincerity.

Or (gold) denoted generosity and elevation of mind.

Vert (green) signified hope, joy and sometimes loyalty.

The **Rose** signified hope and joy.

The Red Rose (gules), grace and beauty.

A **Tower** was the emblem of grandeur and solidity. Sometimes granted to one who had faithfully held one for his King.

The **Chevron** V signified protection, the roof tree of a great house.

* * *

In 1606, the Suffolk family had a member, Sir George Ruggles, a distinguished member of the London Company that founded the Colony of Virginia in 1606-07. He was a member of this Company until his death in 1622.

In 1787, a book was published by John Sydney Hawkens, son of Sir James Hawkens of London, concerning the "Life of Sir George Ruggles," noted author, scholar and dramatic writer during the reign of James I. (This was the Sir George mentioned above as a member of the Company that founded the Colony of Virginia.)

This book contains a statement that the Ruggles Family of **Essex**, and Suffolk, was descended from the very ancient family of de Ruggeley or de Ruggele of **Staffordshire**. He states that the name was doubtless derived from the place in Staffordshire, called Ruggeley or Rugglehala, where the family first settled.

* * *

In 1680, John Ruggles purchased Headwell Hall, in Bocking, Essex. Eighty years later, 1760, his great-grandson Samuel Ruggles acquired the manor of Spains Hall in Braintree, **Essex** which passed at the death of his only child to his nephew, Thomas Ruggles, whose descendents have since held it. In the 1800's, it was owned by Sir Archibald Ruggles-Brice whose father, Sir Samuel Ruggles-Brice represented the County in Parliament for many years.

Spains Hall is one of the most beautiful estates in East Anglia, 50 miles from London and ten miles from nearest railway. It stands in a large and well planted park, and portions of the Hall are said to have been built during the reign of Henry VIII. Traces of the moat can still be seen, and other evidences of the period of its construction are visible. Its entrance, west front, ivy covered, is noticeable for its rich coloring and the massive effect of its "stepped" gables, tall chimneys and great hall window; and the south front for its bell turret and long stretch of windows of liberal width, giving this part an especially genial character to which its outlook on numerous flower gardens is an added attraction.

* * *

Nazing is a rural village in **Essex County,** England, the home of many of the fathers of Roxbury, Mass., and around Nazing, Essex, clustered the affections and remembrances of their youth.

The village in England comprised the northwest corner of Waltham Half-Hundred. It is on the River Lee, 20 miles from London. Its gable-fronted cottages, with low thatched roofs and overhanging eaves, show that this quiet little village has undergone slight changes during the past 300 years.

The manor was given by Harold II to Waltham Abbey. Its old parish church may be regarded as the parent of the first church in Roxbury, Mass. (now a part of Boston). The old parish records of

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Nazing contain the familiar names of Eliot, Ruggles, Heath, Curtis, Graves and others, who between 1630 and 1640 left their beloved homes, and for conscience sake braved the dangers of a long ocean voyage in the frail vessels of that day, that they might aid in establishing a Christian commonwealth in the wilderness.

* * *

(A picture is shown of the lovely old parish church in England, as it appeared when our forefathers worshipped within its gray old walls three centuries ago. It is probably still standing.)

* * *

* * *

Ruggles Geneology

I. **Thomas Ruggles,** b. 1475, d. 1547. Born in Sudbury, Suffolk, England. His will proved June, 1547.

II. **Nicholas Ruggles,** Sudbury, Suffolk, England. Known as a godly man.

III. **Thomas Ruggles,** Sudbury, Suffolk, England. Also lived in **Nazing, Essex,** England. His two sons came to America.

   1. **Thomas,** b. 1584, d. Nov. 16, 1644, m. in England Nov. 1, 1620, **Mary Curtis.**
   2. **John,** b. 1591, d. Aug. 6, 1663-4, m. in England, **Barbara.** America 1630. First Ruggles to come to America. His brother Thomas came 2 years later — 1632.

IV. **John Ruggles I** (above) b. 1591, Nazing Essex, d. Aug. 6, 1664, age 73, Roxbury, Mass. This is our line. First Ruggles to America. m. in England, **Barbara,** 1605 - Nov., 1636. Had one son, **John,** b. 1633. In the month of April, the 8th day, 1630, John Ruggles and wife, Barbara, sailed from England in the "Hopewell." This was part of the Winthrop Fleet of several vessels. Rev. John Eliot, noted divine, and his wife, Elizabeth, came on same ship. Barbara Ruggles and Elizabeth Eliot — both about 25 — had been close friends in England, from girlhood. John and Barbara Ruggles joined the Roxbury Church founded by John Eliot, who said of them "They were lively Christians, known to many of the church in Old England, when they met socially together."

With John and Barbara came ten year old John, son of Thomas Ruggles, an older brother. Thomas came 2 years later with his wife, Mary Curtis Ruggles, sister of William Curtis, who had come to Roxbury on the "Hopewell." "These were all children of godly parents in England." Thomas Ruggles died 7 years later, his will dated Nov. 9, 1644. John Eliot, the Roxbury minister, said "These two (Ruggles and Graves) brake the knot first, of the Nazing Christians."

John Ruggles, our line, was made free man in 1637. This meant taking the oath of allegiance to protect the government, and to expose any known to be plotting against it.

He was Representative for 3 years. In Roxbury (now part of Boston) John and Barbara lived "beyond Stony River on the Brookline Road." There was a Ruggles street in Roxbury, and a Ruggles church.

Barbara Ruggles died the eleventh month, 1636, when her second child was born. Again quoting John Eliot, in Barbara's funeral service, "The power of the grace of Christ did much shine in her life and in her death."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

John Ruggles I, died Aug. 6, 1633-4. His estate valued at £343, which would make him a rich man according to Roxbury History: "as late as 1678 in New York, which then had less than 350 houses, a merchant worth £1000 or £500 was deemed a good substantial merchant; and a planter worth half that sum was accounted rich."

* * *

Second Ruggles Generation in America

John Ruggles II, b. 1633, d. Feb. 25, 1713, aged 80, in Roxbury. (Son of John I and Barbara Ruggles.) Their only child. One record states he was one of founders of Woodstock. Another says he lived and died in Roxbury. Was often a select-man. Was Trustee of Roxbury Free School. He had an active part in the purchase of land from the Indians. John Ruggles II married three times.

m. 1. Mary Gibson of Cambridge.
2. **Sara Dyer** of Weymouth.
3. Ruth Swan — no children. (Her parents came on Mayflower.)

* * *

John II and Sara Dyer Ruggles had one son, **Benjamin**, Aug. 11, 1676 - Sept. 5, 1708.

* * *

Third Ruggles Generation in America

Rev. Benjamin Ruggles, b. Aug. 11, 1676, d. Sept. 5, 1708. (Son of John II and Sara Dyer Ruggles.) Married Nov. 19, 1696, Mercy Woodbridge, daughter of one of several generations of "Rev. Johns" since 1492 in England. [Mercy was descended from two governors. Her mother was Abigail Leete, whose father was Gov. William Leete, 4th Gov. of Connecticut. Abigail's grandfather was Gov. Thos. Dudley, 2nd Gov. of Massachusetts.] Mercy was a niece of Martha Woodbridge Ruggles who married Capt. Samuel Ruggles, 2nd cousin of Benjamin. Rev. Benjamin Ruggles was an outstanding minister in his day. He was educated at Harvard, graduating in 1693, at the early age of 17. "He was thought an uncommon youth." Two years after his graduation from Harvard, he came to Suffield (then in Massachusetts but later came under the jurisdiction of Connecticut.) Rev. Benjamin was the first pastor in Suffield. The church was organized, and he was ordained April 26, 1698. He was but 19 when he took this pastorate. He became one of the eminent divines of early days in the colonies, loved and esteemed by everyone. His ministry was of such distinguished and outstanding usefulness, that 150 years after his death, when the town celebrated its 200th Anniversary in 1870, the people of Suffield honored him by placing a monument over his grave. Addresses and commemorative services were held at his graveside. On his monument is engraved "the character given in the record of the past, is that of Humble Christian, True Peacemaker, Evangelical Preacher, and Successful Pastor." Of such distinction was our great-great-great-great-grandfather, 150 years after his death!

The lofty station occupied by ministers of the gospel in those days, is evidenced in several incidents. On Jan. 12, 1697, the town of Suffield negotiating with Rev. Benjamin Ruggles to accept their church, voted

to build a pew for Mrs. Ruggles. (They had been married the preceeding November.) This was the only pew in the church and was done as a mark of distinction.

Again, the negotiations which the Rev. Benjamin submitted to the townspeople of Suffield *before accepting* their call, are somewhat enlightening to present day congregations! As Benjamin was but 18 or 19 at the time, it is thought that his father John II — who was an astute and capable man (something of lawyer) — conducted the negotiations for his son. In part these are his proposals, *all* of *which* were *accepted:*

1stly: That the towne finde me my firewood dureing my life. (Every man from 16 and above was required to spend one day in getting wood for Rev. Ruggles, as passed in town meeting.)

2ndly: Yt the house in which I now live be given to me, and my heirs forever, as our proper right and inheritance, upon my spending my dais amongst you — which house is to be well finished by ye Towne at, or before ye first day of September next ensueing.

3rdly: That 100 acres of land be given to me and my heirs forever upon the aforementioned consideration of my spending my dais amongst you; 20 acres upon which the house stands, being the home lot of this grant; 8 acres of said 20, are to be fenced by ye Towne, front and rear; and its proportion on the sides against my Neighbors, with a good fence against orderly creatures; and ye other fourteen acres appertaining to this Grant be lay'd out to me this spring.

4thly: That ye Towne clear me 5 acres of meddow, well, and carefully; and fence it for me with such a fence as will keep ye grass from damage; and alsoe the Towne grant me liberty to take up the other five acres of meddow or yt which may make meddow. And these 5 acres which ye Towne are to cleare, are to be cleared by ye first day of Aprill, Anno Dominy 1700. And till then, ye Towne to find me with Hay, according to their former agreement, six load each year.

5thly: That the Towne build me a barn — I finding nails — of these Demensions; thirty foot long, twenty foot wide; 12 foot stud; and soe proportionately; to finish it with great doors, and a good threshing floor; which barn is to be built at, on, or before the first day of May Anno Dominey 1699.

6thly: As for my salary, this next year, beginning on the 1st day of June next, it is to be of £15 in money; and £45 in provision pay; and as for ye next 3 years after that — four score pounds per year, to be paid after this manner — 15 pounds in money and 45 in provision pay, the the other £20 in worke at halfe a crown a day, six months in the yr: niz. March, Aprill, May, Sept., Oct., Nov. And then from ye first of June 1702 it is as a stated

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

sallary to be £80 yearly — pay after this manner, £20 in money; £60 in provision pay, all good and merchantable and according to the current prices of provision pay."

* * *

Mercy Woodbridge Ruggles died June 28, 1707, one year before the death of her husband on Sept. 5, 1708.

* * *

(Children of Rev. Benjamin and Mercy Woodbridge Ruggles.)

1. **Mercy Ruggles**, Nov. 6, 1697.
2. **Benjamin Ruggles**, Aug. 26, 1699.
3. **Joseph Ruggles**, Jan. 30, 1701-1791. **Our Line.**
4. **Abigail Ruggles**, Nov. 6, 1702, named after her grandmother.
5. **Apphia Ruggles**, Nov. 19, 1705.
6. **Tryphemia Ruggles**, June 22, 1707.

* * *

Fourth Generation — Ruggles:

Deacon Joseph Ruggles I, b. Jan. 30, 1701, Suffield, d. 1791, age 90. (Son of Rev. Benjamin and Mercy Woodbridge Ruggles.) Lived in New Haven until 1733, then removed to New Milford, Conn., for remainder of his life. He is buried in New Milford (now Brookfield). On Nov. 15, 1722, he married **Rachel Tolles**, an old English family, first resided at Woodbridge, later at New Haven.

* * *

(Children of Deacon Joseph I and Rachel Tolles Ruggles.)

1. **Sarah**, b. 1725.
2. **Benjamin**, b. 1727.
3. **Capt. Joseph II**, b. Feb. 25, 1729, d. 1802.
4. **Lois**, b. 1731.
5. **Capt. Lazerus Ruggles**, b. 1733, m. Hannah Bostwick, became an influential and estimable citizen of New Milford. He died in 1797. He had a son, Judge Philo **Ruggles** (cousin of **Azor Ruggles**) who became a lawyer of note — a Judge — Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Philo m. Ellen Bulkley, and their son, **Samuel B. Ruggles** 1800-1881, was known as "the man who made New York the greatest city in the world." Harper's Weekly, Sept. 10, 1881, carried his picture and "the city of N.Y. owes its position as the metropolis of America to the measures Samuel Ruggles advocated and carried through."

   Capt. Lazerus also had a daughter Hannah (named after her mother Hannah Bostwick). "Who was one of the most beautiful young ladies of whom the town could ever boast." (Cousin of Azor Ruggles.)
6. **Rachel**, named after her mother.
7. **Mable**, b. Nov. 8, 1760, married **Judge Judson Canfield** for whom Canfield, Ohio, was named. It was through this aunt, that Azor Ruggles went to Canfield.
8. **Timothy.**

* * *

Joseph I and **Rachel Tolles Ruggles** (Azor's grandfather) came to New Milford, Conn. in 1733 — (he was 32) — and bought land in Nov. 1733, for £200. The next Spring he sold it for £300; he bought

more land on Jan. 19, 1734, for £325. He settled in New Milford at Halfway Falls on Still River, and became a partner in Iron Works. He possessed decided intellectual ability, and an earnest Christian Character. He was a stirring, intelligent business man above the average as indicated in several ways — especially in the matter of establishing Schools at South Farms as his home was then called; and in the matter of sustaining the Separate Church in its beginning at New Milford against the disciplining effort of the First Church — for in 1810 the old First Church adopted the foundations precisely as advocated by him in 1750.

The Ruggles family was an influential one in New Milford for more than 100 years. They were noted in this respect: If any one family of them was unfortunate the other families and individuals of the Ruggles name, would join in supplying the loss, anl enable the family to go on in ways of prosperity as if no calamity had happened. They always clung together, each to help the others. There was a decided vein of wit and humor and good nature, as well as energy and character in the whole family. The descendants of Joseph Ruggles have become noted in manufacturing and merchantile pursuits, as lawyers and judges, as officers in Army and Navy, and as Scholars and politicians.

* * *

5th Ruggles Generation

Captain Joseph Ruggles II. (Son of Deacon Joseph and Rachel Rolles Ruggles.) Born Feb. 25, 1729, d. 1802, age 71. m. ca 1752. Buried in New Milford, Conn. Married Sarah Dunning of New Milford. They had twelve children:

1. **Lemuel,** 1754 — died young.
2. **David,** 1756.
3. **Judge Charles Herman Ruggles,** 1758 a noted Judge of his day. He had a nephew, Gen. George Ruggles, who died 1904. At time of his retirement, he was Adjutant General of the Army.
4. **Rosanna Ruggles,** b. 1760.
5. **Lamen Ruggles,** b. 1762.
6. **Comfort Ruggles,** b. 1764.
7. **Eden Ruggles,** b. 1766.
8. **Azor Ruggles,** May, 1768 - Dec. 14, 1843. **Our Line.**
9. **Hamen Ruggles,** b. 1770.
10. **Solomon Ruggles,** b. 1772.
11. **Martin Ruggles,** b. 1774.
12. **Betty Ruggles,** b. 1776.

* * *

Capt. Joseph Ruggles II, was a prominent man in New Milford, Conn. In May 1787 he purchased of Eli Dunning (relative of Wife?) of Newtown (Cambridge) half of the Iron Works his father had owned an interest in. Also in May 1789, he bought of Reuben Booth the other half of the Mill property at Little Falls. (This property had been purchased *the day before* by Reuben Booth, from *Lazerus Ruggles* (Joseph's Brother!).

In 1761, Joseph Ruggles was made **Captain** of the first Military Company formed in that part of Connecticut. [**DAR eligibility**: On Dec. 9, 1776, Joseph Ruggles was chosen on the committee of inspection and correspondance (P.450, History of Litchfield Co., Conn.). On March 31, 1777, he was one of the Committee of Seven, appointed by the town of New Milford, under the call of the Governor, for the purpose of furnishing the quota of Soldiers in the Continental Service of said New Milford — He served as Captain.]

* * *

Sixth Ruggles Generation

Azor Ruggles, b. May, 1768, Brookfield, Conn. d. 1843, Canfield, Ohio. m. **Mary Peck**, 1771-1828, Litchfield, Conn. Both are buried in Canfield, Ohio. (These are my great-grandparents.)

* * *

(Children of Azor and Mary Peck Ruggles.)

Seventh Generation:

1. **Alice Ruggles**, b. 1795, Conn. d. Apr. 18, 1844. m. **John Everett Sprague.**
2. **Harriet Ruggles**, Oct. 1799. d. Apr. 11, 1844. m. **Col. Augustus Mills**, Wadsworth, Ohio.
3. **Julia Ruggles**, 1804. d. Nov. 4, 1823, Canfield, Ohio.
4. **Judge Charles Ruggles**, 1806-1882. Canfield, Ohio.
5. **Galetsy Ruggles**, 1808-1883. m. **Horace Hunt**, Canfield, Ohio.
6. **Hepsy Ruggles**, 1811 - Nov. 6, 1889. Canfield, Ohio.

* * *

Azor Ruggles (m. 2nd) **Mary Helen Mitchell** of Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

7. **Mary Helen Ruggles**, 1830-1908. m. **James Mackey**, Youngstown.
8. **Robert Ruggles**, 1833-1907. Wichita, Kansas.

* * *

As a young man in Brookfield, Conn. Azor Ruggles had gained experience in his father's (Joseph II) big Iron Works. He had also become an experienced Mill-wright and wheelwright. He invented the Ruggles Fanning Mill which became known as the best to be had. He manufactured and sold a great many of these

Azor was an enterprising young man, tall, fair, blue-eyed, genial, a member of one of the most influential families of Brookfield.

At the age of 22 he married Miss Mary Peck, daughter of a well known Peck family in near-by Litchfield County. Mary's store of beautiful wedding linens, spun and woven by herself, are today in the possession of her great-great-granddaughter, Jean Ruggles, of Rye, N. Y.

At this time the Great Western Reserve, Ohio, was opened up.

Azor's young aunt, Mable Ruggles, more like a cousin as she was just 7 years older than Azor — had married Judge Canfield, and in 1810 had journeyed to this new region. (The town of Canfield, Ohio, where Azor later lived was named after them.)

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The Canfields sent alluring reports to Azor of the vast, rich acreages awaiting a claimer. They urged him to join them in improving this land. Soon Azor left on horseback to have first hand view.

On the way he became acquainted with a man from Lorraine, Ohio, who wanted a mill built, on the Black River. Azor agreed to do this.

When completed, the man for whom it was built, fell short of money, and offered Azor 120 acres of wilderness land as part payment. Azor treated this offer with disgust, saying the land was not worth clearing for the price. (Today this land is the very heart of the business section of Cleveland!)

In September, 1813, Azor brought his family from Connecticut to Canfield, Ohio — where he became associated with Judge Canfield in land development, and where he spent the rest of his life.

A mile South of Canfield, Azor built his home the following year, 1814, and in the Spring of 1815 the family moved in.

Azor and Mary Peck Ruggles had a fine family. The three older girls, Alice, Harriet (our grandmother), and Julia were known for their prepossessing beauty of voice and temperament. The three younger ones, Galetsy, Charles (who became the noted Judge), and Hepsy were upright obedient children of promise.

Their old homestead, now weatherstained and blackened through 150 years of age, surrounded by magnificent old trees, is still in a wonderful state of preservation.

One of the lovely old trees was pointed out to us as the one which tradition names as the out growth of a sapling which Mary Peck Ruggles brought from the old Connecticut home and planted in her new yard. The tree looks old enough to bear credence to the story. If true, its waving branches must have given many a silent message from her dear ones in the old home.

Beside the front door was a lilac bush — not a shrub, really a tree — with gnarled and twisted trunk. I could imagine grandmother Harriet plucking lilac blossoms from it, when she, and it, were young. I too plucked a leaf of memory!

The whole place is endowed with tradition. It seemed to breathe forth the essence of those immortal Souls who lived and loved amongst this beauty so long ago. As the years passed in memory, these girls seemed so near we could almost feel their presence.

There seems to be a great deal of Ruggles in my blood! My father, Azor Ruggles Mills, was the first son, and the favorite, of his mother, Harriet Ruggles Mills. He was much like her, and I am much like my father! Could it be the Mills girls are a reincarnation of that long gone generation of Ruggles girls?

The old house is interesting itself. We were allowed to explore to our heart's satisfaction by the kindly woman tenant who lived there. The house was built for convenience. The rooms are large,

ceilings ten feet high! The place could not be more substantially built — not a sag in floor or roof is to be seen, which is not surprising when in the basement can be seen the quarter-sawed trunks of large oaks and walnut trees, some with the bark still clinging in place — these were floor joists. Again in the attic could be seen large square-hewed rafters with wooden pins, or spikes, ten inches long, holding them in place.

The stone foundation of the house was made of long slabs of cut stone some eight feet long. That house was built to stand! (One can only compare it mentally with many of the hastily thrown up houses of today!)

A massive stone chimney rises from the basement, up through the center of the house, providing fireplaces for four floors! In the basement, to keep fruits and vegetables from freezing; on the first floor are two fireplaces the width of the parlor, and the bedroom back of it; on the second floor are fireplaces in the two bedrooms above; and in the attic rooms is still another. Also the big kitchen had an enormous fireplace extending the full width of the room. A narrow little stairway winding back of it, led to the big room above and another fireplace!

Fire-wood was plentiful in those days!

* * *

A unique feature in the basement is a wide double-door opening out of the rear wall, so that a cart (of vegetables and fruit) could be driven right into the basement to be unloaded. This also kept the cellar fresh and airy — not in the least musty as in some old houses.

From the big back porch, really a room, framed in a heavy growth of grape-vines, one stepped to the old stone well, still in use, providing crystal clear ice cold water.

Everything seemed to be just as it was left in olden days. I was admiring the hand forged brass-latch on the kitchen door. A sudden temerity inspired me to ask if I might buy the front-door, heavy solid panels, with a huge brass lock and key, and the back door with its ancient H and L brass lock. The deal was completed in no time! Now if ever my granddaughter Alexandra incorporates these in her home, she may go in and out the doors through which her great-great-great-grandfather Azor passed nearly 200 years ago; or through which her great-great-grandmother Harriet passed on her wedding night.

The genial woman living there, with delightful intuition, gave me a glass of her quince-jelly made from fruit gathered in the old orchard, where some of the ancient gnarled trees had been set out by Azor. This jelly was saved for a family dinner of descendants of Azor! We ate from Ruggles china that six generations had used! — Azor; Harriet Ruggles Mills; Azor Ruggles Mills; Betty Mills Haeger; Barbara and Marcy; and the Estes and McQuillan children!

The Ruggles family were devout Episcopalians. The Church of England prayer-book that once belonged to the great-great-grandmother of Lexy Estes now belongs to Lexy herself.

The family Bible of Azor Ruggles is in my possession. It dates back before Revolutionary days. This old book holds numerous slips of paper marking verses, just as they were placed there more than a century ago. An amusing glimpse of bygone days is found on one of the slips. Probably at a Bible meeting held in Azor's home, a note was passed to him by his son, Judge Charles Ruggles. It said "Father do not serve wine to Mr. Olmstead — he is a teetotler." There the note remains, just as it was read and slipped between the pages, and forgotten, years ago!

Another curious incident concerns this ancient Bible. When it was first sent to me I opened it at random to see if my great-granfather Azor might have a message for me! The first verse my eyes fell upon was this verse in Psalms: *"Thou shalt see thy children's children."* It was an inspired message, an answer to prayers.

Several mementos which once belonged to Harriet Ruggles Mills, came to me, and I shared some with her descendants.

To her great-great-grandson, Phelps Mills Wood, on his 10th birthday, I gave the quaint little volume of Aesop's Fables, which Harriet had given to her son, Azor Ruggles Mills, on his 10th birthday, back in 1837.

A dainty black lace shawl that belonged to Harriet, now belongs to her great-granddaughter, Barbara Dewell Wood. A small tear in the lace, daintily mended by Harriet, adds intrinsically to its value.

Harriet's wedding linen, spun and woven by her on the old spinning wheel now in our attic, with a spindle of ancient yellowed flaxen thread still in place, are in the possession of Barbara Haeger Estes, Marcy Haeger McQuillan, Barbara Dewell Wood, Marcy Dewell Hunt, her great-granddaughters; also her great-great-granddaughters, Victoria Estes Heath, and Alexandra Estes. Two rose-wood carved chairs, and two dropleaf tables from the Azor Ruggles home now belong to Marcy Haeger McQuillan.

Other Ruggles Heirlooms are mentioned elsewhere.

* * *

* * *

Hepsy, lived in the old home over 70 years.

When an old lady Hepsy could still recite page after page of "Lady of the Lake." She had memorized the whole book when a girl in Canfield Female Seminary attended by all the sisters.

It was Hepsy who wrote the following picturesque account of Pioneer life — written in 1886 when Hepsy was 75 years old.

(There is a bond between us! I, now even older then Hepsy was, in that day, and 75 years after her death, find myself following her example, writing sundry memories!)

* * *

Hepsy Ruggles' story of **Pioneer Life**. Written in 1886, when she was 75.

* * *

"Father, Azor Ruggles, was born in May, 1768, in Brookfield, Fairfield Co., Conn. The first he could remember of the Revolutionary War, was an officer riding up in great haste, and saying to his father '*Captain Ruggles, have your company at Danbury by sundown for the British are almost there.*'

"Grandfather was out in the woods getting oven-wood with three yoke of oxen. He turned to Uncle Comfort, a few years older than father, and said 'Get the wood for your mother, and do all you can to help her, and be good boys. Goodbye boys!' — And the next day of seeing wagons of all descriptions drawn by horses and oxen, filled with people and whatever they could take with them. And in one ox-cart was a woman almost dead with fright, on a bed — holding a dagger in her hand. They were all fleeing from the British to find a place of safety. For they had burnt Danbury and a large military store.

"After the war was over, he (Azor) assisted grandfather in the forge (Grandfather was the owner of a forge) till he went to learn the carpenters and millwright trades. He was the first one that raised a frame by the square rule there. And all the old carpenters said it could not be done. At the raising they tried to prevent him by not doing as he wanted them to do. He finally told them 'all that wanted to help him, he should be glad of their help. And those who wanted to hinder, he wished they would go home.' After that it went up like a charm, for they were all ashamed to have it known that they were the ones to make the trouble.

"In 1810, he (Azor) came to Ohio on horse back, ariving in Canfield on July 10. He came to do some work for the Hon. Judge Judson Canfield who married Mable Ruggles, aunt of Azor, at Rockport on the Rocky River. He returned to Connecticut after finishing the work. And in 1813 he removed with his family to Ohio — a wife and six children, five daughters and one son not quite seven years old, with two wagons and three horses, stopping at night and getting supper, and making preparations for the next day's meals, getting in the beds, and getting them ready to sleep on, and all to be done after a hard day's travel. And this to be done, day after day, for the space of one month. For we were on the road one month, arriving in Canfield (Ohio) in October 1813. Stopping in front of Mrs. Ethel Starr's near the west line of Boardman township, father went in, and Mrs. Starr said **'How do you do Mr. Ruggles! And how did you leave your family?'** He replied 'I left them right out here in the wagons almost tired out!' Mrs. Starr staid to hear no more, but ran to the wagons and began to help us out. (This might be the Starr family to which Rebecca Starr belonged. Rebecca was the girlhood chum of Harriet Ruggles.)

"We remained there a few days until father could get a house. It stood where Mr. Sanzenbacher's house now stands. We remained there until April 25, 1815, when Father moved into his new house where I am still living after 71 years.

"Young as I was — 2½ years — I can remember many things that occurred on the way. I remember crossing the Susquehanna River at Harrisburgh. The wind was blowing very hard, and father had to take the covers from the wagons. And they had got one of them into the ferry boat with Mother, Harriet, 14, my second sister, and myself — when the ferryman shoved off the boat. Father jumped on, leaving Alice, 18, holding three horses with one of the wagons, and Julia, 6, Charles, 7, and Galetsy, 5, all standing in the street in Harrisburgh. Father called to Alice to take care of the things and he would be back on the next ferry. As they were standing there, a gentleman tied the horses for Alice, and invited them into his house. After a time she stepped out to see if all was safe, and the ferryman had put the wagon into another boat and was putting the horses in. She turned around to run for the children and they were right behind her or they would have all been left. She had not time even to thank the gentlemen for his kindness. Alice was then 18. She drove the one horse wagon all the way from Connecticut. Father took us to a Tavern — (there were no Hotels in those days) — and went back with the boat which would be the last for the day. There were two boats — as one left the shore on one side, the other left on the other side. As the boats passed in the middle of the river, father saw Alice and the children in the other boat. The ferryman rowed near to the other boat and father jumped from one boat to the other.

"One cold rainy night I remember the landlord of a tavern said he kept only teamsters. But we could go no further so he finally allowed us to stay. But very reluctantly. The barroom had an old tin plate stove in the middle of the room with one tallow-candle to light it. The room was filled with teamsters all talking Dutch. We could not get near enough to the stove to get warm. Mother went into the landlady's room to see about doing some baking in the morning, and child-like, Galetsy, 5, and I, 2½, followed her. The room seemed very light and warm. The landlady sprang up, and catching each of us by the arm shouted she would not have other people's little brats (using her own words) in her room. (Note: Galetsy in years to come was the mother of Azor Ruggles Hunt, the noted steel-magnate — and of the Rev. Cornelius Hunt, a prominent divine.)

"I thought if she would only let me stand by mother and get warm I would not move nor speak. I can yet see with my mind's eye just how the room looked. It is indelibly stamped there. Later I can remember crawling to the back part of the wagon, and warming my hands on the warm bread that mother had baked that morning and wrapped, and put away ready for use.

"When we were crossing the Allegheny mountains, the other children if they got tired, would get out and walk. I also wanted to,

but they would tell me to 'run afoot' in the wagon. Another time I remember Father giving an apple to a bear that was chained to a sign post.

"When father came to the farm then Pioneer life began in earnest. Almost all we had to wear, we had to spin and weave, for all the merchandise was brought from Philadelphia in what was called Pennsylvania wagons. Calico was mostly one dollar a yard and other goods in proportion.

"Wool was not very plentiful for the farmers could not keep more than one or two sheep (on account of wolves) and they would run with the cattle for protection. If they had more sheep they had to shut them up at night for the wolves were so numerous that they were howling around almost every night. Once as Mother was coming home from town on horseback, a big wolf walked across the road in front of her, and stopped and looked at her as she passed. Every possible means were taken to destroy them. There was a town and county bounty for their scalps. A Mr. Whitmore, an expert trapper, built a log pen in the swamp, and covered it over, and put a sheep into it. He set traps on all sides of it. Mrs. Houts had lost a horse, and they set traps at each end of it. A wolf came up and stepped one forefoot into one of the traps — sprang over the horse and caught a hindfoot in the other trap. The wolf was so large and strong that it dragged both traps several rods. After muzzling it, they took it to town and kept it for sometime for people to see.

"There was also plenty of game for the sportsman, wild turkeys in large droves. The deer were so plentiful they came into the fields and fed with the cattle and ate salt with them. A Mr. Harding, dressed in hunter's style for deer, in tow pants for overalls, and frock weskut almost white, came to our place one day, and shot three deer just back of the fields. He would dress them as he killed them, and hung them on the limb of a tree. He came to the house and got my brother to take them home for him. He gave the forequarters of the deer for taking the hindquarters and skins, home for him.

"There were many kinds of vermin and plenty of Massasawger rattle snakes. The first one we saw had followed a mouse into the house in 1815. There was not a day in haying that the haymakers did not kill some. One wet summer they killed 16 in one forenoon. The wet weather had driven them from the swamps.

"The last one I saw was in 1835. I went to hunt some eggs. Little Robert, 2 years old, was with me. I left him at the stable door. I happened to look out and there was a rattlesnake not over five feet from him. I ran with him to the house. Father said 'What is your hurry Hepsy?' I told him there was a rattlesnake and I was going to kill it. He laughed. He did not think there were any left. When I went back with it he said it was my turn to laugh now!

Aunt Hepsy."

* * *

Hepsy died at the age of 78 about four years after writing this.

From Hepsy's obituary in Canfield paper at time of her death 1889.

. . . "Throughout her long life Miss Hepsy Ruggles maintained a devoted and consistent membership in the Episcopalian church. She was an energetic, self-reliant woman; a good neighbor and an amiable and true friend, generous, charitable and of strictest rectitude. Her death is lamented by a large circle of friends."

* * *

The last five years of Hepsy's life she lived with her sister, Helen Ruggles, (Mrs. James Mackey, a sister of grandmother, Harriet Ruggles Mills.)

This Mackey family, 3 daughters and one son — for long years were one of the wealthiest and most prominent families in Youngstown.

The three daughters, Margaret, Grace and Helen Ruggles Mackey, were cousins of my fathers. They were the last of his generation. The son, James Mackey II, died in 1907, aged 49, but the girls lived to be past 80. None of this family ever married.

Back in 1874, when Hepsy Ruggles went to live with this sister, (Helen Mackey) she took antique dishes and furniture from her old Canfield home over to the Mackey home. Wagon-load after horse-drawn wagon load filled with heirlooms, china, furniture, silver, travelled the 6 miles over to Youngstown.

I had seen these treasures back in 1907, when my mother and sister and I had been entertained in this old mansion. This was soon after the death of the Mackey son and the family was in deep mourning. I, a young girl, in school, could scarcely realize I was meeting the sister of **Harriet Ruggles** who had died more than 60 years previously. This Mrs. Mackey — dressed in sombre black, an elderly woman lamenting the loss of her only son, seemed so disconsolate, I think I stood in awe of her. The three daughters, Margaret, Grace and Nelly were less formidable, although as spinsters in their 50's, there was not too much common ground between us at that time.

It seemed as though they wanted no marriage to encroach upon their sacred family rights!

Grace, the second daughter, was the only one to entertain such a thought! When she was 21, she was all prepared, wedding dress in readiness. One week before the wedding day the family cancelled the plans. No other member ever went so far!

In later years I occasionally stopped for a call when my husband and I drove east. These three eccentric spinsters and their mansion full of antiques held intriguing interest for me! I thought if I could only possess just **one** of those entrancing articles that had belonged to my great grandfather what a thrill it would be!

* * *

And then one morning, years later, in 1939, an official looking envelope from an unknown lawyer in Youngstown, proved to be my passport to a trip into the past!

The missive brought word of the death of the last member of the family, Nelly Mackey, peace be to her soul. I was informed that the furnishings of the old mansion were to be disposed of and I was to have first choice!

I have no words to express the meteoric sentiments that swept over me!

No time was lost in boarding a Pullman for the east. Edmund and I were off for our journey into Yesterday!

Now I was elated beyond words to have the privilege of roaming through this reliquary of treasures — almost bewildered as to what to choose.

These dear souls had never discarded a thing; and although antique dealers had tried for years they seldom got past the front door! Margaret had once told me they even begged to buy the ancient wallpaper off the two front parlors.

The lawyer told my husband of their affluence — they never carried less than $100,000.00 cash in the bank! Their estate included whole city blocks of business buildings in the heart of Youngstown. Everything was bequeathed to Episcopalian institutions. They were something of religious fanatics. If one of them thought she escaped death, such as being run over while on a shopping trip downtown, she would write a generous check for some deserving cause, in gratitude to the Lord for saving her life. Otherwise I believe they never spent a penny on themselves for attractive clothes, or trips, or other pleasures. What dedicated souls they were.

Now Edmund and I could delve and explore to our hearts content! He was as thrilled as I. Imagine the exciting fun of having full range of that rambling old mansion — we even counted the fireplaces — there were eleven! — upstairs and down!

The house had been built when that was the mode of heating and firewood plentiful!

From basement to attic Edmund and I traversed the premises.

The attic was on three levels — go down two or three steps, crawl through a low opening in the brick wall, and lo — another big attic — from one century into another. A strange world of the past was a living spirit up there.

Ancient hat-boxes of wood papered with quaint wallpaper held pokebonnets of velvet, rusching, satin, with elegant laces and picot-edged ribbons that must have come from Paris; old, old kid gloves, and "hoops" by the dozen for billowing skirts; embroidery and tucked linen petticoats — (they have been fun for dressup parties.)

A queer little "foot-warmer" — with H.R. in perforated letters on top, was for **Harriet Ruggles'** use long years ago. It held a metal

container in which red-hot charcoals were placed, to keep feet warm in a cold church, back in Connecticut days.

There were curious old leather saddle bags, and saddles; little hair-trunks with A.R. in brass nail-heads, for Azor Ruggles (my great grandfather).

These were just a few of the curious trifles.

Lovelier heirlooms included quantities of old-glass and china. An exquisite rose-lustre tea-set is decorated with a charming design of children dancing. (An expert in old china looked this up, and found these children were of the noble Italian Bartolozzi family.)

This tea-set is complete with twelve cups and saucers, tea-pot, and creamer and sugar, beautifully designed. The china is so fragile and choice, I well know how its first owner in far off days, looked upon it with adoring eyes. Mine are no less appreciative — and we are in complete harmony across the ages!

A Spode tea set in blue is lovely. Another tea set of lavender Wedgewood is unusual. There are many blue Wedgewood plates and trays and covered dishes.

All the cups were made *without handles.* Cups were not to be drunk from, in those early days. *Deep* saucers served that purpose. Tea was poured into the saucer and sipped therefrom! — while the cups were set on decorative little "cup-plates." There are many of these little Wedgewood cup-plates (and nine of Sandwich glass said to be worth $30.00 apiece!).

(Since then, I have enjoyed giving old fashioned luncheons, using old dishes, spoon-holders, celery-vases, Wedgewood soup-plates with soup served from a big tureen. And we drank tea from our saucers, and arched our fingers in true Colonial style!)

Several drop-leaf tables of mahogany, cherry, and lignum-vitae, one put together with hand-forged nails and hinges; carved rose-wood chairs; a child's little zinc-trunk filled with ancient "primers" and "spellers" and "readers;" a century-old box of Episcopalian magazines; are a few of the mementos that were appropriately transported by a modern "Mayflower Truck."

Several quaint dolls dressed in pantalettes, poke-bonnets, off shoulder dresses, date back to days in Connecticut before the family came west. Harriet Ruggles perhaps played with them in the long ago. An adorable blue doll-cradle, with a big wax-doll in a once beautiful blue velvet dress, must have been charming (before the wax peeled off her face!).

In one of the bedrooms upstairs was the pathetic wedding gown — laid out once more to be looked upon. The old housekeeper told me "Miss Grace laid her heart away when she stored that wedding-gown for all time. The family stopped her marriage a week before her wedding day."

What ineffably sad memories. The dress seemed haunted.

One of the most ancient things is a crude sea-chest dating back to the 1600's. It came on an early ship from England. Cousin Margaret had told me about it several years before. It has hand-made nails and hinges, made upwards of 400 years ago. It is one of the oldest things in America — really a museum piece (where it should be placed). It came with the **first John Ruggles** who sailed on the "Hopewell" in 1630 with his young wife Barbara.

Cousin Margaret called this chest a "Genevra-chest" as they came to be called in England, after the legend which Tennyson immortalized in his poem "Genevra."

The tale is told that a little girl bride, Genevra, in a spirit of fun on her wedding day, all gowned for the ceremony, slipped away to a distant part of the attic in their old English castle, and hid in a big chest. The spring-lock snapped shut on the lid, and she was unable to raise it. Long years later, her remains, clad in bridal finery, were found. (The *spring lock* on *this* chest *has long been broken!)*

This chest, had long been used for storing home-spun linen sheets. Some of these had been spun and woven by Harriet Ruggles when a girl. I brought several of these, which could make lovely tea-cloths, edged with rare old lace, to use with the old tea-sets. I also brought the spinning wheel upon which they were made.

* * *

An old, old mirror with rope-twist mahogany frame, gives me the feeling:

"When I look at myself in this looking glass
And myself looks back at me
The shades of a bygone people pass
In ghostly train they walk again
All wrapped in mystery!"

* * *

It seemed almost past belief that these relics were still in existence — stowed away and probably forgotten. Even more incredible was the fact that **I** — who love these old family pieces so much — should be the one privileged to choose, and bring them back once more into our family! Perhaps the Spirit of dear old Azor Ruggles himself had something to do with it! Right now I pronounce a blessing of peace upon his soul (one of my queer quirks, possibly the effect of geneological delvings!)

This was an experience that could come but once in a lifetime!

"**Aunt Betty.**"

* * *

In 1902, **Ira Augustus Sprague**, b. 1821, (Son of Alice Ruggles Sprague) died at age of 81. The Council Bluffs paper said — "One of the pioneers in foundry business, established in 1862. His sons at present (1902) conduct the Sprague Iron Works of Council Bluffs." (His forebears in Connecticut had also owned iron works.)

Within This Chest

(By Ada Mills Dewell)

* * *

Within this chest — and round it here —
Gathered from many a day and year
Of centuries gone, I seem to find
Its guardian angels with their kind
And watchful care, forever near.

They've hallowed it, and without fear
The treasures of each pioneer
Although unseen, are kept enshrined
Within this chest.

Entrusted now to me, I hear
Their admonitions to revere
And love what they have left behind
Within this chest.

* * *

"Her Ancestors"

To Betty
(Ada)

* * *

Did they look down the centuries
To You?
I think they heard some eerie echo, faint.
Some bars, or strains that you have voiced, drifting
To Them
Out from their futures — stealing to the past
A strange, vague greeting from an unborn soul
Cloistered, and watching for its day on earth
To dawn.

* * *

Ah yes! They knew you'd come, and with bowed head
Would stand beside their sunken mounds and guard
Their pile of dusty bones. Would con their names
And love the long ancestral lines that they
Bequeathed to you; that you would bless their souls
And pray for peace upon them through eternity,
Would reverence that Past, with their dim shadows
Peopled, and with them commune
For through
Their veins
Once flowed that noble blood
That now runs coursing full of life
Through yours!

* * *

Descendants of Azor Ruggles, 1768-1843, and Mary Peck Ruggles, 1771-1828. (Each of their six children will be given, with grandchildren and great-grandchildren, before taking up the next child.)

* * *

1. **Alice Ruggles,** b. 1795, New Millford, Conn., d. Apr. 18, 1844, Wadsworth, Ohio. m. **John Everett Sprague.** Children:
    1. **Ira Augustus Sprague,** b. 1820, d. June 5, 1903, Council Bluffs. m. **Mary Colville.** Had two sons. Like his great-grandfather, Capt. Joseph Ruggles, he founded iron works, the first in western Iowa. After his death, at 83, his sons carried on the prosperous business.
    2. **Mary Sprague,** Mrs. Pease, Wadsworth.
    3. **John Everett Sprague II,** Wadsworth.
    4. **Charles Ruggles Sprague,** b. June 6, 1824, d. Apr. 7, 1859. m. his cousin, **Julia Mills,** 1823-1899 (dau. Harriet Ruggles), Wadsworth. Their children:
        1. **Henry Mills Sprague,** "Cousin Harry," b. May 4, 1849, d. Feb. 23, 1931, Spring Valley, N.Y.. (Named after **"Col. Harry" Mills,** his grandfather.) m. **Elizabeth Reader.** No children.

            "Cousin Harry" — 35 years older than I, was more like an uncle to me — he was just 5 years younger than my mother — but like other members of this family who seem of an earlier generation, they are my first cousins! I remember Cousin Harry well, and as a child looked forward to his occasional visits in our home. He was an estimable gentleman, his life commendable and exemplary; not a shadow of dishonor ever touched one of these brothers — gentlemen of an age gone by.
        2. **John Everett Sprague III,** b. Nov. 22, 1850, d. Dec. 31, 1923. m. **Rebecca Slanker,** b. Oct. 14, 1875, d. July 31, 1919. No children.
        3. **Dr. Arthur Jay Sprague,** b. Aug. 9, 1852, d. 1933, Wadsworth. m. **Caroline Phelps** in 1881. She d. 1929. Lived in Chicago. He was a noted Chicago surgeon. Two children:
            1. **Wilbur Leight Sprague,** b. Dec. 22, 1883, d. Mar. 4, 1931.
            2. **Hazel Sprague,** b. Dec. 27, 1893.
        4. **Alice Emma Sprague,** b. Oct. 13, 1854, d. Mar. 21, 1952. **Age 98.** Years ago when cousin Alice was 18 or 19, she spent two or three winters in our home. This was before my day (she was 30 years older than I), but my older sisters, who were little tots at that time, adored her, an affection that lasted through the years. Cousin Alice possessed a mild-mannered, sweetly disciplined culture inherent from girlhood. In later years her ardent piety and spiritual elevation of mind, made her truly a saint.
        5. **Leigh Starr Sprague,** b. Sept. 14, 1858, d. June 5, 1869, age 10.
        6. **Frank Melvin Sprague,** b. Aug. 11, 1856, d. 1930, Columbus, Ohio. m. (1) **Josephine Griesner;** (2) **Emma Risehel,** May 29, 1924. Publisher of Columbus Journal. An astute man of activity, energy and decision of character. His son:

            * * *

            1. **Paul Epworth Sprague,** b. Feb. 7, 1892. An outstanding personality. Graduate of Ohio State University, Chemical Engineering. m. June 20, 1918, **Ruth Horrachs,** a college class mate. Cousin Paul is descended from **two** of the lovely Ruggles sisters — **Alice** and **Harriet.** His Grandmother was my **aunt** (Julia Mills Sprague).

Paul's shrewd discrimination and business acumen, made him one of the most highly valued executives of the great Glidden Corporation and its extensive interests. Among his enriching hobbies is world travel, his innumerable tours have taken him and his wife, and often his family, to practically every corner of the globe. His camera always accompanies them, bringing back pictures of breath-taking beauty when beheld through a "viewer." They give his friends a real-life arm-chair trip of utmost joy! — Paul's wife, Ruth Sprague, is a delightful person. Their beautiful Colonial home in Shaker Heights, Cleveland, with its surrounding gardens, is further enhanced by its nearness to the homes of two of their daughters; a third lives in Scarsdale, N.Y. These three daughters and their mother are all members of Pi Beta Phi, the same sorority to which their Mills cousins belong. Ruth has retained an interest in Pi Phi, having served as president of the large Alumnae Chapter in Cleveland. Her garden club activities also give her rewarding pleasure. The Sprague grandchildren who have been early inculcated with fine scholastic values, are rapidly becoming an integral part of this typical family intelligencia.

Children of Paul and Ruth Sprague:

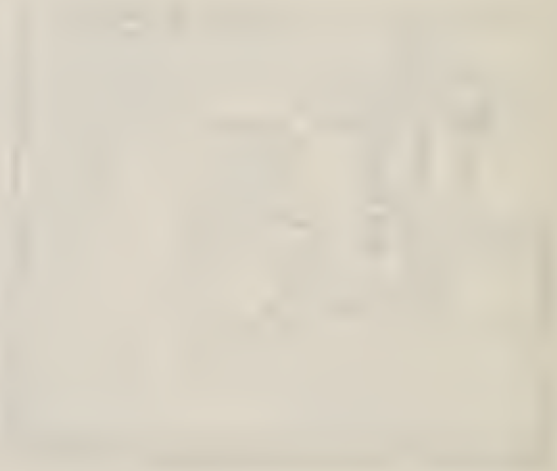
1. **Jean Maralyn Sprague,** b. Sept. 17, 1920. Graduate of Northwestern University. m. **Keith Stone Benson,** alumnus of Dartmouth. Residence: Rocklyn Road, Shaker Heights. Two daughters:
    1. **Karen Sprague Benson,** b. Aug. 10, 1945. Student at Northwestern.
    2. **Paula Sprague Benson,** b. Feb. 22, 1947.

2. **Dorothy Ruth Sprague,** b. Oct. 30, 1922. Northwestern alumna. m. **Alan Beckwith Britton, Dartmouth.** Children:
    1. **Dana Sprague Britton,** b. Nov. 5, 1953.
    2. **Debora Beckwith Britton,** b. Nov. 26, 1954. 4 Rockhill Lane, Scarsdale, N.Y.

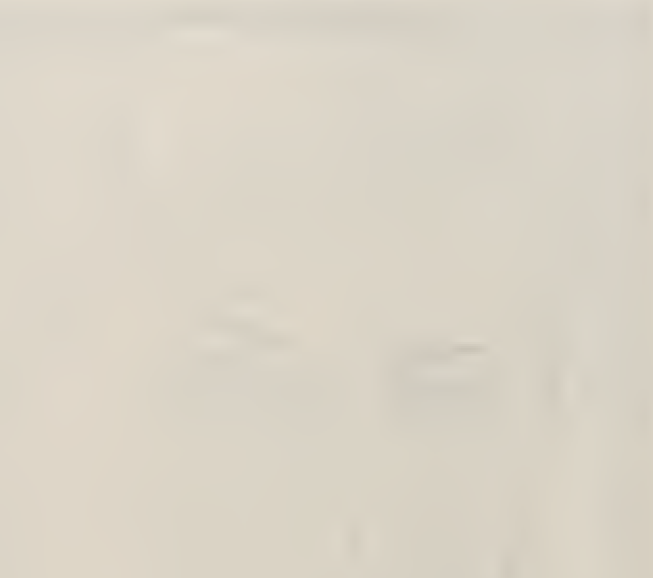
3. **Shirley Ann Sprague,** b. Aug. 7, 1926. William and Mary College, Virginia. m. **Renold Durant Thompson.** 23819 Shelbourne Road. Shaker Heights. Children:
    1. **Renold Durant Thompson II,** b. Oct. 19, 1951.
    2. **Bradley Sprague Thompson,** b. May 15, 1953.
    3. __________ __________ __________, b. June, 1956.

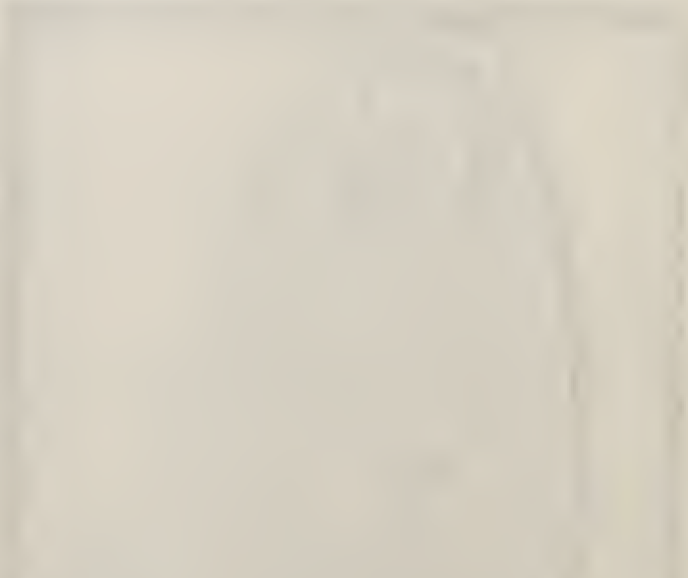
[illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]





(Continuing with Children of Azor and Mary Peck Ruggles:)

2. **Harriet Ruggles,** b. Oct., 1799, d. Apr. 11, 1844, Wadsworth, O. m. **Col. Henry Augustus Mills.** My grandparents. See Mills Line for this venerated family.

* * *

3. **Julia Ruggles,** b. 1804, d. Nov. 4, 1823, age 19, Canfield.

* * *

4. **Judge Charles Ruggles,** b. 1806, d. 1882, Canfield, O. m. **Lucy.** Attained distinction during his long life in Canfield. Built the beautiful Colonial home, still standing. Five Children:
    1. **Attorney Edwin Ruggles,** lived in Akron. Admitted to Bar, 1869. m. **Catherine McFarlane,** had one daughter.
        1. **Eleanore Ruggles,** d. 1935.
    2. **Salmon Ruggles,** named after Salmon Chase, a relative, Secretary in Lincoln Cabinet. [These children may not be in correct order, as some dates are lacking.]
    3. **Juliet Ruggles,** d. 1905. Belle of Canfield.
    4. **Lucy Ruggles,** b. 1847, d. 1934, age 87.

        Lucy and Juliet were known for their gracious charm. Lucy was petite, dainty, blue-eyed, black lashes, beautiful even in old age. On one of our visits in the lovely old home, she brought out her grandmother's (Mary Peck Ruggles) wedding linens, spun and woven when she was 16. The house was filled with heirlooms; the lovely old Aubusson rug on parlor floor, colors mellowed with age, was the rug placed there when Judge Charles built the house.

        Cousin Lucy drove with us to the ancient graveyard in Canfield, where it seemed every other grave held one of our forebears. Dear Lucy seemed the only living link binding the real and the ethereal.

        We drove on to an even older graveyard, buried in an overgrowth of Myrtle; we had to push the vines aside to see the old grave-stones. One stone bore the date **April 16, 1784,** as you may see, just 100 years to the day before I was born! Peace be to her soul!
    5. **Judge Horace Ruggles,** b. 1834, Canfield. Attended Mahoning Academy. Admitted to Bar, 1860. m. **Amanda Hoyle.** Removed to Wichita, Kansas. Had two sons:
        1. **Roland Ruggles.** Two sons died. His widow lives in Santa Ana, California.
        2. **Charles Arner Ruggles,** d. April 1938, Rye, New York. A prominent New York attorney, endowed with keen intellect and excellent ability. His wife, Florence, and daughter Jean are distinguished members of the social life of Rye. An only son died at an early age.

            Jean has inherited interesting heirlooms from her great-grandfather, Judge Charles; and from her great-great-grandparents Azor and Mary. Among these is the priceless old rocking-chair in which Mary sat, as they traveled overland from Connecticut to Ohio, 150 years ago.

            Jean has a chest, used as her own hope-chest (when she was married in 1940), that has the inscription "Polly Ruggles, 1780."

* * *

5. **Galetsy Ruggles** (fifth child of Azor and Mary Peck Ruggles), b. Oct. 1, 1808, Millford Conn. d. April 10, 1883, Canfield O. m. Jan. 10, 1827, **Horace Hunt** of Canfield. Five generations have lived in the Hunt homestead. Their six children:
    1. **Rev. Cornelius Hunt,** b. Apr. 22, 1835, d. Nov. 16, 1915. m. **Achsah Hine** in Oct. 1862. She d. Aug. 17, 1892.
    2. **Alfred Hunt,** b. Aug. 23, 1837, d. Aug. 5, 1864, age 27. Killed in battle at Atlanta,

Ga., during Civil War. Many years later, his brother, Azor Ruggles Hunt, procured a branch of the tree in which bullets of that battle were lodged.

3. **Chauncey Hunt,** b. Aug. 22, 1839, d. July 23, 1918. m. April 17, 1875, **Sophrina Kail,** who d. Jan. 1, 1943, Windham, Ohio. Their 3 children:
    1. **Alfred Hunt,** named for uncle killed in battle.
        1. **Claude Hunt.**
        2. **Clyde Hunt.**
    2. **Chester Hunt.**
        1. **Paul Hunt.**
        2. **Wayne Hunt.**
    3. **Fred Hunt.**
        1. **Robert Hunt.**
    4. **Blanche Hunt,** b. June 21, 1877, Warren, O. m. June 21, 1905, **Myron W. Sweet,** b. Aug. 3, 1874, d. Jan. 12, 1953.
        1. **Richard Sweet,** b. Mar. 26, 1907. m. Dec. 4, 1929, **Marie Miester,** San Diego, Cal.
        2. **Marjory Sweet,** b. Nov. 7, 1908, Windham, O. m. Jan. 15, 1938, **Wylie Hawkins,** Mt. Pleasant, S. Car.
            1. **Marjory Hawkins,** b. Apr. 22, 1939.
            2. **Barbara Hawkins,** b. Apr. 22, 1943.
        3. **Alice Sweet,** b. July 23, 1911, Warren, O. m. Mar. 3, 1934, **Walter Fee,** b. Dec. 23, 1909. 422 Norwood, Youngstown, O.
    5. **Helen Hunt,** b. Oct. 29, 1881, d. Feb. 14, 1904. Warren.
4. **Alice Hunt,** dau. of Galetsy Ruggles Hunt.
5. **Henry Manning Hunt** (son of Galetsy), Canfield. b. Aug. 7, 1845, d. Feb. 26, 1913. Two children:
    1. **Floyd Hunt,** b. Apr. 8, 1881, Canfield. m. Dec. 14, 1913. m. **Margaret Manchester,** b. Mar. 3, 1884.
        1. **Marian Kathleen Hunt,** Feb. 10, 1916, Canfield. Graduate Wooster College. m. July 18, 1941, **Wayne Goist,** b. Apr. 28, 1918. Children:
            1. **Patricia Collette,** b. Mar. 28, 1943.
            2. **Sharyn Yvette,** b. Feb. 27, 1947.
            3. **Richard Thomas,** Oct. 21, 1952. North Jackson, Ohio.
    2. **Edith M. Hunt,** b. June 23, 1886, Canfield, O.
6. **Azor Ruggles Hunt** (6th child of Galetsy and Horace Hunt), b. 1843, d. in 1920's after a lifetime of brilliant experiences. (Named after his grandfather, Azor Ruggles, just as was his cousin Azor Ruggles Mills, my father.)

    Cousin Azor was a personality one could never forget. His geniality; his fund of stories and anecdotes; his genuine hospitality in his palatial home in Munhall, Pittsburg; his warmth of heart, untouched by his wealth. He had been one of the hundred loyal men who stood by Andrew Carnegie during the Homestead Steel Strike in 1892. Azor was later president of this great steel plant with more than 50,000 employees, the largest in the world. Carnegie had made everyone of the 100 loyal men, multi-millionaires, called "Carnegie Boys," and feted each year. Many well known steel magnates were among these. Azor's benefactions were countless. His life and works have been printed numerous times. He was a collector of art, priceless books and curios. His aunt Hepsy Ruggles left the Ruggles solid-silver to Azor; also some solid-silver flatware with odd oval handles. He was most happy — said he did not know why he was so lucky! He told us the story of some gold dollars buried during revolutionary days, and showed us the beautiful spoons he had had them made into.

He had beautiful homes in Florida, and Pittsburgh, and a summer home on one of the "Thousand Isles" in the Saint Lawrence. He was a home-spun Olympian.

Azor had 3 children: **Florence** and **Harry** deceased. **Fred** lives in Pittsburg.

* * *

6. **Hepsy Ruggles** (dau. Azor and Mary Peck Ruggles), b. 1811, in Conn., d. Nov. 6, 1889, in Canfield, age 79. She wrote the story of pioneer life included herein. A remarkable woman.

* * *

Azor Ruggle's first wife, Mary, died in 1828, at age of 57. Azor went back to Poughkeepsie to visit his cousin Judge Philo Ruggles. There he renewed acquaintance with Mary Helen Mitchell, of an old family. [I believe a Mayflower descendant.] After a short courtship, they were married. They had two children:

* * *

7. **Mary Helen Ruggles,** b. 1830, Canfield. She married James Mackey, a prominent man of Youngstown. Her sister Hepsy spent parts of the last five years of her life in this home. [Where I had my trip into the past, revelling in mementos that had belonged to Azor!] She is the sister of **Harriet Ruggles** whom I was privileged to meet in 1907. She died in 1908. Children:
   1. **Margaret Mackey,** b. 1852, d. 1933.
   2. **Grace Mackey,** b. 1854, d. 1931.
   3. **Helen (Nellie) Mackey,** b. 1856, d. 1939.
   4. **James Mackey II,** b. 1858, d. 1907. None of these ever married.
8. **Robert Ruggles,** b. 1833. (Son of Azor, who died in 1843, when Robert was 10.) Robert's mother married again, after Azor's death, to Henry Manning of Youngstown. Robert later lived in Wichita, near Judge Horace Ruggles.

* * *

Names of a Few Noted Ruggles

* * *

The Guilford, Conn. book states there were many Ruggles Divines in New England. Two in Guilford were highly regarded.

* * *

Rev. Thomas Ruggles, b. in Roxbury, Mar. 10, 1671, was educated at Harvard, graduating in 1690.

He was a fellow of Yale College from 1711, until his death, June 1, 1728, age 58.

"What of him first took our thoughts was his Comely, Serene, and Majestik Aspect — his Pleasant, yet grave and Solemn Deportment, every way becoming the great Excellencies of his mind, always commanding our Reverence, and attracting our love. Most happy was he in a meek, composed, peaceable and pleasant disposition. He excelled in a peculiar sweetness and goodness of temper, and in a Beneficent love to Mankind. This, his love most diffusive — tho especially directed to such where the Christian appeared, yet led him to do good to all, and to the greatest distance from speaking Evil of any.

"He was Hearty and Real in his affection to his friend, Faithful to his interest, obliging and sincere in the expressions of his friendship, and wholly unpracticed in the arts of Dissimulation."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The eldest son of the preceding was Rev. Thomas Ruggles II, a graduate of Yale in 1723, and the spring following his father's death, was ordained in the Guildford Church Mar. 26, 1729, as his father's successor. Here he spent the rest of his life, much loved by his congregation. He died Nov. 19, 1770, aged 65. He was a fellow of Yale during the last 24 years of his life. In the discourse pronounced at his funeral he is spoken of as "A man of sound understanding, a solid judgment, a penetrating genius, a very strong and tenacious memory.

"His attainments in valuable and useful learning were very considerable. True philosophy he loved, and was well acquainted with the principles there of.

"He was a judicious and orthodox divine. His preaching was solid and weighty, practical and serious. He was a cautious temper; an able counsellor; grave but affable, pleasant and facetious in converse.

"He loved peace. He was noted for the hospitality of his house; and a lover of good men; and a friend to mankind."

* * *

From British Encyclopedia:

Theodora Ruggles Timby, 1819-1909, born Dover, N.Y., invented in 1841 the "Revolving Turret" to be placed on battle ships. The Government paid him $5000.00 for each turret he made.

Soon afterward, the **Monitor** thus equipped, met the **Merrimac**, and gained the famous victory through use of this revolving turret.

He also invented a system of coast defenses, such as sighting and firing of heavy guns by electricity. He planned a cordon across a channel; planetary and subterranean system; and numerous modifications of the Turret.

* * *

* * *

* * *

The Pettibone Family

* * *

To America, 1650

* * *

An early authority once made an interesting suggestion concerning the original derivation of the name Pettibone. He states that in Venice, Italy, is the ancient name Petri — buoni, meaning Peter-bon, or Good Peter.

This would imply a descent from Saint Peter! Which the Pettibone family might worthily claim, for in their patrimonial generations is found a strain of eminence that has created ministers, doctors, missionaries, military leaders, in every generation since the first.

A later tradition states that the Pettibone family came from Wales into England, at the time of the Cromwellian Wars, and it is believed the first John Pettibone, 1635-1713, was a soldier under Cornwell (who died 1658).

After the war John emigrated to America in 1650.

Born in **1635** this would make John 15 or 16, quite young for a soldier. But even in youth John Pettibone I, must have possessed mature, reassuring qualities that marked his later descendants as astute citizens.

In 1650, John still in his teens, settled in Windsor, Conn., the village founded 15 years previously by — among others — Simon Mills I and Begat Eggleston (who was to become John's father-in-law, 14 years later!)

John was made a freeman in 1658, at age of 23.

His name is first mentioned in records of Windsor Land Grants, in 1666, when John was 31.

Fourteen years passed after he came in 1650, before he was married in 1664, at the age of 29.

On February 16, 1664, he married Sarah Eggleston, aged 21, b. 1643, the lovely daughter of worthy old Begat Eggleston, and his excellent wife, Mary Talcott Eggleston, pre-eminent among the founders of Windsor.

These Eggleston, Talcott, Pettibone progenitors established many highly respected families in early America. The Talcott name is carried on today as ''Talcott Mountain,'' the historical crest overlooking Simsbury.

* * *

Three years after John and Sarah Eggleston Pettibone were married, a new settlement was opened up in 1667, just across the Farmington River (then called Tunxus), from Windsor.

John and Sarah were among the first 40 families, of younger members from Windsor, to take up grants.

In a rich section called ''Meadow Plane'' in Weatogue-east, grants were made to John Pettibone; Simon Mills II; and Bissells — nearby, in Westover Plain, were the Phelps and Humphrey families. These names are mentioned as they are seen so frequently in following intermarriages, making us lineal descendants of all of them.

(In **1962**, we stayed at a ''Pettibone Inn,'' a former Pettibone home in Simsbury (Weatogue in the shadow of Talcott mountain), which may have been the original land grant to John and Sarah Eggleston Pettibone, though of course a later home.)

John and Sara were members of the first church in Simsbury.

At least six or seven Pettibone generations have lived in Simsbury; there may even be descendants still living there. The beautiful little graveyard is practically filled with Pettibone headstones marking graves through the century.

Simsbury is a charming village, the historical site of the Indian uprising in 1676, under King Phillip (spoken of in the chapter of **Simon Mills II**).

* * *

The following geneological data of Pettibone families was compiled in **1854**, by Mr. I. Fayette Pettibone, a missionary, while on a visit in his old Simsbury home.

These notes were then in the possession of Judge John Owen Pettibone, an elderly gentleman, one of the prominent citizens of Simsbury.

His notes had been written mostly on fragments of paper with no attempt to preserve them, or put them in order. Had not the compiler in 1854, secured them by having them published in a small pamphlet, most would probably have been lost.

One of these pamphlets is still in existance (1935) in the possession of Mrs. Charlotte Pettibone Gilbert (daughter of Robert Pettibone) of 5745 Dorchester Avenue, Chicago. Through her courtesy I was allowed to copy these facts:

* * *

The Pettibone Generations

I. **John Pettibone I**, b. 1635, d. July 15, 1713. m. Feb. 16, 1664, **Sarah Eggleston**, b. 1643, d. July 8, 1713. John's death occurred just one week after Sarah's. He was 78, she was 70.

* * *

In their old age, John and Sarah lived with one of his sons. In 1876, this house, in Simsbury, was still in good preservation, still in possession of family. In this house John and Sarah died.

* * *

Sarah Eggleston Pettibone 1643-1713, was the daughter of worthy old Begat Eggleston, 1580-1694, born in England, came to America 1630.

Begat's wife was Mary Talcott Eggleston, whose brother John Talcott was an early Governor. The Talcott family was prominent both in England and the colonies.

Children of **John Pettibone I**, 1635-1713, and **Sarah Eggleston Pettibone**, 1643-1713. [Interesting to note the number of lines through which we (Mills) go back to John I and Sarah!]

* * *

1. **John Pettibone II.** June 15, 1665. m. **Mary Bissell.** (A **Mills Line.**) See Chart.
2. **Sarah Pettibone.** Sept. 24, 1667. m. **John Mills.** 1668-1697. (A Mills Line.)
3. **Stephen Pettibone.** Oct. 3, 1669. m. **Deborah Bissell.**
4. **Samuel Pettibone.** Sept. 2, 1672, d. Feb. 11, 1747. m. **Judith Shepard.** (A **Mills Line**).
5. **Rebecca Pettibone,** Mar. 9, 1675. d. Oct. 13, 1731. m. **Thomas Holcomb.**
6. **Henry Pettibone.** June 20, 1677.
7. **Ann Pettibone.** Mar. 11, 1679. m. **John Holcomb.**
8. **Benjamin Pettibone.** May 28, 1682. d. Mar. 12, 1705.
9. **Joseph Pettibone.** Mar. 11, 1688. d. Sept. 14, 1762. m. **Thanks Adams** (Sister of Hanna Adams Mills).

* * *

* * *

The fore mentioned children will each be traced, and their descendants completed (so far as is known) **before taking the next child.**

I. **John Pettibone II** (first child of John I and Sarah Eggleston Pettibone). b. June 15, 1665, Windsor, Conn. m. **Mary Bissell,** m. Dec. 18, 1690. Lived in Simsbury Conn., on east side of Farmington River, Weatogue. (See Chart for Mills **descent.**) Their Children:

1. **Mary Pettibone,** Mar. 24, 1693. d. Aug. 20, 1714.
2. **John Pettibone III,** Oct. 3, 1695, June 22, 1767. m. **Damaris Humphrey,** a farmer living on his father's farm in Simsbury. Lieutenant of Company at Crown Point, 1756.
    1. **Ithiel,** Dec. 18, 1737.
    2. **John IV,** m. **Susanh Adams.**
    3. **Charity,** Mar. 18, 1781. d. Jan. 2, 1852. m. **Her cousin, Sylvanus Humphrey,** Sept. 22, 1763.
3. **Samuel Pettibone** (3rd child of John II and Mary Bissell Pettibone). b. July 26, 1698, d. 1787. m. **Mary Porter** Jan. 23, 1721. Windsor. Removed to Goshen, Litchfield Co., Conn. A lawyer of superior merit. Appointed first King's Attorney of Co., 1751. Children:
    1. **David,** Mar. 1722 - May 1722.
    2. **Mary,** Mar. 27 - 1723.
    3. **Eli,** Dec. 13, 1724, m. **Phoebe Cook,** 1751. Constable in Norfolk.
        1. **Lois,** Nov. 25, 1752.
        2. **Eli II,** Oct. 6, 1754. d. 1754.
        3. **Eli,** Oct. 9, 1755.
        4. **Jacob.**
        5. **Seth.**
    4. **Roger,** Dec. 27, 1727. m. **Hannah Cook,** sister of Eli's wife. June 22, 1752.
        1. **Abel,** Oct. 1, 1754.
        2. **Eleanor,** Sept. 11, 1757.
        3. **Elisha,** June 13, 1760.
        4. **Roger,** Aug. 28, 1762.
        5. **Hannah.**
    5. **Jonathan,** May 15, 1730. m. **Mary Phelps,** Mar. 11, 1757. (dau. of Amos **Phelps** and **Sarah Pettibone.**) (See chart for Mills Descent.) Lived Lanesboro and New Haven.
        1. **Mary,** Aug. 9, 1759 - Dec. 27, 1774.
        2. **Amos,** April 13, 1761 - Sept. 18, 1850.
        3. **Abigail,** May 4, 1763.
        4. **Philo,** Mar. 1, 1765.
        5. **Sarah,** Aug. 31, 1768.
        6. **Anna,** 1770-1775.
        7. **Louise,** Jan. 1, 1772.
        8. **Anna,** Feb. 1777.
        9. **Johathan,** 1779-1783.
    6. **Abigail,** Feb. 12, 1773.
    7. **Sarah,** June 12, 1735.
    8. **Ann,** Feb. 17, 1738, m. **Asa Gillette,** Vermont.
    9. **Samuel,** Dec. 19, 1740, Aug. 11, 1822. m. **Rhoda Bridgeman,** Jan., 1768. Lanesboro, Mass., then Manchester, Vt.

1. Lucy, Nov. 20, 1768.
2. Rhoda, Sept. 12, 1770.
3. Mehittable, 1772 - Nov. 9, 1776.
4. Samuel, 1774 - Nov. 9, 1776.
5. Mehittable, Nov. 21, 1776.
6. Samuel, Sept. 15, 1778.
7. Electa, Feb. 21, 1781.
8. Ann, Feb. 27, 1782.
9. John, May 18, 1786.
10. Daniel, May 15, 1734. m. ________ Brown.
    1. Daniel, Oct. 22, 1770.
    2. Levi, July 15, 1772.
    3. John, July 16, 1774.
    4. Sarah, Jan. 24, 1776.
    5. Samuel, Apr. 18, 1780.
11. John, Feb. 22, 1746.

4. Catherine (4th child of John II and Mary Bissell Pettibone), b. March 14, 1700.
5. Abigail. m. David Phelps, Apr. 25, 1731.
   1. David Phelps.
   2. Elisha Phelps.
   3. Noah Phelps.
   4. Abigail Phelps.
   5. Rachel Phelps.
   6. Ruth Phelps.
   7. Sarah Phelps.
   8. Susanna Phelps.
   9. Lois Phelps.
6. Sarah Pettibone, b. ca 1704 (last child of John II and Mary Bissell Pettibone). m. Amos Phelps, July 1, 1723. (Son of Joseph Phelps and Mary Case Phelps.)
   1. John Phelps, June 20, 1724, Simsbury. m. Thanks Wilcox, June 15, 1741. Moved to Norfolk, Connecticut.
      1. Thanks Phelps, Dec. 11, 1742.
      2. John Phelps, Feb. 5, 1745.
      3. Martha Phelps, August 14, 1747. m. Samuel Pettibone, Norfolk. (See chart.)
         1. Martha Pettibone, 1776-1855. m. Augustus Mills, 1772-1847.
      4. Amos Phelps, Mar. 31, 1750.
      5. Darius Phelps, Oct. 15, 1752.
      6. Sarah Phelps, Aug. 12, 1754.
      7. Jedediah Phelps, May 12, 1756.
   2. Sarah Phelps, Jan. 23, 1729.
   3. Timothy Phelps, Apr. 11, 1738.
   4. Dorothy Phelps, Aug. 8, 1734.
   5. Mary Phelps, m. Mar. 11, 1757, Jonhathan Pettibone, May 31, 1775. (Son of Col. Jonathan Pettibone, Aug. 12, 1741. d. Mar. 20, 1826. m. Hannah Owen, dau. of John and Esther Humphrey Owen. Col. Jonathan had "tavern" in Simsbury.)

* * *

5. **Stephen,** Sept. 1755. Was killed by Indians in 1779 while at work on his farm, Wyoming Valley.
6. **Dolly,** June 9, 1757.
7. **Lydia,** Dec. 1759.
8. **Oliver,** May 13, 1762. d. Mar. 17, 1832, m. **Martha Payne,** dau. of Barnabas Payne of Amenia, N.Y. Dec. 21, 1783. His first three children b. in Amenia and Livingston Manor; the remaining ten in Pennsylvania. His wife d. Dec. 25, 1833. Children:
    1. **Oliver,** Sept. 9, 1784 - Dec. 6, 1813.
    2. **Esther,** Sept. 15, 1785.
    3. **Payne,** Jan. 24, 1787 - Aug. 13, 1814.
    4. **Joshua,** Aug. 31, 1788.
    5. **Marcia,** Nov. 3, 1790 - July, 1865.
    6. **Lucy,** Sept. 12, 1792 - Jan. 12, 1842.
    7. **Mary,** Oct. 21, 1794 - Jan. 19, 1869.
    8. **Nancy,** Nov. 13, 1796.
    9. **Noah,** July 27, 1798 - Dec. 11, 1866.
    10. **Hulda,** Feb. 14, 1801 - Nov. 25, 1801.
    11. **Henry,** Oct. 5, 1802 - May 5, 1861.
    12. **Martha,** Dec. 30, 1804 - Feb. 26, 1838.
    13. **Stephen,** Feb. 2, 1807 - Aug. 5, 1810.

4. **David,** fourth child of **Stephen** and **Deborah Bissell Pettibone.** b. April 18, 1716 - Oct. 3, 1719.
5. **Thankful.** Dec. 19, 1721. m. ________ **Bush.**

* * *

IV. **Samuel Pettibone I,** 4th child of **John I** and **Sarah Eggleston Pettibone.** Samuel, b. Sept. 2, 1672 - d. Feb. 11, 1747. m. **Judith Shepard,** b. Jan. 11, 1679, of Concord. (Spelled Sheppard, Shepherd, etc.) Judith was daughter of **Ralph Shepard** and wife **Thanks Lord** of Concord. These are ancestors of **Hannah Adams Mills.** Hence shall be included here. The Mills line goes back to Samuel I in two different lines.)

* * *

The Shepard Line

Ralph and Thanks Lord Shepard:

1. **Abraham Shepard I, Concord.** m. on Jan. 2, 1673, **Judith Sill** (dau. of **Randolph Sill** and **Judith Philbrook Sill,** of Concord). Children of **Abraham I** and **Judith Sill Shepard.**
    1. **Sarah Shepard,** Sept. 10, 1674.
    2. **Abraham Shepard II,** Mar. 25, 1677.
    3. **Judith Shepard,** Jan. 11, 1679. m. **Samuel Pettibone,** 1672-1747.
    4. **Hepzibah Shepard,** May 9, 1681.
    5. **Thanks Shepard,** Jan. 30, 1683. m. **Daniel Adams II,** 1678-1712.
        1. **Hannah Adams,** 1709-1776. m. **Joseph Mills,** 1694-1783.
    6. **Mary Shepard,** Jan. 3, 1686.
    7. **Hannah Shepard,** bapt. 1689.

* * *

II. **Sarah Pettibone**, second child of **John I** and **Sarah Eggleston Pettibone**, 1643. b. Sept. 24, 1667, d. Apr. 3, 1748. m. **John Mills**, 1668, Mar. 11, 1697.

1. **John Mills**, 1692.
2. **Joseph Mills**, b. 1694, m. **Hannah Adams**, 1709. See **Mills** Geneology.
3. **Benjamin Mills**, 1694.
4. **Sarah Mills**, 1697-1797, age 101. A century sermon was preached to her by Rev. Jeremiah Hallock. She m. **Sam'l. Fuller**, **Francis Garrett**, and **Joseph Woodford**. The Northway line descends from her.

Sarah Pettibone Mills, m. (2) **Deacon John Humphrey**, father of celebrated Gen. David Humphrey.

5. **John Humphrey**.
6. **Benajah Humphrey**.
7. **Michael Humphrey**.
8. **Daniel Humphrey**.
9. **Hannah Humphrey**.

* * *

III. **Stephen Pettibone** (3rd child of John I and Sarah Eggleston Pettibone). b. Oct. 3, 1669. d. 1739, aged 70. m. **Deborah Bissell**, Windsor, Conn. Removed to Simsbury, where the records in 1718 state: "The town agreed with Stephen Pettibone to sweep the Meeting House for 15 shillings. He likewise is to dig graves, also prepare and carry water to Meeting House for baptism of children."

1. **Stephen II**, d. Dec. 11, 1750. m. June 5, 1744, **Rachel Segar**. No children.
2. **Jacob**, 1710 - Nov. 19, 1772. m. **Mrs. Jemiua Cornish Barbar**.
    1. **Luranna**, Feb. 9, 1750. m. **Isaac Ensign**.
2. **Jacob**, 1710 - Nov. 19, 1772. m. **Mrs. Jemina Cornish Barber**.
        1. **Rosetta**.
        2. **Amanda**.
        3. **Jacob**.
        4. **Harry**.
    3. **Martha**, July 12, 1754. m. **John Fletcher**.
    4. **David**, Sept. 5, 1756. m. **Naomi Case**.
        1. **Namoi**.
        2. **Lydia**.
        3. **Deborah**.
        4. **Charlotte**.
        5. **Thankful**.
3. **Noah**, April 16, 1714. m. **Hulda Williams**, 1745. After death of wife, he moved from Simsbury to Wyoming Valley, Penn. He was living there at the time of Wyoming massacre by the Indians. His wife was killed. He returned to Conn. and lived with his married daughters in Stockbridge, Mass. Later he returned to Wyoming Valley and enlarged his farm which in 1876 was in possession of descendants of Oliver Pettibone. Noah's Children:
    1. **Esther**, June 1747.
    2. **Hulda**, Aug. 1749.
    3. **Noah II**, Nov. 1751. m. **Lucy Scott**, May 11, 1778. Was killed two months afterward by Indians on July 3, 1778.
    4. **Hannah**, Oct. 18, 1753.

Continuing with Samuel Pettibone, 1672-1747, and Judith Shepard Pettibone, 1679. Samuel was one of the foremost men in Simsbury, Conn., where he spent his entire life.

The family of Samuel and Judith contains several of our "ancestors:"

* * *

1. **Samuel Pettibone II,** 1700 - Nov. 26, 1752. m. **Elizabeth Thrall,** Simsbury.
   1. **Abraham Pettibone,** 1727 - Jan. 19, 1797. m. **Jerusha Pinney,** d. Sept. 5, 1777 of Burlington, Conn.
      1. **Abraham,** 1751 - Nov. 27, 1834.
      2. **Chauncey.**
      3. **Norman.**
      4. **Theodore,** 1761 - Feb. 23, 1821.
      5. **Alexander,** 1763 - Mar. 31, 1801.
      6. **Theopholis,** 1769 - Mar. 10, 1834.
      7. **Samuel III.**
   2. **Elizabeth,** Dec. 5, 1725 - Jan. 10, 1792. m. **Ezekiel Humphrey,** Oct. 2, 1740. He died Mar. 13, 1795, aged 75. They lived in Canton (part of Simsbury). Had 10 children. A daughter m. her cousin **Alexander,** above.
2. **Hepzibah Pettibone.** (2nd child of Samuel I and Judith Shepard Pettibone.) (Named after her Aunt Hepzibah Shepard.) b. 1702 - d. Feb. 24, 1755. m. **Charles Humphrey.** (Another pair of Mills ancestors.) Children of Hepzibah Pettibone and Charles Humphrey:
   1. **Hepzibah Humphrey,** Oct. 26, 1724. m. **Isaac Pettibone,** 1711-1771. Their Son:
      1. **Samuel Pettibone,** 1743, m. **Martha Phelps,** 1747. Their daughter:
         1. **Martha Pettibone,** 1776-1855. m. **Augustus Mills,** 1772-1847.
   2. **Doreas Humphrey,** Feb. 24, 1727. m. **Dudley Case.**
   3. **Judith Humphrey,** July 11, 1729. m. (1) **William Case.** (2) **Jonathan Case.**
   4. **Caroline Humphrey,** Feb. 25, 1732. m. Feb. 9, 1749, **Benajah Humphrey.**
   5. **Charles Humphrey,** Mar. 6, 1734. m. **Sarah Humphrey,** Mar. 3, 1754.
   6. **Sylvanous Humphrey,** Feb. 17, 1736, m. **Charity Pettibone.**
   7. **Maria Humphrey,** April 11, 1738. m. **Nathaniel Humphrey,** Jan. 2, 1755. (A family partial to marrying their cousins!)
   8. **Abraham Humphrey,** June 6, 1740.
   9. **Lot Humphrey,** May 19, 1743.
3. **Col. Jonathan Pettibone I,** 1709 - Sept. 26, 1776. Third child of Samuel and Judith Shepard Pettibone. Lived in Simsbury. m. **Martha Humphrey.** He was a Colonel in Revolutionary War. Was well educated. Followed farming. Was prominent during opening scenes of war. Was commissioned Col. of 18th Conn. Regiment of Militia, called out in 1776. When the call was made for troops to defend New York Col. Pettibone, then more than 60 years of age, but strong in love for his country, hastened with his regiment to respond to the call, but fell a victim to that fatal malady, camp distemper, prevailing to great extent thru out the encampments of the army. He started for home attended by his son Jonathan, but died and was buried at Rye, near White Plains, New York. A monument was erected to his memory in cemetery at Simsbury. Besides being prominent in military affairs, he was Justice of Peace for 16 years, and represented the town in Gen. Assembly 14 sessions. The name Col. Pettibone occurs 40 times in History of Simsbury. His wife, **Martha Humphrey Pettibone** was a woman of bravery and patriotism, judged by the fact she gave her husband — then 66 — and all her four sons to the service of their country. Three of her sons were

officers as well as their father. At one time all of the able bodied men of Simsbury were in service. Martha Humphrey Pettibone, d. Oct. 7, 1796, age 85. Children of Col. Jonathan and Martha Humphrey Pettibone:

1. **Major Giles Pettibone,** Dec. 9, 1735 - d. Mar. 17, 1810. A sketch of him appears later.

2. **Ozias Pettibone,** May 9, 1737, d. Sept. 9, 1812. m. **Sileyl Guernsey.** Granby, Conn. Several times represented town in State Legislature. Children:
   1. **Chauncey**
   2. **Ozias**
   3. **Martha**
   4. **Anna**
   5. **Jane**
   6. **Sibyl**

3. **Rosanna Pettibone,** Aug. 19, 1739. d. Oct. 15, 1813. Was one of settlers of Norfolk, Conn. Married **Egekiel Wilcox** who d. in Revolution of Smallpox, age 39. She lived in Norfolk near Isaac Pettibone in Loon Meadow District, where many Mills relatives resided. Judge Michael Mills wrote an interesting story about "Rosanna's Wedding Dress" (see later reference) and about the night she was lost in the woods. Rosanna's Children:
   1. **Egekiel Wilcox,** d. in infancy.
   2. **Rosannah Wilcox,** m. **Eden Mills.** See story of Hessian tree in Mills.
   3. **Charlotte Wilcox,** m. **Col. Noah Amherst Phelps** of Simsbury. Rosanna and Charlotte were known as "Flowers of Norfolk."
   4. **Ezekiel Wilcox,** m. **Olive Welch** in Norfolk. Moved to Ohio with many of Norfolk relatives.

4. **Liet. and Col. Jonathan Pettibone II.** (Fourth child of Col. Jonathan and Martha Humphrey Pettibone.) b. Aug. 12, 1741 - Mar. 20, 1826. Married **Hannah Owen,** daughter of **John and Esther Humphrey Owen.** Hannah managed the farm while her father and brothers were absent in Revol. with only a young lad to help.
   1. **Martha Pettibone,** May 16, 1770. d. Dec. 9, 1821. m. **Austin Phelps.**
   2. **Hannah Pettibone,** Feb. 9, 1773 - d. Nov. 1, 1830. m. **Waite Latimer.**
   3. **Jonathan,** May 31, 1775 - Sept. 19, 1829.
   4. **Dorinda,** Apr. 5, 1778 - Mar. 15, 1857.
   5. **Harlow,** Apr. 7, 1781 - Feb. 27, 1823. m. **Nancy Cornish.**
   6. **Samuel,** Feb. 21, 1784 - Aug. 26, 1820. m. **Catherine Mills,** daughter of **Elder Jared and Joanna Case Mills.**
   7. **Hon. John Owen Pettibone,** Oct. 22, 1787 - d. Aug. 19, 1876. Grad. of Yale 1805. Many years Probate Judge of Simsbury. Served in State Senate. Lived in original John Pettibone home. Large land holder.
   8. **Virgil,** April 2, 1790 - Oct. 24, 1864. Probate Judge and other offices.

5. **Martha Pettibone,** fifth child of **Col. Jonathan and Martha Humphrey Pettibone.** b. Dec. 3, 1743 - d. Mar. 25, 1749. Age 6.

6. **Annis,** b. Nov. 17, 1745 - Mar. 14, 1821. m. **Capt. Joseph Humphrey.**
   1. **Joseph Humphrey.**
   2. **Mark Humphrey.**
   3. **Luke Humphrey.**
   4. **Celia Humphrey.**
   5. **Annis Humphrey.**

7. **Ahijah,** May 25, 1749. Drowned in Farmington River Apr. 15, 1784. m. 1. **Eunice Pease.** Norfolk. m. 2. **Dorcas Cornish.** Their children:
    1. **Ahijah,** Nov. 2, 1771.
    2. **Dorcas,** Dec. 31, 1773.
    3. **Annis,** Dec. 3, 1776.
    4. **Rhoda,** Mar. 14, 1779.
    5. **Elias.**
    6. **Elisha.**

4. **Isaac Pettibone** (one of our lines), fourth child of Samuel and Judith Shepard Pettibone. b. June 19, 1711 - d. 1771, age 60. m. Feb. 12, 1738 to his cousin, **Hepzibah Humphrey,** b. 1724. (Dau. of Hepzibah Pettibone and Charles Humphrey.) Isaac Pettibone and Ezekiel Wilcox removed from Simsbury to Norfolk. Conn. and lived near each other on the hill, about a half mile east of Meeting House (near Capt. Michael Mills). Children of Issac and Hepzibah Humphrey Pettibone.
    1. **Hepzibah,** Jan. 13, 1739 - married **Noah Merrill,** Colbrook, Conn.
        1. **Noah.**
        2. **Freedom.**
        3. **Jeremiah.**
        4. **Roswell.**
    2. **Judith,** named for her grandmother. Sept. 7, 1741. m. **Joel Walter,** Norfolk.
        1. **Joel,** m. **Alice** and **Lucy Welch.**
        2. **Alfred.**
        3. **Ethan,** Goshen, Conn.
        4. **Judith,** m. **Francis Benedict.**
    3. **Samuel Pettibone,** 1743. (Mills Line.) m. **Martha Phelps,** Aug. 14, 1747. Norfolk. She was dau. of John Phelps, 1724 and wife Thanks Wilcox. John Phelps was son of Amos Phelps, 1723. m. Sarah Pettibone. dau. John II and Mary Bissell Pettibone. Children of Samuel and Martha Phelps Pettibone:
        1. **Dr. Luman Pettibone,** 1764. One of first settlers of Stockholm, N.Y., 1802.
        2. **Samuel Pettibone,** 1769 - Feb. 24, 1813.
        3. **Philo Pettibone,** Aug. 21, 1773 - Oct. 2, 1804.
        4. **Martha Pettibone,** Sept. 21, 1776 - d. Apr. 6, 1855. Married Sept. 3, 1792. her cousin **Augustus Mills,** b. Aug. 10, 1772. d. 1847. Named for his uncle Judge Augustus Pettibone, in Norfolk. They were first settlers of Wadsworth, Ohio. Their children:
            1. **Sylvia Mills,** Feb. 16, 1793 - d. June 22, 1840. Wadsworth, Ohio. m. **Judge Lemuel North.**
            2. **Julia Mills,** Oct. 22, 1796 - 1820. m. **Sherman Loomis.** First to Wadsworth, Ohio. Julia was second adult to die in Wadsworth when her baby was born.
            3. **Col. Henry Augustus Mills.** 1795 - Dec. 6, 1867. m. **Harriet Ruggles,** Oct. 17, 1799 - d. Apr. 11, 1844. My grandparents.
            4. **Philecta Editha Mills,** Apr. 7, 1799. d. 1842. m. **Daniel Warner,** Wadsworth.
            5. **Luman Pettibone Mills,** Feb. 9, 1801. d. Oct. 11, 1872. m. **Sylvia Pease.**
            6. **Philo Pettibone Mills,** July 8, 1805 - 1878. m. **Almoret Bates.**
            7. **Senator William Mills,** Oct. 22, 1809. m. **Lydia Hurlbut.**

            8. Martha Pettibone Mills, 1810-1890. m. David Miller.
            9. Nancy Mills, Jan. 25, 1813. m. Lorenzo Russell.
            10. Cyrus Curtis Mills, June 22, 1817. m. Harriet Hurlbut.
            11. John Lawrence Mills, 1820-1855. The families of the above given in Mills Line.
        5. Chauncey Pettibone, 1782 - Feb. 24, 1835.
        6. Amos Phelps Pettibone, 1786 - Feb. 19, 1864.
        7. Sylvia Pettibone.
    5. Abraham Pettibone (fifth Child of Samuel, 1672, and Judith Shepard Pettibone) (Named after Judith's father, Abraham Shepard.) b. Nov. 8, 1713. d. July 30, 1725. Age 12.

V. Rebecca Pettibone (fifth child of 1st generation John and Sarah Eggleston Pettibone), b. Mar. 9, 1675. d. Oct. 13, 1731. m. Thomas Holcomb, Mar. 6, 1700. He was a widower. Had 3 children.

* * *

VI. Henry Pettibone (sixth child of first generation). b. June 20, 1677. d. 1700. Unmarried.

* * *

VII. Ann Pettibone (seventh child of John and Sarah Eggleston Pettibone). b. Mar. 11, 1679. d. June 12, 1753. m. John Holcomb. 9 children.

1. Ann Holcomb.
2. Dinah Holcomb.
3. John Holcomb.
4. Ruth Holcomb.
5. Esther Holcomb.
6. Martha Holcomb.
7. Sarah Holcomb.
8. Asabel Holcomb.
9. Moses Holcomb.

* * *

VIII. Benjamin Pettibone (eighth child of John and Sarah Eggleston Pettibone). b. May 28, 1682. d. 1702. Unmarried.

* * *

IX. Sergeant Joseph Pettibone (9th child of John I and Sarah Eggleston Pettibone). b. Mar. 11, 1688. d. Sept. 14, 1762. m. Thanks Adams, sister of Hannah Adams Mills, who d. Nov. 2, 1724. m. (2) Hannah Large, May 11, 1726. Apr. 16, 1758. Children of Joseph and Thanks Adams Pettibone.

1. Joseph, Feb. 26, 1715. Died young.
2. Mary, July 28, 1718. Feb. 6, 1737. Age 18.
3. Bathsheba, Apr. 25, 1721. m. Robert Kennedy, Oct. 15, 1739. Children:
    1. Bathsheba Kennedy.
    2. Mary Kennedy.
    3. Eleanor Kennedy.

   2nd marriage to Benjamin Grimes.
    4. Benjamin Grimes.
    5. Mary Grimes.
4. Children of Joseph and Hannah Large Pettibone. Abel Pettibone, Dec. 17, 1727. m. Elizabeth Case.

1. **Elizabeth,** Dec. 28, 1749.
2. **Hannah,** May 21, 1752.
3. **Sarah,** Mar. 18, 1755.
4. **Lydia,** 1758 - Oct. 10, 1821.
5. **Joseph,** June 26, 1759.
6. **Ruth,** July 1, 1762.
7. **Abel,** 1772 - Jan. 2, 1847.
8. **Rosanna.**
9. **Lucy.**

5. **Hannah,** Oct. 29, 1730. Not married.
6. **Timothy,** Dec. 29, 1734. Not married.
7. **Joseph,** Dec. 30, 1736. May 28, 1737 - 1 year.
8. **Dudley,** Aug. 3, 1742, m. **Mary Latimer,** Feb. 27, 1766.
   Often represented Simsbury in State Legislature.
   1. **Polly,** Jan. 19, 1767 - Sept. 15, 1770.
   2. **Rosetta,** Mar. 25, 1769 - Dec. 28, 1826.
   3. **Dudley,** Sept. 30, 1771. Mar.28, 1793.
   4. **Polly,** Sept. 19, 1776. June 17, 1850.

* * *

A sketch of Giles Pettibone of the Fourth Generation.

* * *

Col. Giles Pettibone, son of Col. Jonathan and Martha Humphrey Pettibone, was born in Simsbury, Dec. 9, 1735. Died in Norfolk, Ct. Mar. 27, 1810 — aged 75. He was one of the first settlers of Norfolk, 1758. Was Judge, Major, and Colonel.

He married his cousin Daziah Humphrey (also spelled Desire). She was daughter of Col. Jonathan Humphrey II. She died June 6, 1775, aged 34. He married (2) Margaret Holcomb. Children by his first wife:

1. **Giles II,** May 15, 1760 - Feb. 27, 1811. m. **Louisa Pease,** Norfolk.
2. **Cephas,** Sept. 16, 1763. Mar. 30, 1846. No descendants.
3. **Judge Augustus,** Feb. 19, 1766 - Oct. 1, 1847. He married **Susan Lawrence,** dau. of **Ariel Lawrence** (brother of **Mercy Lawrence Mills.**) She d. same day as her husband, age 81.
4. **Daziah,** Feb. 2, 1769 - Sept. 25, 1836.
5. **Sarah,** May 12, 1771.

Child of **Giles Pettibone** and second wife **Margaret Holcomb Pettibone:**

6. **Jonathan,** Jan. 15, 1777.
7. **Sereno,** Nov. 9, 1778. Nov. 16, 1826, age 48. A man of excellent ability and education. A lawyer, graduate of Williams, 1800. Died in Norfolk in prime of life.
8. **Judge Levi,** Dec. 7, 1780. A Judge of Probate in Missouri. In 1881 was in 101 year.
9. **Josiah,** June 16, 1782.
10. **Judge Rufus,** May 26, 1784-1825. Graduated at Williams, 1805. A lawyer of brilliant talents and education. Circuit Judge; Chief Justice of State.
11. **Lucy,** Feb. 9, 1787 - Feb. 21, 1845.
12. **Jerusha,** Sept. 18, 1791 - Jan. 12, 1806, age 15.

* * *

The family was held in high esteem. A picture included in this sketch of Col. Giles Pettibone's house in which the first town meeting of Norfolk was held on Dec. 12, 1758 (Giles was then but 23 years old.) This house is still standing (1896) and occupied by one of the **third**, one of the **fifth**, and three of the **sixth** generations of the lineal descendants of Rosanna Pettibone Wilcox, daughter of Col. Jonathan Pettibone.

Giles Pettibone (Judge and Major) in 1757, removed from Simsbury, Conn. to Litchfield County, Conn. and settled in that portion which the next year, 1758, was incorporated as Norfolk.

An unpublished manuscript by Judge Michael Frederick Mills, son of Captain Michael Mills of Revolutionary days, tells that among the pioneers of Norfolk, Conn., were Isaac Pettibone, Michael Mills, Joseph Mills II, Gideon Lawrence, Eli Pettibone, Samuel Mills, and Giles Pettibone. The Mills, Pettibone, and Lawrence families that inter-married both in Simsbury, and Norfolk, seem to have made up a good share of the original 44 citizens of Norfolk (27 families).

Giles Pettibone was the first representative from Norfolk to the General Assembly, a position which he occupied for 26 sessions. He was Judge of Probate from 1779 to 1807; Justice of Peace for 30 years; and treasurer of town for 40 years. He served in the Revolutionary War, being Captain of the Norfolk Militia Company when the war opened. Beside his homework for the service, he led his company to Saratoga in the alarm of 1777 (he was then 42 years old). He was a commissioned officer at the battles of Saratoga, and the capture of Burgoyne, and in the campaigns on the Hudson where he served one or two terms, keeping a lookout between the American and British lines, a work requiring peculiar vigilance and skill. At the end of his term he received public approbation from his commander in the presence of the army. He obtained the rank of Major before the war closed.

Giles Pettibone was appointed Judge in 1773, age of 38. He held this office until 1777, when he was appointed Judge of Probate till he resigned in May 1807, at age of 72, three years before his death. At his resignation his son, Augustus Pettibone Esq., was appointed Judge of Probate.

Many of the early meetings of Norfolk were held at the Giles Pettibone home. Before leaving Simsbury, a committee meeting was held on Dec. 18, 1754 at which it was voted to "lay out convenient highways" in the new home. On this committee were appointed Jonathan Pettibone and Daniel Lawrence.

The second proprietor's meeting was held in **Norfolk**, May 7, 1755. Those who drew for lots were Jonathan Pettibone, Isaac Pettibone, and Daniel Lawrence, Jr. (From an unpublished manuscript of Judge Michael Mills.)

At a town meeting Sept. 21, 1758, there was a petition to "set up the order of the Gospel." The Committee appointed was Joseph Mills, Samuel Mills, Isaac Pettibone, and Eli Pettibone.

At a town meeting, Giles Pettibone in the chair, it was ordered that the town have a right to order and direct in respect to singing in public worship. Joseph Mills Jr. was one of five choristers appointed.

On Dec. 20, at 9:00 A.M. at a meeting at Giles Pettibone's home, Joseph Mills was appointed to procure preaching in the town.

Sept. 18, 1759, at Giles Pettibone's home, it was voted to build a meeting-house in Norfolk.

The committee to establish a uniform price for labor was Giles Pettibone and Michael Mills I.

On Sept. 20, 1774, at a town meeting, Giles Pettibone moderator, it was voted to pay a rate of ½ penny on a pound, to raise money to buy a town stock of powder.

* * *

Martha Pettibone Mills, 1776-1855, wife of Augustus Mills, 1772-1847, named several of her children after her brothers and sisters: Luman Pettibone Mills, 1801-1872; Philo Pettibone Mills, 1805-1878; Martha Pettibone Mills, 1810-1890; and after the Mills family, Cyrus Curtis Mills, 1817; Sylvia Mills, 1793; strange that no Thanks appeared! These were uncles and aunts of my father Azor Ruggles Mills, 1827-1901.

Dr. Luman Pettibone of the fifth generation (a brother of Martha Pettibone Mills) was born in Norfolk, Conn. in 1764. He removed to Orwell, Vt. and later was one of the first settlers of Stockholm, N.Y. in 1802.

Luman's son, Philo Pettibone (named after his father's brother), graduated from Oneida Institue, and Andover. On April 8, 1840, Philo married Louisa Foster, b. 1815, in Andover, Mass. She was the daughter of Timothy Foster whose ancestors had come from England, 1638.

Louisa and her four sisters each named their first son, Foster. Sir Walter Besant wrote a book "The Beautiful Dorothy Foster"—the life story of one of the early Fosters.

Rev. Philo Pettibone of the 6th generation, held his first pastorate at Mercer, Penn. His second at Fitchberg, Mass. He then went back to Stockholm, N.Y. (where his father, Luman had settled.)

In 1856, Rev. Philo, with his family came as a missionary to Wisconsin; first to Kenosha, and in 1858 to Burlington, Wis. where he was minister of the first organized church, which in 1858 became Congregational.

Rev. Philo Pettibone was much interested in upright reforms, and was an ardent abolitionist. This was reflected in the code of Rules he drew up for this new church. Excerpts are:

"The members of this church shall not engage in slave holding or in apologizing for slavery. Members shall totally abstain from the manufacture, sale or use of all intoxicating liquors, except for mechanical, chemical or medicinal purposes, and in all their relations ecclesiastical or social, they shall exert themselves to put an end to the manufacture, sale or use of such liquors except for the purposes named."

Rev. Philo and Louisa Foster Pettibone had six children:

1. **Philo Foster,** b. Apr. 28, 1841, Mercer, Penn.
2. **George Whitfield,** July 26, 1846, Stockholm, N.Y.
3. **Robert Sweetser,** Sept. 6, 1849, Stockholm, N.Y.

   (Robert's dau., Charlotte, Mrs. N. C. Gilbert of Chicago, kindly allowed me to copy the Pettibone data, herein, from a pamphlet in her possession, which had been compiled in 1854 – one of the last of such pamphlets in existence.)
4. **Luman Augustine,** Oct. 5, 1853, Stockholm, N.Y.
5. **Florence Amelia,** Jan. 26, 1855, Stockholm, N.Y.
6. **Howard Culver,** Apr. 18, 1864, Burlington, Wis.

* * *

A few anecdotes concerning this family in Burlington, Wis. follows:

When Robert was a small boy he would put his wooden shoes in the oven to warm on cold winter mornings. Then he would go out in the cold to take care of Deacon Durgin's cow!

One of the boys went on foot to Camp Collie, on upper Lake Geneva. On his way home he lost his bearings, but finally thought of climbing a tree that he might be able to sight some familiar landmark. By doing so, he sighted the spire of the church in Burlington, and thus found his way home.

All boys like to see a circus, but whenever a circus came to town, the boys would anxiously scan the billboards. If bareback riders in tights and short fluffy skirts were conspicuously shown they knew there was no chance of seeing the show. On the other hand, if the horses, dogs, lions, tigers and elephants were prominently shown, that was quite all right "in so much as the animals were God's creatures and there could be no harm in viewing them." In that case Rev. Philo would take the whole family, and in fact enjoy it himself as much as the boys.

Rev. Philo was a very jovial man, but he considered meal time a solemn occasion. Luman and his little sister Flo were very often sent away from the table because they laughed aloud.

The oldest son, Philo Foster Pettibone, was always very proud of the fact that his father took him to attend the National Convention in Chicago in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was nominated. Because he missed school for this, he lost his position at the head of the class, and had to take zero in all the classes he missed. But he never regretted it. While in Beloit College he also heard the Lincoln-Douglas debates at Freeport, Ill.

Rev. Philo remained with the church in Burlington until 1862. Then he moved his family to Beloit, Wis., a college town, so that his boys could be educated. The affection of the people in his church was shown by the fact that each member had his photograph taken (an expensive thing in that day) and an album was presented to the departing Pettibones. This interesting collection is now in the possession

of the Burlington Historical Society. The portrait of Rev. Philo C. Pettibone has hung all these years in the church at Burlington.

At Beloit, Rev. Philo became the financial agent for the college. It was during the difficult years of the Civil War, that he raised the money for Memorial Hall, which is now the Logan Museum. Prior to the time of his death in 1870, he was financial agent for the Chicago Theological Seminary.

Luman Pettibone, the son of Rev. Philo attended Beloit Academy, Beloit College, and Yale Divinity Seminary. Upon graduating he was called to Burlington to fill the vacant pastorate of the Plymouth Congregational Church. This was in July, 1880, and he stayed until Sept., 1895. He died in 1896. He had a great influence for good over the young people of the church. He organized one of the first Christian Endeavor Societies in Wisconsin. He married in 1886, Alma Meinhardt, and to them were born three daughters: Louise, Cornelia (Mrs. Dudley, the mother of Foster, David and Charles Dudley), and Dorothy.

* * *

An old scrapbook with many entries in the handwriting of Philo C. Pettibone is in the possession of Mrs. Charlotte Pettibone Gilbert, the oldest daughter of Robert.

* * *

* * *

* * *

CHART

Simon Mills I, 1612-1661, from Yorkshire, Eng., 1630, on "Mary and John." m. Sara Bissell, 1619-1637.

Simon Mills II, 1637-1683. m. Mary Buell, 1642-1718, dau. Wm. Buell and Mary Post Buell.

John Mills, 1668-1697. m. Sara Pettibone, 1667-1748, dau. John Pettibone I, and Sara Eggleston.

Joseph Mills, 1679-1783. m. Hannah Adams, 1709-1776, dau. Daniel Adams II and Thanks Shepard Adams.

Capt. Michael Mills, 1728-1820. m. Mercy Lawrence, 1735-1821. dau. Sam'l and Patience Bigelow Lawrence.

Augustus Mills, 1772-1817. m. Martha Pettibone, 1776-1855, dau. Sam'l and Martha Phelps Pettibone.

Col. Henry Augustus Mills I, 1795-1867. m. Harriet Ruggles, 1799-1844, dau. Azor Ruggles and Mary Peck Ruggles.

Azor Ruggles Mills, 1827-1901. m. Miranda Dyle Mills, 1844-1917, dau. James Young and Mahala Ford Anderson.

Descendants of Ada, Grace, Lilian and Betty Mills.

Begat Eggleston, 1580-1674, from Devonshire, Eng. came 1630. m. Mary Talcott, Essex.

Sara Eggleston, 1643-. m. John Pettibone, 1635-1713, from Wales, in 1650.

Sara Pettibone, 1667-1748. m. John Mills, 1668-1697.

See Preceeding Column.

Begat Eggleston, 1580-1674. m. Mary Talcott, dau. John Talcott and Elizabeth Welles, trace to Wm. the Conqueror.

Sara Eggleston, 1643. m. John Pettibone I.

John Pettibone II, 1665-. m. Mary Bissell.

Sara Pettibone, 1704-. m. 1723, Amos Phelps, b. 1703, son of Joseph Phelps and Mary Case Phelps.

John Phelps, 1724-. m. 1741, Thanks Wilcox.

Martha Phelps, 1747-. m. Sam'l Pettibone, 1743-1816, son of Isaac Pettibone and Hepzibah Humphrey.

Martha Pettibone, 1776-1856. m. Augustus Mills, 1772-1847, son of Capt. Michael and Mercy Lawrence Mills.

See Mills Line.

Begat Eggleston, 1580-1674 and Mary Talcott.

John Pettibone I, 1635-1713 and Sara Eggleston.

Sam'l Pettibone, 1672-1747. m. Judith Shepard, dau. Abraham Shepard and Judith Sill Shepard.

Hepzibah Pettibone, 1702-1755. m. Charles Humphrey, son of Lieut. Sam'l. Humphrey and Mary Mills.

Hepzibah Humphrey, 1724. m. 1738 Isaac Pettibone, 1711-1771, son of Sam'l and Judith Shepard Pettibone.

Sam'l Pettibone, 1743-1816. m. Martha Phelps, 1747.

Martha Pettibone, 1776-1855. m. Augustus Mills, 1772-1847.

See Mills Line.

The Humphrey Line traces in England to their Plantagenet ancestors.

Begat Eggleston and Mary Talcott Eggleston.

John Pettibone I and Sara Eggleston.

Sam'l Pettibone and Judith Shepard.

Isaac Pettibone, 1711-1771 and Hepzibah Humphrey, 1724-1738.

Sam'l Pettibone, 1743-1816 and Martha Phelps, 1747.

Martha Pettibone, 1776-1855 and Augustus Mills, 1772-1847.

Several other Pettibone connections.

Henry Lawrence and Mary ________, and son John, b. 1609, from Wisset, Eng., 26 generations from Laurentius, 2nd Archbishop of Canterbury, b. 850, A.D.

John Lawrence, b. 1609-1667. Came 1630. m. Elizabeth ________.

Enoch Lawrence, 1648-1744, m. 1676, Ruth Whitney, widow of John Shattuck killed by Indians.

Daniel Lawrence, 1681. m. Sarah ________, d. 1701.

Sam'l Lawrence, 1711-1793. m. Patience Bigelow, dau. James Bigelow and Patience Brown.

Mercy Lawrence, 1735-1821. m. Capt. Michael Mills, 1728-1820.

See Mills Line.

John Ruggles, 1591-1664. Wife Barbara, 1605-1636, from Nasing, Essex, England, family back to 1220. Came on "Hopewell," 1630.

John Ruggles II, 1633-1713. m. Sara Dyer, 1649-1687, dau. Thos. Dyer.

Rev. Benjamin Ruggles, 1676-1708, graduate of Harvard. m. 1696, **Mercy Woodbridge**, 1677-1707, dau. of Rev. John and Abigail Leets, Woodbridge.

Deacon Jos. Ruggles I, 1701-1791. m. Rachel Toles.

Capt. Joseph Ruggles II, 1729-1802, Revolution. m. Sara Dunning.

Azor Ruggles, 1768-1843. m. Mary Peck, 1771-1828.

Harriet Ruggles, 1799-1844. m. Col. Henry Mills, 1795-1867, son of Augustus and Martha Pettibone Mills.

Azor Ruggles Mills, 1827-1901 and wife **M. Dyle Mills.**

Gov. Thomas Dudley, 1576-1653, from Northhamptonshire, son of Capt. Roger Dudley, grandson of Duke of Northumberland. m. **Dorothy Yorke Dudley**, d. 1643.

Mercy Dudley, 1621-1691. m. **Rev. John Woodbridge**, 1610-.

Rev. John Woodbridge, 1664-1691. m. 1671, **Abigail Leete**, dau. Gov. Wm. Leete and Ann Payne Leete.

Mercy Woodbridge, 1677-1707. m. **Rev. Benjamin Ruggles**, 1676-1708, son of John II and Sara Dyer Ruggles.

Joseph Ruggles I, 1701-1791. m. **Rachel Toles.**

Capt. Joseph Ruggles II, 1729-1802. m. **Sara Dunning.**

Azor Ruggles, 1768-1843. m. **Mary Peck.**

Harriet Ruggles, 1799-1844. m. **Col. Henry A. Mills**, 1795-1867.

Gov. William Leete, 1613-1683, from Dodington, Eng. m. **Ann Payne**, dau. Judge Payne of King's Bench, Eng.

Abigail Leete. m. **Rev. John Woodbridge**, 1664-1691.

Mercy Woodbridge, 1677-1707. m. **Rev. Benjamin Ruggles**, 1676-1708.

See Preceding Colmun.

Rev. John Woodbridge, from Stanton, Wiltshire, Eng. m. in England, to **Sara Parker**, dau. Rev. Robt. Parker.

Rev. John Woodbridge, b. 1610, America 1635. m. **Mercy Dudley**, dau. Gov. Dudley.

Rev. John Woodbridge, 1644-1691. m. **Abigail Leete**, dau. Gov. Leete.

Mercy Woodbridge, 1677-1707. m. **Rev. Benjamin Ruggles.**

See Preceding Columns.

William Phelps, with wife and son Samuel, 5, came on "Mary and John," 1630, from Tewkesbury, Devonshire, Eng.

Samuel Phelps, 1625-1669. m. Sara Griswold, 1625-1715, dau. Edward Griswold.

Mary Phelps, 1658-1715. m. **Dep. Gen. Daniel Adams**, 1652-1713.

Serg. Daniel Adams II, 1678-1712. m. **Thanks** Shepard, dau. Abraham Shepard and Judith Sill.

Hanna Adams, 1709-1776. m. **Joseph Mills**, 1679-1783.

See Mills Line.

William Phelps.
See preceding.

Samuel Phelps.
See preceding.

Joseph Phelps, 1667-1750. m. 3rd wife, **Mary Case**, dau. Richard Case and Elizabeth Purchase.

Amos Phelps, 1703-. m. **Sara Pettibone**, 1704, last child of John Pettibone II and Mary Bissell.

John Phelps, 1724. m. 1741, **Thanks Wilcox.**

Martha Phelps, 1747-. m. **Sam'l Pettibone**, 1743-1816, son of Isaac Pettibone and Hepzibah Humphrey.

Martha Pettibone, 1776-1855. m. **Augustus Mills.**

John Warren, 1585-1667. m. Mary ________, Nayland, Suffolk. Came 1630 on "Arabella." 19 generations to 900, A.D. to William the Conqueror.

Mary Warren, England, d. 1691. m. in 1642, John Bigelow, 1615-1703.

James Bigelow, 1652-. m. 1687, Patience Brown, (2) Mary Shattuck.

James Bigelow II, 1688-1718. m. Mercy Brown, dau. Henry and Hanna Brown.

Patience Bigelow. m. 1734, Sam'l Lawrence, 1711-1793.

Mercy Lawrence, 1735-1821. m. Capt. Michael Mills, 1728-1820.

See Mills Line.

John Bigelow, 1615-1703. m. Mary Warren from Essex, Eng.

See Preceding.

Michael Humphrey, came 1630. His ancestors trace from Plantagenets.

Lieut. Sam'l Humphrey. m. Mary Mills, b. 1662, dau. Simon II and Mary Buell Mills.

Chas. Humphrey. m. Hepzibah Pettibone, 1702-1755.

Hepzibah Humphrey, 1724. m. 1738, Isaac Pettibone, 1711-1771.

Sam'l Pettibone, 1743-1816. m. Martha Phelps, 1747.

Martha Pettibone, 1776-1855. m. Augustus Mills, 1772-1847.

See Mills.

Joseph Peck, 1587. 21 generations in Belton, Yorkshire.

1649. His descendants settled Millford, Conn.

1712. Joseph Peck III founded New Millford, Conn. Pecks, Dunnings, Toles, Reads, Dyers, Ruggles, to all of whom we trace.

Mary Peck, 1771-1828. m. Azor Ruggles, 1768-1843.

Harriet Ruggles, 1799-1844. m. Col. Harry Mills, 1795-1867.

See Mills.

John Bissell, 1590-1673 and wife Elizabeth Thompson. Came 1630, on "Mary and John," from Somersetshire.

Sara Bissell, 1617-1637. m. Simon Mills I.

See Mills.

William Buell, 1610-1681, came 1630, on "Mary and John," Huntingdonshire, Eng. since 1410. m. Mary Post, 1600-1684.

Mary Buell, 1642-1718. m. Simon Mills II, 1637-1683.

See Mills.

George Adams, 1626-1696. Eng. Waton and Turnstall, Cambridge Farms, 1664.	**John Talcott**, d. 1704, son of John and Elizabeth Welles Talcott, Essex, Eng. Trace to William the Conqueror. Came in 1632 with Skinner cousins.	**Thomas Brown** and sons Abraham, John and Richard, came in 1636 on "Arabella" from Hawkeden, Eng., from 1548.	**Thomas Brown** and son **Richard Brown.** m. Mercy ________.	**Ralph Shepard**, 1606, and wife **Thanks Lord**, b. 1612, dau. Thos. Lord, 1585-1667. From Dedham, Eng.	**Ralph Shepard and Thanks Lord Shepard.** (Spelled Shepherd, Sheperd, Shepeard.)
Dep. Gen. Daniel Adams I, 1652-1713. m. **Mary Phelps**, 1658-1715, dau. Sam'l Phelps and Sara Griswold.	**Mary Talcott**, b. in England. m. **Begat Eggleston**, 1580-1674.	**Abraham Brown,** m. Lydia, d. 1686.	**Henry Brown**, 1652-1690. m. **Hanna** ________.	**Abraham Shepard.** m. 1673, **Judith Sill**, dau. Randolph and Judith Philbrook Sill.	**Abraham Shepard.** m. **Judith Sill.**
Sergeant Daniel Adams II, 1678-1713. m. **Thanks Shepard**, dau. Abraham and Judith Sill Shepard.	**Sara Eggleston**, 1643. m. 1664, **John Pettibone**, 1635-1713.	**Jonathan Brown**, b. 1635. m. 1662, **Mary Shattuck**, dau. Wm. Shattuck.	**Mercy Brown.** m. **James Bigelow II**, son of James I and Patience Brown.	**Judith Shepard.** m. **Sam'l Pettibone**, 1672-1747, son of John I and Sara Eggleston Pettibone.	**Thanks Shepard**, 1683-1724. m. 1700 **Daniel Adams II**, 1678-1712.
Hanna Adams, 1709-1776. m. **Joseph Mills**, 1679-1783.	**Sara Pettibone**, 1667-1748. m. **John Mills**, 1668-1697.	**Patience Brown**, b. 1669. m. 1687, **James Bigelow I**, 1652-1718.	**Patience Bigelow.** m. 1734, **Sam'l Lawrence**, 1711-1793, son of Daniel Lawrence.	**Hepzibah Pettibone**, 1702-1755. m. **Chas. Humphrey**, son of Lieut. Sam'l and Mary Mills Humphrey.	**Hanna Adams**, 1709-1776. m. **Joseph Mills**, 1679-1783.
See Mills.	See Mills.	**James Bigelow II**, 1688-1718. m. **Mercy Brown**, dau. Henry Brown, who was son of Richard.	**Mercy Lawrence**, 1735-1821. m. **Capt. Michael Mills.**	**Hepzibah Humphrey.** m. **Isaac Pettibone**, 1711-1771.	
		Patience Bigelow. m. 1734, **Sam'l Lawrence**, 1711-1793.		**Sam'l Pettibone**, 1748-1816. m. **Martha Phelps.**	
		Mercy Lawrence, 1735-1821. m. **Capt. Michael Mills**, 1728-1820.		**Martha Pettibone**, 1776-1855. m. **Augustus Mills**, 1772-1847.	

John Whitney, 1600, b. London, came 1635. Wife Elinor, d. 1659.	Wm. Shattuck, b. Eng., 1621-1672, came 1630, "Arabella." Wife Susanah, Lancashire, Somersetshire.	Robert Reynolds, 1580. Wife Mary. Came 1630 on "Arabella," from Boxford, Suffolk.	William Read from Wickford, Essex. Came in 1630, on "Hopewell." His wife Mary ______.	Thomas Dyer, 1612-1676, came 1630, on Hopewell," from Essex, Eng. m. 1640, Agnes Read, d. 1667.	Thomas Philbrook and wife Ann Roberts, dau. Thos. Roberts, from Hampton, Eng. in 1644.
John Whitney II, b. Eng, d. 1692. m. Ruth Reynolds, dau. Robt. Reynolds.	Mary Shattuck, 1645-1732. m. 1662, Jonathan Brown, 1635-1662, son of Abraham and Lydia Brown.	Ruth Reynolds. m. John Whitney II, d. 1692.	Agnes Read. m. 1640, Deacon Thos. Dyer, 1612-1676.	Sara Dyer, 1649-1687. m. John Ruggles II, 1633-1713.	Judith Philbrook. m. Randolph Sill.
Ruth Whitney, 1645. m. 1654, John Shattuck, (2) Enoch Lawrence, 1648-1744.	Patience Brown, 1669-1688. m. James Bigelow, 1652-1718.	Ruth Whitney, b. 1645. m. 1654, John Shattuck, killed by Indians. (2) Enoch Lawrence, 1648-1744.	Sara Dyer, 1619-1687. m. John Ruggles II, 1633-1713.	Rev. Benjamin Ruggles. m. Mercy Woodbridge.	Judith Sill. m. 1673, Abraham Shepard.
Daniel Lawrence, 1681. m. Sarah ______.	James Bigelow II, 1688-1718. m. Mercy Brown, dau. of Henry, who was son of Richard.	Daniel Lawrence. m. Sara ______.	Rev. Benjamin Ruggles, 1676-1708. m. Mercy Woodbridge, 1677-1707.	See Harriet Ruggles Mills.	Judith Shepard. m. Sam'l Pettibone, 1672-1747.
Sam'l Lawrence, 1711-1793. m. 1734, Patience Bigelow.	Patience Bigelow. m. Sam'l Lawrence.	Sam'l Lawrence. m. Patience Bigelow.	See Harriet Ruggles Mills.	Lines Not Traced: Wilcox, 2 or 3 Lines to Wilcox. Edward Griswold. Sara Dunning. Rachel Toles. Richard Case and Elizabeth Purchase. Perhaps they go to Mayflower!	See Previous Column.
Mercy Lawrence, 1735-1821. m. Capt. Michael Mills, 1728-1820.	Mercy Lawrence. m. Capt. Michael Mills.	Mercy Lawrence. m. Capt. Michael Mills.			

This book, so lovingly brought to its fruition, would lack the main character of the drama, and would seem unfinished to me, without an attempted description of its author. This will have a high sense of sentimentality, for the author is my mother. Pictures of her will not reveal her exquisite beauty, for she is truly the most lovely of all beautiful women. Her hair shining darkness, now dignified with grey; her black eyes vibrant with life's interest and laughter; her carriage erect with firm grace; her cheek so soft: "Mother, your cheeks feel just like velvet" was the childish but accurate description as I snuggled close. Augmenting the beauty the eye beholds is beauty's most essential ingredient: gentleness.

Her distinction of intellect is attested to by the years of service to her community, in which she has long been the cultural leader: the vast number of papers she has given encompass philosophy, history, astronomy, art, literature — all done with searching intelligence and unique stimulation.

She is a musician of magnitude and sensitivity: the nap-time of many years ago, with mother at the piano playing and singing, carried an almost sleeping child through tumbling oceans of images and joys, and sometimes wistful sadness and an almost breathless waiting for the end of one particular song, whenever that happened to be in the day's repertoire. And who could ever forget mother as guest organist at the twilight dedication of the organ of a Dundee church, when the eyes of every listener were moistened by the spirit's depth and the soul's height that flowed into each one through mother's tender, and magnificent, and soaring music?

Mother's dominant characteristics of courage, perseverance, generosity, vitality, responsibility, kindness, graciousness, and her palette of talents so well developed and applied and shared, have given, to all of us blessed in being the recipients of her love, a glowing pride in her, and in all humankind for its highest achievement — my mother.

I shall hope to be forgiven for including this without the knowledge or permission of the author, and forgiven, also, by all who know her and will thus recognize the inadequacy of these words.

Barbara Mills Haeger Estes

Thanksgiving evening
November 28, 1963

3784